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BODENHAM'S

III

BELVEDÈRE,

OR

THE GARDEN OF THE MUSES

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF

1600



BODENHAM'S
BELVEDÈRE

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

BODENHAM'S *Belvédère, or Garden of the Muses*, may be said to be the last of the series of early poetical collections, extending from Tottel's *Miscellany* to Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* which remains to be reprinted, and accordingly, as promised in the preface to Kendall's *Flowers*, it forms the subject of the present issue. Notwithstanding the amusing attack of the witty author or authors of *Returue from Parnassus*, and the disparaging remark of the excellent editor of the edition of Dodsley's Plays, now in progress (see note, vol. ix. p. 111), it is conceived that it possesses sufficient interest and attraction to be worthy of a place in the series above referred to, and in which it may be taken as a fitting introduction to Bodenham's next poetical collection, the charming *England's Helicon*. The limitation of the extracts to one and two lines may perhaps give it too uniformly axiomatic a character for continuous reading; but the praise of *Belvédère* by the editor's elegant panegyrist A. B., in

the lines prefixed to the second work, was surely, on the whole, not undeserved :

“ In the Muses Garden gathering flowers
Thou mad'st a nosegay as was never sweeter,
Whose sent will savour to Time's latest howres,
And for the greatest Prince no Poesie meeter.”

The address “to the Reader,” omitted, for what reason it is hard to conjecture, in the second edition, which enumerates the authors from whom the extracts were made, has a peculiar value in its connection with the history of Elizabethan poetry, and will always be read with pleasure. To trace back to each author on the list the lines in the following collection, which he might have claimed as his property, would be no easy task even to those most conversant with our early poetry. It is, however, sufficiently obvious on the most cursory perusal of the book, that amongst the writers whom he laid under most frequent contribution, Shakespere, Spenser, Marlowe and Daniel have, at all events, not been neglected.

Of John Bodenham, whose merits as a literary collector and compiler were considerable, nothing positively seems to be known beyond the fact of his being the editor of *Politeuphuia*, *Wil's Commonwealth* 1598, *Wil's Theatre of the Little World* 1599, *Belvédère* 1600, and *England's Helicon* 1600.

The sonnet addressed “to the Vniuersitie of Oxenford,” prefixed to the following work, was probably his own composition, and, if so, tends to prove that he was himself a respectable poet.

Belvédère has been noticed by various critics and bibliographers, references to whom will be found in Mr. Corser's valuable *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, part ii. p. 298, where he gives a full and accurate description of the two editions of the work. The second edition appeared under the title of "*The Garden of the Muses. Quem referent Musæ viuet dum robora tellus, Dum cœlum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas.*" Printed at London by E. A. for John Tap, and are to be sold at his shop at Saint Magnus corner, 1610." Sm. 8vo, pp. 260. The type appears to be the same as that used in the first edition, but the book is contained in fewer pages. The result of a careful collation of the two editions, which is given afterwards, serves to show that, with frequent differences in the spelling, there are no material variations in the text besides the omission in the second edition of the address "to the Reader," and the addition therein of two lines, in laudation of queen Elizabeth, not contained in the first.

The members are indebted to R. F. Ainsworth, esq., M.D., for kindly affording an opportunity of collation by the loan of his beautiful copy of the second edition.

JAS. CROSSLEY,
PRESIDENT.

*The following discrepancies appear in the first
and second editions of Belvédère, published
in 1600 and 1610:*

First Edition.

To Bodenham: Line 12, friends; l. 13, renoume; l. 16, hereafter

Of this Garden of the Muses: l. 3, flowres, fhall; l. 4, find; l. 10, fente; l. 12, comprize

Sonnet to the Muses Garden: l. 2, sweets; l. 4, honey; l. 6, echoes; l. 10, flowres; physicke; l. 14, sicknesse, mind; l. 15, find; l. 16, thee; l. 19, heart; l. 20, thee; l. 22, mind

Of the Booke: l. 3, honey; l. 6, trophee

To Cambridge: l. 1, vniuersitie; l. 6, mayft; l. 8, flowres; l. 9, plentie; l. 10, attyre, hir, watry; l. 12, daintie; l. 16, glorie

To Oxenford: l. 1, vniuersitie; l. 3, nurserie; l. 6, happie; l. 8, fuck't, honie; l. 10, yeelde, woord; l. 11, fupplie; l. 15, ne're, dye; l. 16, worlds, they

Page 1: Line 6, weight; l. 7, abundāce; l. 8, daungerous; l. 15, *patient*; l. 19, dare

P. 2: l. 3, gifts; l. 5, exceede; l. 13, helpe; l. 14, mercie; l. 17, foon, down; l. 18, quickly; l. 32, *dwell*

P. 4: l. 4, decay; l. 11, afterward

P. 5: l. 17, habitation

P. 6: l. 5, lampe; l. 7, *wee*; l. 10, follie; l. 14, wherewith; l. 30, fun

P. 7: l. 1, *lawes*; l. 5, in; l. 15, for; l. 16, clothes; l. 20, excells; l. 21, brightnesse

P. 8: l. 5, iron walls; l. 19, *alwaies*

P. 9: l. 10, *worldly*; l. 21, shew; l. 24, *truly*; l. 28, *loden*; l. 33, *fenc't*

P. 10: l. 5, despaire, kills; l. 12, walls; l. 23, employ'd

P. 11: l. 3, *embrace*; l. 5, make; l. 6, clarks; l. 9, *vnspotted*; l. 11, feldome

P. 12: l. 17, only

P. 13: l. 15, *knowledge*

P. 14: l. 5, holds; l. 8, *truly*; l. 14, *find a straunger iust*; l. 20, aid; l. 27, *vpon*; l. 32, thee

P. 15: l. 10, here; l. 11, *smile*; l. 13, neither; l. 25, hurt

Second Edition.

friend; renowne; heereafter

flowers, fhall; finde; sent; comprife

sweetes; hony; eccho; flowers; phisicke; sicknes, minde; finde; she; heatt; she; minde

hony; trophees

vniuersity; maift; flowers; plenty; attire, her, watery; dainty; glory

vniuersity; nurfery; happy; fuckt, hony; yeeld, word; fupply; ne're, die; world, it

waight; abundance; dangerous; *patient*; dares

giftes; exceede; help; mercy; foone, downe; quickly; *dwel*

decaie; afterwards

habitation

lamps; *we*; folly; wherewith; funne

lawe; to; the; cloths; excels; brightnes

iron wals; *alwaies*

wordly; shewe; *truly*; *loaden*; *fenc'd*

dispaire, kills; walles; imploï'd

imbrace; makes; clarks; *vnspotted*; fildome onely.

knowledg

holdes; *truly*; *finde a straunger to be iust*; ayde; *vppon*; she

heare; *smiles*; nither; hurts

First Edition.

P. 16: l. 15, *nource*
P. 17: l. 8, *yeeld*; l. 11, *mind*; l. 16, *finke*;
l. 28, *disgrac'd*
P. 18: l. 18, *rich*
P. 19: l. 18, *ech*; l. 24, *gay*; l. 26, *renowm'd*
P. 20: l. 15, *fauor*; l. 27, *renowmd*
P. 21: l. 9, *will*
P. 22: l. 1, *ouer-poifde*; l. 4, *violate*
P. 23: l. 21, *thereupon*
P. 24: l. 15, *but feare to fall*; l. 16, *but feare the worft*
P. 25: l. 10, *wee*; l. 18, *alwaie*
P. 26: l. 9, *falls*; l. 14, *their*; l. 26, *subiect*
P. 27: l. 8, *gifts*; l. 14, *calleth, nource*;
l. 17, *faith*
P. 28: l. 8, *trueft*; l. 12, *hath deadly*;
l. 16, *ice*
P. 29: l. 10, *fowne, feldome*; l. 15, *daunger*
P. 30: l. 16, *fire*
P. 31: l. 18, *yet is the*; l. 22, *nourish*; l. 26, *diuided*
P. 32, l. 14, *louers*; l. 16, *truly*; l. 17, *brefts*;
l. 20, *faulces*; l. 23, *woon*
P. 33: l. 2, *only*; l. 5, *ech*; l. 14, *iuiç*;
l. 27, *Perdiccas*
P. 34: l. 1, *fioicke*; l. 9, *eies*
P. 35: l. 2, *fhew*; l. 11, *counfell, priuat*; l. 14, *mercie, whome*; l. 25, *nourifheth*
P. 36: l. 1, *happie*; l. 24, *nor*; l. 26, *Demetrius*
P. 37: l. 3, *procur'de*; l. 7, *chafft*; l. 16, *incenfe*
P. 38: l. 4, *gift*; l. 14, *clothing*; l. 22, *chafititie*; l. 32, *their*
P. 39: l. 13, *controlles*; l. 14, *woman*; l. 18, *fente*
P. 41: l. 1, *drugges*; l. 2, *fwetly*; l. 12, *alwaies is*; l. 15, *encreafe*; l. 26, *been*
P. 42: l. 28, *perfwade*
P. 43: l. 12, *we*; l. 17, *immortalizd*
P. 44: l. 22, *fierd*
P. 45: l. 11, *compard*; l. 17, *well*
P. 46: l. 1, *raife*; l. 2, *wills*; l. 17, *iealous*
P. 48: l. 3, *of wit and wifdom*
P. 49: l. 7, *pawfe*; l. 10, *wayes*
P. 50: l. 23, *opportunities*
P. 51: l. 5, *wandering*
P. 52: l. 3, *employ'd, fhines*; l. 12, *wifdom*;
l. 20, *gift*; l. 21, *tearmes*
P. 53: l. 5, *art*; l. 13, *know*
P. 54: l. 6, *draw*; l. 8, *learneth*; l. 18, *fhed in well*; l. 21, *publicke*
P. 55: l. 3, *knowledge*; l. 25, *trial*
P. 56: l. 2, *helpes*; l. 3, *renowme*; l. 8, *honey*; l. 11, *mindes*; l. 15, *Alexander*
P. 57: l. 2, *Gods*; l. 10, *iuflice*

Second Edition.

nurce
yeelds; *minde*; *fincke*; *disgrac'd*
riche
each; *gaye*; *renow'md*
fauour; *renowm'd*
will
ouer-poizde; *violated*
therevpon
but feare the worft; *but feare to fall*
we; *alwaies*
fallcs; *thier*; *iubieç*
giftes; *called, nurce*; *faid*
tueft; *hath a dead*; *yce*
fower, fildome; *danger*
fier
yet the; *nourrifh*; *deuided*
loucs; *truely*; *breasts*; *faults*; *wonne*
onely; *each*; *yuie*; *Perdiccas*
fioike; *eyes*
fhewe; *counsell, priuat*; *mercy, whom*;
nourrifheth
happy; *not*; *DDemetrius*
procur'd; *chaffe*; *incence*
guift; *cloathing*; *chafititic*; *their*
controlles; *wanton*; *fent*
drugges; *fwiftly*; *is alwaies*; *increafe*;
beene
perfwade
wee; *immortaliz'd*
ur'd
compar'd; *wel*
raies; *wills*; *iealous*
wit and wifdome
paufe; *waies*
oportunities
wandring
employ'd, fhine; *wifdome*; *guift*; *termes*
arte; *knowe*
drawe; *learned*; *fhed well in*; *publique*
knoweledge; *tryall*
helpes; *renowne*; *hony*; *minds*; *AAlexander*
God; *iuflice*

First Edition.

- P. 58: l. 10, *inward*
P. 59: l. 4, *eye*
P. 61: l. 4, *wip'te*; l. 22, *foueraingtie*
P. 62: l. 7, *princes*
P. 63: l. 1, of kingdomes, &c.; l. 11, *desired*
P. 64: l. 5, *obey'd*; l. 12, *florish*
P. 66: l. 6, *gladly*; l. 7, *vnworthie*; l. 12, *or praise*; l. 19, *stoupes*; l. 20, *despaire*
P. 67: l. 8, *ranfacks*; l. 14, *shines*; l. 25, *only*
P. 68: l. 8, *funs*; l. 10, *pleasant*; l. 15, *Camillus*; l. 18, *phyficion*
P. 69: l. 1, *difhonor*; l. 5, *honor*; l. 7, *only*; l. 17, *cheapneth*
P. 70: l. 32, *foueraingtie*
P. 71: l. 12, *diseafe*; l. 13, *glorie*
P. 72: l. 1, *cries*; l. 5, *dreame*; l. 13, *inconfitancie*
P. 73: l. 4, *mitigate*; l. 5, *counfell*; l. 6, *fit*; ll. 9, 13, *counfell*; l. 15, *whole-some*; ll. 17, 18, *counfels*; l. 19, *counsell*; l. 20, *aduiz'd*
P. 74: l. 1, *counsell*; l. 15, *councell*; l. 16, *counfels*; l. 17, *vnto a carelesse man*; l. 19, *counfell*; l. 26, *councell*
P. 75: l. 11, *treachers*
P. 77: l. 8, *highly*
P. 78: l. 26, *were*
P. 79: l. 5, *pollicie*
P. 80: l. 24, *crafts-men*; l. 26, *subtiltie*
P. 81: l. 10, *commend, gouernment*
P. 82: l. 5, *stormes*; l. 8, *fourges*
P. 83: l. 4, *dwelles*; l. 9, *which fie*; l. 13, *glorie*
P. 84: l. 6, *broyles*; l. 12, *naught*; l. 20, *fomtimes*
P. 85: l. 6, *the shame shall*; l. 13, *thorow*; l. 19, *war, forrows*
P. 86: l. 1, *braue*; l. 6, *feldome*; l. 14, *wonne*; l. 16, *encreafe*; l. 26, *countrie*
P. 87: l. 19, *harmelesse*; l. 22, *sicknesse*; l. 28, *hee*
P. 88: l. 6, *harme to none*; l. 9, *worthy*; l. 11, *stoops, mean*
P. 89: l. 6, *profiteth*; l. 8, *toucht*; l. 10, *speedie*; l. 11, *darknesse*; l. 19, *consumes*
P. 90: l. 2, *intens*
P. 93: l. 13, *ro*
P. 95: l. 5, *dwells*; l. 33, *alwayes*
P. 97: l. 10, *good*; l. 23, *fo*
P. 98: l. 1, *many*; l. 15, *tride*
P. 99: l. 10, *only*; l. 19, *doe*
P. 100: l. 4, *mild*; l. 10, *bloody minds doe scuffle*; l. 20, *kindle fill the*; l. 22, *impaires*; l. 23, *made*; l. 29, *approqu'd*; l. 31, *discreete, brooke*

Second Edition.

- inward*
ey
wip'd; *foueraingtie*
princes
of kingdomes; *desir'd*
obay'd; *flourish*
gladdly; *vnwodthie*; *or a praise*; *stoopes*; *dispaire*
ranfackes; *shine*; *onely*
funs; *plefant*; *Camillius*; *phifition*
difhonour; *honour*; *onely*; *cheapeneth*
foueraingnetie
deseafe; *glory*
cries; *drearme*; *incoftancie*
mitigate; *councell*; *fit*; *councell*; *whole-some*; *councels*; *councell*; *aduiz'd*
councell; *counfell*; *councels*; *vnto carelesse men*; *councell*; *counfell*
trechers
highly
where
policie
crafts-men; *subtiltie*
commemd, gouernment
stormes; *surges*
dwells; *that fly*; *glory*
broiles; *nought*; *fometimes*
the shall; *through*; *warre, forrowes*
braues; *fildome*; *won*; *increafe*; *country*
harmlesse; *sickenesse*; *he*
harme none; *worthie*; *stoopes, meane*
profiteth; *touch'd*; *speedy*; *darkenesse*; *consumes*
intents
to
dwels; *alwaies*
good; *fo*
many; *try'd*
onely; *doth*
milde; *bloody mindes scuffle*; *kindle the*; *impairs*; *make*; *approu'd*; *discreet*, *brookes*

First Edition.

P. 103: l. 14, fente; l. 15, workes; l. 21, made for one
P. 104: l. 6, fhadow
P. 105: l. 5, counfels; l. 10, long; l. 30, one to enuie
P. 106: l. 3, mercie; l. 17, *thy wife*
P. 107: [omitted between ll. 19 and 20] }
P. 114: l. 7, *bosoms*
P. 116: l. 19, been
P. 119: l. 1, *flies*; l. 18, fire
P. 121: l. 15, *weede*
P. 122: l. 31, greedie
P. 123: l. 5, *examples likewise on the same*; l. 11, *fonne*
P. 124: l. 1, of pride, &c.
P. 125: l. 22, *his*; l. 24, rich
P. 126: l. 10, *Cyrus*
P. 127: l. 14, *other both*
P. 128: l. 24, *flie*
P. 129: l. 28, dyed; l. 29, feeing
P. 130: l. 17, kingdoms
P. 131: l. 2, ingendreth; l. 6, *toies*
P. 135: l. 1, *Dionysius*; l. 11, gluttonie
P. 136: l. 5, cates; l. 10, fecrecie
P. 139: l. 4, with; l. 12, *fow*; l. 18, neer; l. 33, forow
P. 140: l. 15, ebbes; l. 18, *beare*; l. 34, choofe
P. 141: l. 2, fore-father; l. 26, forow; l. 30, forrow
P. 142: l. 15, *chat*; l. 31, facietie
P. 143: l. 8, alwayes; l. 15, *helpe*
P. 144: l. 2, *Coriolanus*; l. 13, penfuiues
P. 145: l. 10, *perile*; l. 20, frowning
P. 146: l. 17, *rightly*
P. 148: l. 1, wrong; l. 11, opportunities
P. 149: l. 6, ftraunge
P. 150: l. 16, *mifhups*
P. 151: l. 3, *ill*
P. 152: l. 9, *litle*; l. 20, ruines
P. 155: l. 10, *mend*
P. 156: l. 13, dyde
P. 157: l. 1, mind
P. 159: l. 15, *minds*
P. 162: l. 2, *affections*; l. 25, *displayed*; l. 28, dwells
P. 167: l. 8, *Antoninus*; l. 9, priuat
P. 170: l. 16, entreats
P. 171: l. 15, *magicque*; l. 16, *snake*; l. 26, abundance; l. 32, *shew*
P. 172: l. 1, *vainly*; l. 6, *vnfkillfulnes*; l. 24, doe; l. 34, *whofom'st*
P. 173: l. 7, *whome*; l. 10, feldome; l. 12, *fonewhat*; l. 14, fay; l. 17, recalde
P. 174: l. 3, than; l. 4, refrain'd; l. 6, *Cherillus*; l. 15, *flatterie*

Second Edition.

fent; works; made one for
fhadowe
councels; longe; to enuie one
mercies; *the wife*
Elizabeth late Englands famous Queene
Amongft all women hath a mirrour beene
bosomes
beene
flies; fier
weed
greadie
families on the same fubieft; foone
of pride
hir; riche
vyrus
both other
flye
died; feing
kingdomes
engendreth; *ioies*
Dyonysius; gluttony
cares; fecretie
whith; *fowe*; ne'er; forrow
ebbes; *heare*; chofe
fore-fathers; forrow; forow
that; facietie
alwaies; *help*
Coriolanus; penfuiuenes
perill; frowning
rightly
wrongs; oportunities
ftraunge
mifhas
il
litle; ruine
men
dide
minde
mind
affection; *displayed*; dwells
Antonius; priuate
intreats
magicque; *snail*; abundance; *shewe*
vainely; *vnfkillfulneffe*; doth; *wholefom'st*
whom; fildome; *fonewhat*; fpeake;
recald
then; refrain'd; *Cherillius*; *flatterie*

First Edition.

- P. 175: l. 15, chuse few friends; l. 18, *figure*; l. 21, *hypocrites*; l. 22, *alwayes*
P. 177: l. 6, *offence*; l. 10, *gifts*
P. 178: l. 3, *only*; l. 8, *authors*; l. 9, *wil*; l. 10, *cruelt'ft*
P. 179: l. 16, *highes*, *quickely*; l. 19, *wee*; l. 23, *well-done*; l. 26, *doe*; l. 27, *shew*
P. 180: l. 1, *foone*; l. 3, *bewrayes*; l. 14, *Phillip*; l. 18, *state*; l. 21, *and*
P. 181: l. 21, *il*
P. 182: l. 5, *euils*; l. 10, *helpeleffe*
P. 183: l. 10, *smoother*; l. 23, *thousands*
P. 184: l. 8, *witch-craft*; l. 12, *little*
P. 185: l. 11, *feldome*; l. 15, *eare*; l. 20, *alwayes*
P. 186: l. 3, *agreee*; l. 26, *bewrayes*
P. 188: l. 13, *perswade*
P. 189: l. 7, *drown'd*; l. 18, *quallifie*; l. 25, *small*; l. 31, *wich*
P. 190: l. 20, *showres*
P. 191: l. 2, *theit*
P. 192: l. 1, *cedars*
P. 193: l. 1, *and*
P. 195: l. 12, *weaknesse*; l. 31, *quickely*; l. 32, *height*
P. 196: l. 18, *quarrell*; l. 21, *faults are quickely spyde*
P. 197: l. 6, *example*
P. 198: l. 31, *alwayes*
P. 199: l. 4, *deeds*; l. 9, *hee*; l. 21, *fight*; l. 23, *die*
P. 200: l. 9, *dyde*
P. 201: l. 6, *killes*; l. 12, *been*
P. 202: l. 4, *weak*; l. 19, *sicknesse*
P. 203: l. 1, *iournes*; l. 6, *haste*
P. 205: l. 9, *it euer*
P. 209: l. 17, *fcorn'd*
P. 210: l. 11, *Pyrrhus*
P. 211: l. 8, *precious is the tree*; l. 10, *ap-proou'd*; l. 11, *renowme*; l. 15, *grain*
P. 212: l. 9, *thankfulnesse*; l. 11, *prooofe*; l. 19, *honey*; l. 22, *couetoufnes*
P. 213: l. 20, *wanttonnes*
P. 214: l. 19, *counsell*; l. 25, *anfwere*; l. 26, *strait*; l. 29, *quickely*
P. 215: l. 17, *femblaunce*; l. 18, *fummer*; l. 23, *praied*; l. 32, *pained*
P. 216: l. 2, *counsell*; l. 7, *reckning*; l. 16, *is*; l. 17, *forrowes*
P. 217: l. 29, *esteeme*
P. 218: l. 31, *Phillip*
P. 219: l. 14, *stomacke*
P. 222: l. 8, *Tyber*; l. 16, *exchaunge*
P. 223: l. 15, *wrinkled*; l. 25, *unequall*
P. 224: l. 14, *sicknesse*
P. 225: l. 7, *phyficke*

Second Edition.

- chuse friends; *figures*; *hipocrites*; *alwaies*
offence; *guifts*
onely; *authours*; *will*; *cruelt'ft*
higher, *quickly*; *we*; *wel-done*; *doth*; *shewe*
fooneft; *bewraies*; *Phillip*; *states*; *and*
ill
euill; *helpeleffe*
smother; *thousand*
witch-crafts; *litle*
ildome; *eares*; *alwaies*
agree; *bewraies*
persuade
drown'd; *qualifie*; *fmaj*; *with*
fhoures
their
cedar
nnd
weakenesse; *quickly*; *hight*
quarrel; *failus are quickly spide*
examples
alwaies
deedes; *he*; *fight*; *dye*
dide
kills; *beene*
weake; *sicknesse*
iourneies; *hate*
is euer
fcorn'd
Pyrrus
precious the tree; *approu'd*; *renowme*; *graine*
thankefulnesse; *prooofe*; *hony*; *coueteoufnes*
wanttonnes
councell; *anwser*; *straight*; *quickly*
femblance; *fommer*; *priaied*; *painted*
councell; *reckoning*; *as*; *forrow*
esteme
Phillip
stomake
Tiber; *exchange*
wrinkled; *unequal*
sicknesse
phificke

First Edition.

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forward
is keye, *unlocks*; *dye*; *is*; *tragicke*
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Bel-vedere
OR
THE GARDEN OF
THE MVSES.

*Quem referent Musæ viuet dum robora tellus,
Dum cælum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas.*



Imprinted at London by *F. K.* for *Hugh Astley*, dwelling at
Saint Magnus corner. 1600.



To the Reader.



I shall be needlesse (gentle Reader) to make any Apologie for the defence of this labour, because the same being collected from so many singular mens workes; and the worth of them all hauing been so especially approoued, and past with no meane applause the censure of all in generall; doth both disburden me of that paines, and sets the better approbation on this excellent booke. It shall be sufficient for me then to tell thee, that here thou art brought into the Muses Garden, (a place that may befeeme the presence of the greatest Prince in the world.) Imagine then thy height of happinesse, in being admitted to so celestiall a Paradife. Let thy behaiour

A 3

then

To the Reader.

then (while thou art here) answere thy great fortune, and make vse of thy time as so rich a treasure requireth.

The walkes, alleys, and passages in this Garden, are almost infinite; euery where a turning, on all sides such windings in and out: yet all extending both to pleasure and profit, as very rare or feldome shalt thou see the like. Marke then, what varietie of flowres grow all along as thou goest, and trample on none rudely, for all are right precious. If thy conscience be wounded, here are store of hearbs to heale it: If thy doubts be fearefull, here are flowres of comfort. Are thy hopes frustrated? here's immediate helpes for them. In brieft, what infirmitie canst thou haue, but here it may bee cured? What delight or pleasure wouldst thou haue, but here it is afforded?

Concerning the nature and qualitie of these excellent flowres, thou seest that they are most learned, graue, and wittie sentences; each line being a feuerall sentence, and none exceeding two lines at the vttermost. All which, being subiected vnder apt and proper heads,

To the Reader.

heads, as arguments what is then dilated and spoken of: euen so each head hath first his definition in a couplet sentence; then the single and double sentences by variation of letter do follow: and lastly, Similies and Examples in the same nature likewise, to conclude euery Head or Argument handled. So let this serue to shew thee the whole intent of this worke.

Now that euery one may be fully satisfied concerning this Garden, that no one man doth assume to him-felse the praise thereof, or can arrogate to his owne deseruing those things which haue been deriued from so many rare and ingenious spirits; I haue set down both how, whence, and where these flowres had their first springing, till thus they were drawne together into the *Muses Garden*, that euery ground may challenge his owne, each plant his particular, and no one be iniured in the iustice of his merit.

First, out of many excellent speeches spoken to her Maiestie, at Tiltings, Triumphes, Maskes, Shewes, and deuises perfourmed in prograce: as also out of diuers choise Ditties

To the Reader.

fung to her ; and some especially, proceeding from her owne most sacred selfe: Here are great store of them digested into their meete places, according as the method of the worke plainly deliuereth. Likewise out of priuat Poems, Sonnets, Ditties, and other wittie conceits, giuen to her Honorable Ladies, and vertuous Maids of Honour ; according as they could be obtained by fight, or fauour of copying, a number of most wittie and singular Sentences.

Secondly, looke what workes of Poetrie haue been put to the worlds eye, by that learned and right royall king and Poet, IAMES king of Scotland, no one Sentence of worth hath escaped, but are likewise here reduced into their right roome and place.

Next, out of fundry things extant, and many in priuat, done by these right Honourable persons following :

Thomas, Earle of Surrey.

The Lord Marquesse of Winchester.

Mary, Countesse of Pembroke.

Sir

To the Reader.

Sir Philip Sidney.

From Poems and workes of these noble personages, extant.

Edward, Earle of Oxenford.

Ferdinando, Earle of Derby.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Edward Dyer.

Fulke Greuile, Esquier.

Sir John Harrington.

From diuers essayes of their Poetrie; some extant among other Honourable personages writings; some from priuate labours and tranflations.

Edmund Spencer.

Henry Constable Esquier.

Samuell Daniell.

Thomas Lodge, Doctor of Physicke.

Thomas Watson.

Michaell Drayton.

John Dauies.

Thomas Hudson.

Henrie Locke Esquier.

John

To the Reader.

John Marstone.

Christopher Marlow.

Beniamin Johnson.

William Shakspeare.

Thomas Churchyard Esquier.

Thomas Nash.

Thomas Kidde.

George Peele.

Robert Greene.

Jofuah Syluefter.

Nicholas Breton.

Geruaſe Markham.

Thomas Storer.

Robert Wilmot.

Christopher Middleton.

Richard Barneſfield.

Theſe being Moderne and extant Poets, that
haue liu'd together ; from many of their
extant workes, and ſome kept in priuat.

Thomas Norton Esquier.

George Gaſcoigne Esquier.

Frauncis Kindlemarſh Esquier.

Thomas Atchlow.

George

To the Reader.

George Whetstones.

These being deceafed, haue left diuers extant labours, and many more held back from publishing, which for the most part haue been perused, and their due right here giuen them in the Muses Garden.

Besides, what excellent Sentences haue been in any presented Tragedie, Historie, Pastorall, or Comedie, they haue been likewise gathered, and are here inserted in their proper places.







To his louing and approoued good
Friend, *M. Iohn Bodenham.*

TO thee that art Arts louer, Learnings friend,
First causer and collectour of these floures:
Thy paines iust merit, I in right commend,
Costing whole years, months, weeks, & daily hours.
Like to the Bee, thou euery where didst come,
Spending thy spirits in laborious care:
And nightly brought'st thy gather'd hony home,
As a true worke-man in so great affaire.
First, of thine owne deseruing, take the fame;
Next, of thy friends, his due he giues to thee:
That loue of learning may renowme thy name,
And leaue it richly to posterity,
Where others (who might better) yet forslow it,
May see their shame, and times hereafter know it.

A. M.



Of this Garden of the Muses.

T*Hou which delight'st to view this goodly plot,
Here take such flowres as best shal serue thy vse,
VVhere thou maist find in euery curious knot,
Of speciall vertue, and most precious iuyce,
Set by Apollo in their seuerall places,
And nourished with his celestiall Beames,
And watered by the Muses and the Graces,
With the fresh dew of those Castalian streames.
What sente or colour canst thou but deuise
That is not here, that may delight the sense?
Or what can Art or Industry comprize,
That in aboundance is not gather'd hence?
No Garden yet was euer halfe so sweet,
As where Apollo and the Muses meet.*

A. B.

A Sonnet to the Muses Garden.

*F*Aire planted Eden of collected sweets,
Cropt from the bosome of the fertile ground,
Where Science with her honey-current greets
The sacred Sisters: where her liberall sound
Makes Angels ecchoes, and to heauens rebound
The repetition of sententious spirits;
(Oh deare belou'd in vertues painfull merits.)

*Fruit-furnisht Tempe, all the worlds abstract,
For flowres of vertue, hearbs of rare effect,
From whence, as well soules Physicke is extract,
As bodies gouernment; hold in respect
What Science giues (though Ignorance reiect)
For euery maime and sicknesse of the mind,
A wounded life a precious balme may find.*

*Shee sends you not to search the hidden mynes
For gorgeous iewels, nor to forraine lands,
But in one casket all her wealth combines,
And giues it freely with heart-open hands.
Shee limits not her bountie within bands:
Looke first, then like, suruey, take one or all;
Chooſe with the mind, the eye is fancies ball.*

W. Rankins, Gent.



Of the Booke.

THE sundry beames proceeding from one Sunne,
The hiue where many Bees their honey bring,
The Sea, to which a thousand riuers runne,
The garden where suruiues continuall spring,
The Trophee hung with diuers painfull hands,
Abstract of knowledge, Briefe of Eloquence,
Aiding the weake, preseruing him that stands:
Guide to the soule, and ruler of the sense.
Such is this Volume, and the freight hereof,
How-euer ignorance presume to scoffe.

R. Hathway.



To the Vniuersitie of
Cambridge.

*Mother of Muses, and great Nurse of Art, (grown,
Which lent'st the roote from whence these sweets are
Now with increase, receiue a bounteous part,
Which thou mayst iustly chalenge as thine owne:
That Grant may to the comfort of her streames
Behold her (Seedes of late) now Dulcet flowres,
And with the plentie of the famous Thames,
Attyre hir Nymphs, and decke her watry bowres
And cherishing these Choyces of delights,
With daintie Garlands, Crowne the peacefull shore,
Prepard for Feasting, and Triumphant sights,
More Beautifull then ages heretofore:*

*Whil'st all the Floods so famous but of late,
Shall giue their glorie to adorne her state.*

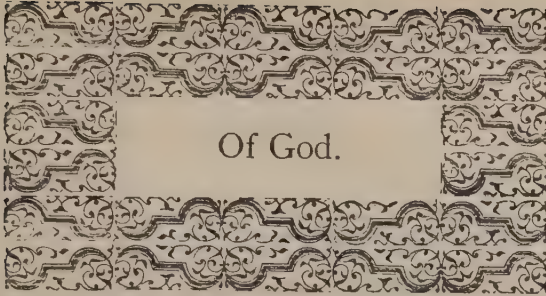
Sua cuique gloria.



To the Vniuersitie of
Oxford.

*Thou eye of Honour, Nurserie of Fame,
Still teeming-Mother of immortall seed:
Receiue these blessed Orphanes of thy breed,
As from thy happie issue first they came.
Those flowing wits that bathed in thy foord,
And suck't the honie dew from thy pure pap:
Returne their tribute backe into thy lap,
In rich-wrought lines, that yeeld no idle woord.
O let thy Sonnes from time to time supplie
This Garden of the Muses, where dooth want
Such Flowers as are not, or come short, or scant
Of that perfection may be had thereby:
So shall thy name liue still, their fame ne're dye,
Though vnder ground whole worlds of time they lie.*

Stat fine morte decus.



*God is beyond fraile sence to comprehend,
He first began all, and of all is end.*

WHere God puts too his hand, all else is vaine.
 God thunders oftner than he strikes or beates.
 God giues his wrath by weight, but mercie free.
 Where God doth blesse, abundāce quickly springs.
 Gods wisdome too much searcht, is daungerous.
 Gods iustice ouer-urgde, strikes heauily.
*Without the vnderstanding of Gods will,
 Our wit is follie, and our best sight ill.*
 God doth not hate to loue, nor loue to hate.
 God with his finger strikes, and not his arme.
*No man so poore, but God can blesse his dayes,
 Who pacient Iob did from the dunghill raise.*
 In vaine it is for man with God to stand.
 God will controll when mortall men haue done.
 Gods equitie doth euery action prooue.
 Gods hand holds thunder, who dare him offend?
 Faith finds free passage to Gods mercie feate.

B

Where

*Where vertue raiseth men to dignitie,
There God his blessings still doth multiply.*
 Little auails Gods gifts where wants his grace.
 Men order warre, but God giues victorie.
 Gods mercie doth his iustice farre exceed.
 God deales not with vs as our finnes deserue.
 Gods doctrine is the rule of prouidence.
 God is eternall, therefore without end.

*God made all mortall things, and orders them,
According to his wisdome, where and when.*
 Gods greatnes is more seene in loue, than wrath.
 God ne're made any equall to himselfe.
 If God helpe not, yet deeme him not vniust.
 Gods mercie is the worke of our redemption.

*If thou lift vp thy selfe, God flies from thee:
If thou be humble, then he comes to thee.*
 If God dart lightning, soon he dewes down raine.
 Gods wrath soone kindled, is as quickly quencht.
 No misaduentures crosse, where God doth guide.
 Where God doth saue, no other saue doth need.

*How can that enterprise ill issue haue,
Where God himselfe doth guide, doth speed, doth saue.*
 Happy are they who fauour from God find.
 God and our shame are staies vnto our sinne.
 Gods iustice doth mans iustice farre excell.
 Those that God loues, in them he nothing hates.

*How can a simple current him withstand,
Who all the mightie Ocean doth commaund?*
 God loues the faithfull, but doth hate their sinne.
 Good life begun in earth, in heauen is ended.

*When Sathan tempts, he leads vs vnto hell,
But God doth guide whereas no death doth dwell.
When Sathan tempts, he seekes our faith to foile,
But God doth seale it, neuer to recoile.*

*God makes our burning zeale full bright to shine,
Amongst the candles of his Church diuine.
God euer seekes by triall and temptation,
To sound mans heart and secret cogitation.
God well knowes men, and still his eye doth see,
All thoughts of men, ere they conceined be.
God out of season neuer yet doth trie,
His children new conuerted by and by.
Man made of earth, sounds not the seas profound
Of Gods deepe iudgements, where there is no ground.
The Lord law-maker, iust and righteous,
Doth frame his lawes, not for himselfe, but vs.
Gods wisdome guides this worlds societie,
With equall power, and equall pietie.
Gods word which made the world, and guides it still,
To diuers ends conducts both good and ill.
He that preferres not God fore all his race,
Amongst the sonnes of God deserues no place.
He that the furrowes ploweth of Gods field,
May not turne backe his fainting face, nor yeeld.
Sathan suggesteth ill, God mooues to grace.
God can doe all, saue that he will not doe.
Our mightie God, alwaies for his elect,
Of wicked things can draw a good effect.
God keepes his watch about the starrie skies,
For his elect, who neuer idle lyes.*

Similies on the same subiect.

AS one poore drop is nothing to the sea,
So all we can is nothing in Gods sight.
As the bright Sunne defaceth candle-light,
So Gods great power controlleth all the world.
As Princes are to be both lou'd and fear'd,
So God the Prince of princes, must haue more.

B 2

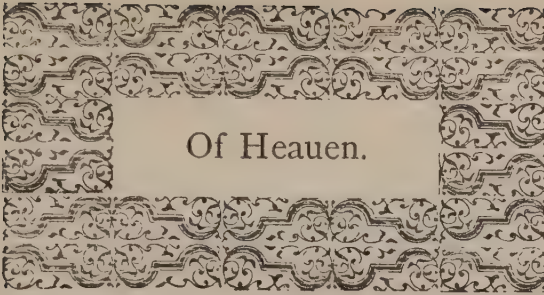
As

As with great care a Pilot guides the ship,
 So with great grace doth God direct the world.
 As when the soule departs, the body dies:
 So where God bleffeth not, all things decay.
 As mothers hugge their children in their armes,
 So God enfolds his chosen with his grace.

Examples likewise on the same.

P*Heracles*, for his contemning God,
 Was eate with lice, and dyed miserably.
Lucian an Atheist, and denying God,
 Was afterward in pieces torne with dogs.
Iustinian for his light regard of God,
 Became a foole, and so in follie dyde.
 Th'Athenians banished *Protagoras*,
 Because his bookes question'd the deitie.
Socrates did confesse one onely God,
 And tearm'd the heathen Gods but vanitie.
Plato, when he wrote any serious thing,
 Began still, *In the name of one sole God.*

Of



Of Heauen.

*Heauen is Gods seat, the throne of endles grace:
The Soules true home, and Hopes desired place.*

ALL powers are subiect to the power of Heauen.
Nothing but Heauen, is perfect happinesse.
What heauen will haue, that needs must come to passe.
The Soule is heauenly, and from heauen relieu'd.
Heauen is as neere to sea, as to the land.
Heauen sings for ioy, when sinners truly pray.
The waking heauens will plague all sleeping ill.

*When as the heauens are to iustice bent,
All things are turn'd to our iust punishment.*

None can attaine what heauen and earth withstands.
Earth must come in, when awfull heauen commaunds.
When heauen yeelds meanes, they must not be neglect.
Though men reuenge not, yet the heauens will.
Heauen is the habitation of th'elect.
Heauen is the iust mans true inheritance.

*It's hard to liue well, easie to dye ill:
Hard to winne heauen, casie to keepe from thence.*

In vaine do men contend against the starres.

Heauen workes our fall, but yet the fault is ours.
 All men ought know they haue the Heauens aboue them.
 No walles can hide vs from the eye of heauen.
 Repentance carries heauens eternall keyes.
 When heauens lampe shines, all other lights are lost.

We neuer know what 'tis in heauen to dwell,

Till wee haue had some feeling of grim hell.

Heauen is our home, we are but straungers here.
 All earthly things are darke, to them diuine.
 What heauen decrees, follie may not withstand.
 Earths admirations are the heauens delights.
 Heauens deepe deffignes are hid from mortall eyes.
 We are at heauens dispose, and not our owne.
 Heauen sets our time, wherewith can nought dispence.

High heauens hand restraines our wilfull powers,

Whose will must rule aboue this will of ours.

Heauen doth repaire what fortune hath destroyed.
 Things that are heauenly, no corruption tast.
 Whome heauen doth spight, the earth disdaines to hate.
 Heauens couers him that hath no buriall.
 Earth feeds on earth, heauen giues the spirit food.

Providence heauenly, passeth humane thought,

And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way.

Earth giues vs gold, but heauen the wealth of grace.
 The Sunne which shines in heauen, doth light the earth.
 Hell cannot hurt, whome heauen doth preferue.
 The care of heauen doth seeke the foules content.

It is the doome of heauen, which can and will,

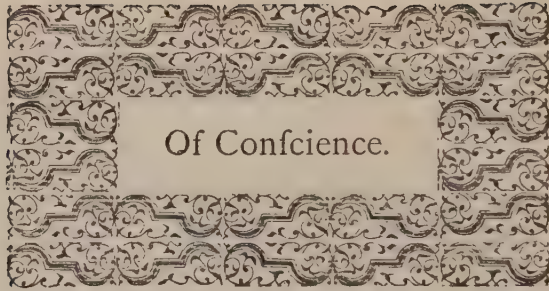
Confound the braunch, whose root was planted ill.

Sinne, is earths Sun; the Sun of heauen, sinnes death.
 Thoughts fixt on heauen, contemne all earthly things.
 Mortals may feele heauens doome, but not remooue.
 All men are subiect to the powers aboue.
 Heauens secrets are conceald from mortall sight.

*By mortall lawes a bond may be diuorſt,
But heauens decree by no meanes can be forſt.*
From heauen, our foules receiue their ſuſtenance.
Hell is the place of horror, heauen of reſt.
Good death is true inheritance in heauen.
The way to heauen is not ſo wide as hell.
*Men looke vp to the ſtarres, thereby to know,
That as they progreſſe heauen, they earth ſhould ſo.*
Heauen often winks at mortall mens amiſſe.
Heauens Sun doth ſhine both on the good and bad.
*All humane wiſhes neuer haue the power,
To haſt or hold the courſe of heauen one hower.*

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS hell was made to puniſh finnes proud guilt,
Euen ſo was heauen for comfort of the iuſt.
As baſe clothes ill become a princes court,
So none can enter heauen but purely clad.
As trauailers deſire their natiue homes,
So ſhould all foules long for their heauenly home.
As hells obſcuritie excells all darke,
So nothing with heauens brightneſſe may compare.
As *Iacob* for his *Rachell* thought ſlower ſweet,
So we for heauen ought deeme all elſe but vile.
As all ioyes in this life are fraile and vaine,
So none but heauens ioyes are perfect gaine.



*Conscience is that accuseth and condemnes,
Needing no other witnesse than it selfe.*

FAults long vnfelt, the conscience will bewray.
The feare of conscience entreth iron walls.
Where coyne preuailes, conscience beares little fway.
Kings, but the conscience, all things can defend.
*Death, but an acted passion doth appeare,
Where truth giues courage, and a conscience cleare.*
Conscience owne doome doth halfe condemne a man.
No armour prooffe against the conscience terror.
Weake consciences are with vaine questions wounded.
*Sound conscience, well is cald a wall of brasse:
Corrupted, fit compar'd to broken glasse.*
In conscience booke, our faults are daily writ.
There conscience failes, where faith beares no account.
A guiltie conscience neuer is secure.
*The conscience stain'd with blood of innocents,
Is alwayes subiect to appeaching guilt.*
Repentance brings the keyes of conscience.
After minds guilt, doth inward grieve begin.

Runne

Of Conscience.

9

*Runne where thou wilt, into all lands betake thee,
Yet will a wounded conscience nere forsake thee.*
A stained conscience finds no ioy at all.
They dread no shame, that vse no conscience.
*If thou but find thy conscience be vpright,
No matter for the worlds rebuke or spight.*
Conscience will neuer suffer wicked thoughts.
Conscience needs no tormenter but it selfe.
Conscience fees that which no eye else can doe.
*Conscience once drownd in wealth and worldly pompe,
Eskeemes all wisdome as meere foolishnes.*
A guiltie conscience is a gnawing worme.
Conscience takes vengeance on her owne transgressions.
Nothing but true repent cleares conscience.
*The riches we may carrie to our graue,
Is a good conscience: blessed they that haue.*
Conscience once faultie, still abides in feare.
Innocence is the ioy of conscience.
*A conscience standing free from all detect,
Feares no accuse, or doth excuse respect.*
Lookes confident and sober, shew cleane soules.
Conscience for heauen contemns all worldly things.
*To frame excuse, before thou be accusede,
Shewes that thou hast not conscience truly vsde.*
Conscience doth couet nothing but her owne.
Conscience craues nothing, but by lawfull meanes.
Conscience will willingly offend no man.
*Conscience once loden with the weight of sinne,
Is Iudge and Iuror to it selfe therein.*
Conscience doth bind vs to respect our kinne.
Conscience despiseth bribes in any case.
Conscience commaunds vs to relieue the poore.
*A conscience cleare, is like a well fenc't tower,
Not to be shaken by rough Canon shot.*

Conscience

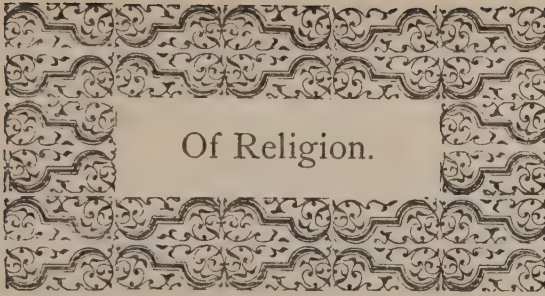
Conscience, to princes alwaies giues their due.
 Conscience submits, when Iustice doth commaund.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS perfection is the bodies death:
 So foule despaire quite kills the conscience.
 As the bright Sunne doth lighten all the world,
 So a cleare conscience shineth in the foule.
 As beautie is a thing glads mortall sight,
 So vnstain'd conscience doth high heauen delight.
 As wine cheeres vp the heart when it is sad,
 So peace of conscience makes it much more glad.
 As brazen walls defend a cittie best,
 So conscience taintlesse, is at peace and rest.
 As gold is best, when through the fire 'tis tride,
 So conscience is by troubles purifide.

Examples likewise on the same.

OR *Reles* matricide was iustly plagu'd,
 With sting of conscience by his mothers ghost.
 And *Nero* (whose foule fact did equall his)
 Was whipt in conscience with her walking shape.
Cesar Caligula could neuer rest,
 But conscience torment did him still molest.
Tullie affirmes, a conscience well employ'd,
 Is chiefeft comfort in aduersitie.
Plato saith: Sweetly sleepeth innocence,
 In the safe chamber of good conscience.
Lactantius writes, that no sinne can preuaile,
 Where quiet conscience sits, and guides the faile.
*Conscience must leaue a little while to grieue,
 To let in horror, comming to reprocue.*



*Religion is the ground of euery grace,
And teacheth man saluation to embrace.*

W Here God is not, religion cannot be.
Sundrie religions, make no religion.
Where saints are clarks, there alwaies God is iudge.
Religions touchstone best doth trie the truth.
*Religion is the soule of innocence,
Working in each vnspotted conscience.*
After religion, painted zeale doth runne.
Blessings come seldome, but by earnest prayer.
Ignorance is religions enemie.
*The Scriptures are sufficient to resolute
All doubts that in religion can arise.*
The word's a med'cine to a troubled mind.
Religion is the perfect bond of loue.
No poyson worse than Scripture falsly taught.
Religion is in truth, not fallacies.
*No surer signe of kingdomes ouerthrow,
Than where religion liueth in contempt.*
Change of religion is most daungerous.

Faith

Of Religion.

Faith, and not reason, teacheth true religion.
 Man was created for religions vse.

*There is no error halfe so daungerous,
 As that committed in religion.*

Ill happens when religion we neglect.
 Doubt in religion, punishment deferues.
 Where no religion is, no vertue bides.
 Religions cloake can couer much abuse.

*Those men may well be cald religious,
 That hate the world, and nothing mind but heauen.*

Religion linketh men in vnitie.
 Religion, to all vertues is the guide.
 Humilitie expreffeth true religion.

*Religion doth relieue the fatherlesse,
 And succours widowes in aduersitie.*

Religion is the counsell of the iust.
 Religion only can support the weake.
 Religion teacheth remedie gainst sinne.
 Religion comforts all afflictions.

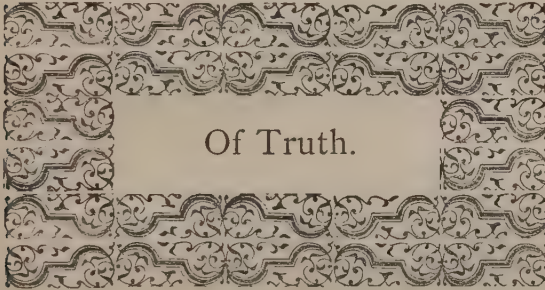
Similies on the same subiect.

Like as a Torch directs vs in the darke,
 So doth religion lighten all our hopes.
 As these our bodies liue by earthly food,
 So true religion doth our foules most good.
 As yron maketh soft the rudest earth,
 So doth religion temper hardest hearts.
 As sore eyes cannot gaze against the Sun,
 So wicked minds brooke no religion.
 As want of food the body hunger-sterues,
 So pines the foule through pure religions lacke.
 As med'cines make sicke bodies whole and found,
 So doth religion wash out errors wound.

Examples

Examples likewise on the same.

B*Rennus* for wronging of religion,
Was smitten with a thunderbolt to death.
Conomachus, religious rites prophan'd,
But with an earthquake was he swallowed vp.
Pherecydes, nick-nam'd religion,
For which he was confum'd by wormes aliue.
In *Athens* they would not create a king,
Except he had tane orders of a Priest.
The chiefeft oath th'*Athenians* had, was this:
Pugnabo pro sacris, & cum alijs, & solus.
Old Rome, her sonnes sent to *Hetruria*,
To be instructed in religion.



*Truth is the fount of knowledge, earths best light:
The scale to heav'n, and onely rule of right.*

THe weakest things are strongest props to truth,
Truth is most strong, and alwaies findeth friends.
Truth neuer failes, and true loue wants no might.

Triall

Triall doth certainliest the truth bewray.
 Falshood with truth may by no meanes abide.

*Deeds not by manhood, or the doers might,
 Are to be scand, but by their truth and right.*

What shineth nearest best, holds truest worth.
 Where then is truth, if there be no selfe trust?
 Truth is the onely shield of best defence.

*When truly in our selues our faults we see,
 We deeme them known to all, as well as wee.*

An honest tale speeds best being truly told.
 Truth may be shent, but neuer shall be sham'd.
 Truth to all goodnesse is the perfect guide.
 All doubts resoluing, is by finding truth.

*How shall he thinke to find a straunger iust,
 That in himselfe dare put no confidence?*

False dreames do euermore the truth deny.
 Time shewes the truth, and wit that's bought is best.
 Truth foundeth sweetly in a fillie tongue.
 Who cherish wrongs, are bent against the truth.
 Truth needeth not the aid of Rhetoricke.

*Happie the people, blessed is the land,
 Where truth and vertue get the upper hand.*

Nothing so hard, but is by truth explain'd.
 All hidden secrets, truth can best disclose.
 Truth to all goodnes, is the perfect guide.
 Truth hath two friends; Wisdome, and Constancie.

*Truth standeth not upon the tongues of men:
 Nor Honour, on authorities bigge frownes.*

Truth triumphes long, when falshood foone decaies.
 The truth of things, the end or time will trie.
 The smootheest tale, hath oft-times smallest truth.
 Truth most delights, when thee goes meanest clad.

*The seate of Truth is in our secret hearts,
 Not in the tongue, which falshood oft imparts.*

Truth

Truth needs no Orators to plead her cause.
Truth feareth nothing more than to be hid.
Truth with her owne light is best fatisfide.
A certaine truth doth need no subtill glofe.

Truth is a health that neuer will be sicke:

An endlesse life, a Sunne that neuer sets.

Truth shewes her selfe in secrecie of trust:
A cleare case needs no shifting counsellour.
Truth vnbefriended, will find friends at last.
Truth hateth most to here a feigned tale.

Innocence smile before the Iudge by truth,

And falshood found before he was suspect.

Reprooue not rashly, neither hide the truth.
Truth is a blab, and will no treafons hide.
Truth is a text that troubles many minds.
Truth still hath certaine bounds, but falshood none.

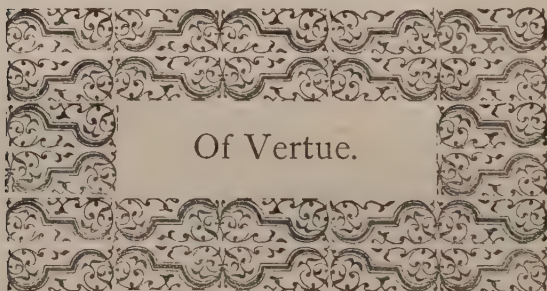
Similies on the same subiect.

AS the best steeled glasse bewraies the face,
So truth best shineth in an honest foule.
As purest Emeralds without foyles shine best,
So truth most pleaseth in her plainest clothes.
As wormwood fitteth not a lickerish taste,
So truth doth neuer please a lyars tongue.
As clouds oft threaten raine, and yet shed none,
So stormes oft menace truth, yet hurt her not.
As darkenesse is an enemy to light,
So falshood is continuall foe to truth.
As meane attire impaires not beauties face,
So poorest ragges to truth giue no disgrace.

Exam-

Examples likewise on the same.

I *Vkan Apostata* the foe to Truth,
 Cried out at length, that Truth had conquerd him.
Nestorius, who contended with the truth,
 His tongue was eaten in his life, with wormes.
 The Persians in the honour of the truth,
 Ordained death to fuch as did denie it.
Popiel king of Poland, for vntruth,
 Was as he fate aliue, deuour'd with Rats.
Cato was so renowned for the truth,
 That he was onely said, to speake the truth.
 Vntruth, faith *Seneca*, are meetest Armes,
 For any coward or bafe minded man.



*Vertue, is Queene of labour, Nource of loue:
 The minds true grace, and blessing from aboue.*

All things decay, but vertue cannot die.
 Vertue makes beautie more angelicall.
 Vertue is free from time, and fortunes power.

Men

Men cannot leaue their vertues to their heires.

*Faire vertues seat is deepe within the mind,
And not by shewes, but inward thoughts defin'd.*

Vices are noted, vertues foone forgot.

Vertues best store, by giuing doth augment.

There is no vertue that is borne with vs.

No vertue springs, where wanteth due regard.

Vertues obscure, yeeld small and sorie gaines:

But actiuelly employd, true worth retaines.

Winne fame by vertue, let opinion goe.

Vertue is in the mind, not the attire.

Vertue and fortune neuer could agree.

Vertue is loath'd of fooles, lou'd of the wife.

Vertue is much more amiable and sweet,

When therewithall true maiestie doth meet.

Vice careth not if vertue sinke or swimme.

Wit shines in vertue, vertue shines in wit.

Sweetest temptations most make vertue knowne.

Vertue it selfe turnes vice, being misapplied:

And vice sometimes by action dignified.

The field of honour, vertue neuer loofeth.

Vertue will beare what can on vertue fall.

True happinesse, on vertue taketh ground.

The more vice reignes, the lesse doth vertue thriue.

To vertues goods we onely ought to cleaue,

The rest are good in semblance, but deceaue.

Vertue will liue when villanie shall die.

Vertue may be disturb'd, but ne're disgrac'd.

No beautie like the vertue of the mind.

Vertue through darkest shades doth light her selfe.

Vertue in greatest daungers being best shovne,

May be oppress'd, but neuer ouerthrowne.

Vertue oft lyes where life is in disgrace.

If sinne were dead, vertue could not be knowne.

C

Sweet

Sweet is the gaine which vertuous trauaile brings.
All vertuous minds doe vertuous deeds declare.

Our vices nor our vertues neuer die,

Though vnder ground a thousand yeares we lye.

Vertue doth mortall things immortall make.

The bond of vertue alwaies furest binds.

Than vertue, there can be no greater dower.

'Tis vertues felfe, that her rewards doth pay.

Enuies black cloud would dim bright vertues rayes.

All sorrowes in the world are farre more lesse,

Than vertues might and valours confidence.

Sinne counted folace, vertue is despisde.

Vaine praise is shame, but honour vertues due.

Without defence of vertue, nothing lasts.

Onely faire vertue scales eternitie,

Above earths all-abating tyrannie.

All Orators are dumbe when vertue pleads.

Vertue but stampd in Lead, is rich enough.

That growes apace which vertue helpe to raife.

Vertue curbes in the most vnbridled will.

With goodnesse men doe soone grow discontent,

Where flates are ripe to fall, and vertue spent.

True vertue is rich dower for chastitie.

In vertuous deeds all stratagems are good.

Vertue is beautie of the inward man.

Exclude discretion, vertue turnes to vice.

Like to the Sunne, so vertue lights the world.

Such as leaue off faire vertues to esteeme,

Doe greatly erre, that take things as they seeme.

Vertue will shine though ne're so much obscur'd.

Vertue depressed, is exprest more.

Vertue makes women seeme to be diuine.

With honours eyes let vertues plaints be scand.

Vertue doth raife by very small degrees,

Where

Where in a moment Fortune casteth downe.
 While vertue suffers, still it vanquisheth.
 Need clad with vertue, is abundant rich.
 Vertue is better and more sure than Artes.
 Vertue is not to get things, but to keepe them.
Vertue on earth doth sooneſt bring vs fame,
Makes our graues glorious, writes our names in heauen.
 Vertue moſt grieueth at her owne diſgrace.
 A vertuous act ſeemes ſtraunge in ſome mens fight.
 A vertuous mind cannot be miſerable.
 Death is true life to euery vertuous man.
Though vertue many times wants due reward,
Yet ſeldome vice eſcapes deſerued blame.
 Vertue doth neuer enuie good deſert.
 Loue maketh vertue liue, and vice to die.
 Reports can neuer harme the vertuous.
 He is not vertuous that's too timorous.
Ech cunning ſinne being clad in vertues ſhape,
Flyes much reproofe, and many ſtormes doth ſcape.
 Vertues are many times by faults diſgrac'd.
 Honours defects, by vertues are ſupplied.
 Vertue ſtill doteth on perfection.
 Vertue, in beauteous bodies ſhineth beſt.
All the gay pleaſures that the world can prooue,
Are but ſicke ſorrowes to pure vertues loue.
 Vertue is moſt renown'd in honors eyes.
 Vertue ſtill ſmiles, when vaine conceit doth crie.
 Immortall vertue liues an endleſſe date.
 Wiſdome on Vertue as her handmaid waits.
The worlds opinion ſo doth vertue ſmoother,
As one beares that belongs vnto another.
 Vertue makes euery where a ſtraungers home,
 Vertue doth conquer diffolute deſires.
 Vertue in Princes is moſt glorious.

Vertue deserueth more than wealth can doe.
The blasts of Fortune neuer can preuaile,
In the maine sea where vertue hoiseth saile.
 All pompe is vile, where vertue hath no place.
 Vertue doth vanquish Fortune, Time, and Death.

Similies on the same subiect.

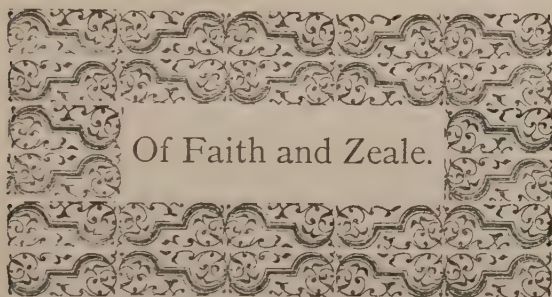
AS feare of torment holds the wicked in,
 So vertues loue make good men loath their sin.
 Looke how one vice begets another sinne,
 Euen so one vertue drawes another in.
 As Musicke profits nothing but by sound,
 So vertue helps not if it faile in life.
 Like as the Sunne obscures all lesser lights,
 So vertues lustre damps all enuies sleights.
 As spices in their bruising fauor most,
 So vertue in affliction best is seene.
 As wine refresheth sad dismayed minds,
 So vertue comforts poore distressed foules.

Examples likewise on the same.

KIng *Alexander* got the name of Great,
 By vertuous cariage of himselfe in warre.
Spurina chose to mangle his faire face,
 Rather than be seduc'de from vertuous thoughts.
Hercules, bad vaine pleasure get her gone:
 And made faire vertue his companion.
Xerxes for beastlines was not so blam'd,
 As *Galba* for his vertue was renown'd.
Thales affirms, that nothing in the world,
 For man was meet, but vertuous actions.
Cicero saith: That vertue of it selfe
 Is the sole cause of happie life and death.

Vertue

*Vertue was neuer hireling of the mind,
Bue still will liue though fame had ne're a tongue.
What sute of grace haith vertue to put on,
If vice shall weare as good, and doe as well.*



*Faith shewes a good mans fruits, preferues the soule,
And zeale doth best giue euidence of faith.*

FAithes best is triall, then it shineth most.
The faithfull stands, the faultie man will flye.
Zeale is but cold where louelesse law restraines.

Tis hastie rashnes where true faith doth flye.
In deepe distresse, true faith doth best auaile.

*When once mans faith is spotted and defamd,
The bodie had been better neuer framd.*

Zeale and good courage best become a Prince.

Faith bides no perfit triall, but by time.

Shipwracke of faith is made, where conscience dyes.

Friends haue no priuiledge to breake their faith.

The gift deserueth most is giuen in zeale.

*Falfe fainting zeale, shadowed with good pretence,
Can find a cloake to couer each offence.*

Falſe faith is ouer-weiſe with weakeſt weight.
 The ballance yeelds vnto the lighteſt feather.
 An eaſie yeelding zeale is quickly quaild.
 Faith violate, is moſt deteſtable.
 Faith once reſolu'd, treads fortune vnder foot.
 The man that holds no faith, ſhall find no truſt.

Where faith doth feareleſſe dwell in brazen tower,

There ſpotleſſe pleaſure builds her ſacred bower.

A zealous heart is alwaies bountifull.

The faith of Knighthood is by vertue tryed.

Euery occaſion quailles a hireling faith.

The gift deſerueth much is giuen in zeale.

A princes greateſt fault, is breach of faith.

The faith of Pagans ought not be belieu'd.

Faith is a forteſſe againſt all fainting feare:

And Zeale, the walles doth euermore vp-reare.

Take faith from iuſtice, all things runne to ſpoile.

Authoritie is ſtrengthened beſt by zeale.

Who binds himſelfe by faith, had need beware.

Faith to raſh oathes no credit giues at all.

The greater faith, the greater ſufferance.

Faith is the true foundation of the ſoule,

And ſooneſt doth redeeme the ſame from ſinne.

Zeale makes opinion ſtand inuincible.

A good mans wiſh, is ſubſtance, faith, and fame.

Selfe-will doth frown, when earneſt zeale reprooues.

Faith mounteth to the clouds on golden wings.

Faith brings forth workes, and workes declare our faith.

No faith too firme, no truſt can be too ſtrong.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

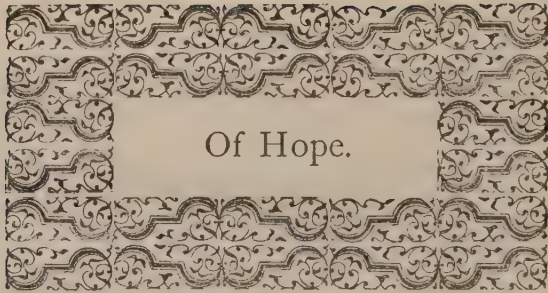
AS raine makes euery ground bring forth encreaſe.
 So faith of euery foule doth ſhew the fruits.

As

As honours fire doth kindle high desires,
 So zealous faith lifts vp the lowest foule.
 As night doth best the diamonds glory show,
 So sharpe affliction best makes faith to grow.
 As wisdom is the only way to weale,
 So true discretion best directeth zeale.
 As loue and hate cannot agree in one,
 So without zeale, faith thinkes her selfe alone.

Examples likewise on the same.

P*Armenio* wild his king to breake his faith,
 I would (quoth he) were I *Parmenio*.
Lyfander made no reckoning of his faith,
 And therefore was by euery one reproou'd.
Attilius sent to Rome vpon his faith,
 Boldly return'd, although it cost his life.
Rafrix the Duke of Cleueland, breaking faith,
 Was therefore dispossess'd of both his eyes.
 Let none speake ill of vs, saide *Pittacus*,
 To whome we stand oblig'd by our faith.
 Keepe faith (saith *Cicero*) with enemies
 What ere mishap doe follow thereupon.



*Hope is the sad hearts help, the sick thoughts friend,
And what distrust impaires, Hope doth amend.*

All hope is vaine without the feare of God.
 Hope, on each least occasion taketh hold.
 Hope doth forbid vs forrow to beleue.
 When loue growes sickely, hope then daily sterues.
 Things out of hope, by ventring oft are woon.
 Hope many times on blessed hap doth light.
 When hope is lost in care then comfort bleeds.
Vnworthy he of grace, whome once deniall
Excludes from fairest hope, without more triall.
 All foolish hopes haue euermore bad speed.
 Councell doth come too late when hope is past.
 Men well may hope to rise, but feare to fall.
 Its good to hope the best, but feare the worst.
 Chaunging the aire, hopes time will alter chance.
 Despaire and hope doe still attend on loue.
Its good to feare, yet let our feare be so,
That to our hope it prooue no ouerthrow.
 Oft present hap, makes future hope to yeeld.

No

No hap so hard but hope doth much amend.
 Hope to enioy, is little lesse than ioy.
 Honour once lost, giues farewell to all hope.
 Vnhappie men are subiect to no hope.
 Fortune may take our goods, but not our hope.

The heart that's inly hurt, is greatly eas'd,

With hope of that may make grieſe beſt appeas'd.

Hopes are vnſure, when certaine is the paine.
 We often fall, when moſt we hope to clime.
 As wee waxe hopeleſſe, violence ſtill growes.
 Hope well in loue what euer be thy hap.
 Hope is the daily dreame of waking men.
 This life, is but the hope of endleſſe life.

Vnworthie is he of one happie day,

That will not take the offer of good hope.

There is no truſt in youth, nor hope in age.
 The hope of things vnſeene beares greateſt price.
 Good conſcience alwaie hath a perfect hope.
 Hope is a pleaſing paſſion of the mind.
 To hope againſt all hope, is high reſolue.

True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallowes wings,

Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Inconſtant hope is drowned oft in feares.
 In miſt of grieſe, hope alway hath ſome part.
 Hope being deluded makes the torment more.
 Who cannot feare to looſe, ne're hopes to haue.
 All greedie hope, vaine vicious humour feeds.
 Hope is companion euermore to loue.

No one without great hopes, will follow ſuch,

Whoſe power and honour doth not promiſe much.

No hope of reſt, where hap true hope delays.
 Hope ſtill perſwading hope, expecteth good.
 Hope is the God of miſerable men.
 In vaine he hopes, who here his hope doth ground.

From

From fruitlesse hopes but sillie fauours spring.
The euenings hope may comfort mornings care.

*Hope built vpon the world, doth neuer thriue,
But grounded once on God, at no time failes.*

Hope is the bread and food of wretched men.
Bad haps are holpe with hope and good beliefe.
No greater grieve in loue, than fruitlesse hope.
Hope waits on great mens tongues, and oft beguiles.
Hopes about Fortune, doe fore-point deepe falls.
Who thinkes to thriue by hope, oft haps to begge.

*To hope too much, is boldly to presume:
To hope too little, basely to despaire.*

Small is his gaine that hopes for golden grieve.
Meane mens preferments eleuates their hopes.
Sad hopes seeme ouer long and burdenous.
Grace to thy hope is alwaies safest guide.

*When hope and hap, when health and wealth is highest,
Then woe and wracke, disease and need is nighest.*

Hope of all (passions) is the pleasantest.
Vaine hopes, are like a Vane turn'd with the wind.
To haue no hope, is held most miserable.

*To liue in hope of that men meane to giue,
Is to deceiue our selues, and not to liue.*

Hope not for that which iustice doth denie.
Where grace begins, hope makes a happie end.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS greatest calmes oft turne to thunderclaps,
So sweetest hopes doe change to fowrest haps.
As in meane places may much wealth be hid,
So little hopes may mightie things expect.
As sadnes is the hearts chiefe punishment,
So hope is highest helpe in deepe distresse.

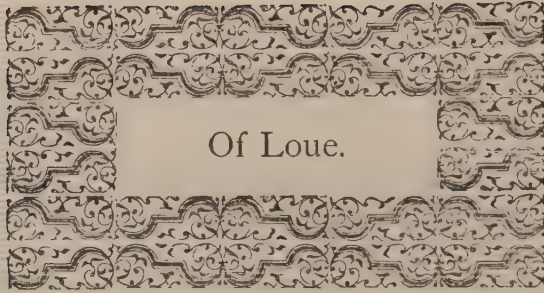
As

As one part of the body toiles for all,
So hope striues to accomplish all desires.
As euery mettall is of Sulphur made,
So euery pleasure doth from hope proceed.
As honest pastimes can no way offend,
So good mens hopes must needs haue happy end.

Examples likewise on the same.

When *Alexander* gaue great gifts away,
Being askt, What for himselfe he kept? replied, Hope.
Cesar continually was led with hope,
That he should gouerne many Monarchies.
Androclidas derided being lame,
Said; Then in fight I hope I shall not flie.
Pindarus calleth hope, The nource of age:
And *Thales* said, Hope was a common helpe.
Learned men differ from the ignorant
(As *Bias* saith) but onely by their Hope.
Hope (as *Simonides* the Poet saith)
Is the sole guide and gouernour of men.

Of



*Loue is a vertue, measur'd by duteous choice,
But not if it be main'd with wilfull chaunce.*

TRue loue is simple like his mother Truth.
Firme and vntainted loue, had neuer meane.
In long delay, loue most impatient is.
Our treasure we may hidle, but not our loue.

The trueest loue is most suspitious.

Loues eyes in looking neuer haue their fill.

MA Y is not loues month, MA Y is full of flowers,

But dropping A P R I L: Loue is full of showers.

Leud love breeds losse, ill peace hath deadly fight.

Life is most loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.

Loue is the mistresse of a many minds.

Loues little sweet, oft finds a longer fower.

Loue's like the winters Rose, or Sommers Ice.

Loue where it likes, life where it loues would be.

Loue doth desire the thing below'd to see,

That like it selfe in louely shape may be.

As loue is loth to part, so feare shunnes death.

Lukewarme desires best fit with crazed loue:

Valour

Valour nor loue dwells where diuision is.
 Nought worth is loue without true conſtancie.
 Loue cannot found well, but in louers tongues.
 Loues ſtrongest bands, vnkindnes doth vnbind.

*Firme loue that is in gentle breſts begun,
 No idle charme may eaſily remooue.*

Short is the ioy of him that longeſt loues,
 Loue neuer can endure a Paragon.
 The greater loue, the greater is the loſſe.
 True loue is often fowne, but ſeldome growes.
 Loofe loues are vaine, and vaniſh ſtill to ſmoake.
 Loue, that two hearts makes one, ſo frames one will.

Too hard a leſſon tis for liuing clay,

From loue (in courſe of nature) to refrain.

Firme loue, the dread of daunger doth deſpiſe.
 Loue may not be compeld by maſterie.
 Sweet loue barres lewdneſſe from his companie.
 Cauſeleſſe to chaunge loue, is moſt foule reproch.
 Loue hateth thought of all vngentlenes.
 A louers heauen muſt paſſe by forrowes hell.

All loſſe is liſſe, yea leſſe is infamie,

Than loſſe of loue to him that loues but one.

They cannot iudge of loue, that ne're did loue.
 Loue wants his eyes, yet ſhoots he paſſing right.
 The ſhrine of loue doth ſeldome offerings want.
 What can be ſaid, that louers cannot ſay?
 Blind loues, beſt Poets haue imperfect fight.
 Loue deeply grounded, hardly is diſſembled.

Loue is a fiend, a fire, a heauen, a hell,

Where pleaſure, paine, and ſad repentance dwell.

Where both deliberate, the loue is light.
 True loue is mute, and oft amazed ſtands.
 Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at firſt fight?
 The darkeſt night is *Cupid's* brighteſt day.

Loue

Loue alwaies makes those eloquent that loue,
There's nothing more than counsell, louers hate.

The light of hidden fire, it selfe discovers :

And loue that is conceald betraies poore louers.

A louer most restraind, the worser fares.

Loue is too full of faith, too credulous.

Great force and vertue hath a louing looke.

No stonie limits can hold out true loue.

What loue can doe, that dare it still attempt.

Sweet are those bands that true loue doth combine.

Loue goes toward loue like schoole-boyes from their bookes:

But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie looks.

No loue so sweet as where both soules consent.

True perfect loue is quickest of beleefe.

It's better loue and liue, than loath and die.

Free vent of words, loues fire doth aswage.

Lookes doe kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiues.

Foule words and frownes will not compell a louer.

Louers well wot, what grieve it is to part,

When twixt two bodies liueth but one heart.

Loue easily commenteth on euery woe.

Loues gentle spring doth alwaies fresh remaine.

Loue maketh young men thrall, and old men dote.

In follie loue is wise and foolish wittie.

A louers houres are long, though seeming short.

Louers doe say, The heart hath treble wrong,

When it is bard the ayding of the tongue.

Loue doth with gall and hony both abound.

It is not loue, that loues to anger loue.

Loue still is free and led with selfe-delight.

Sweet is the loue that comes with willingnes.

Who learnes to loue, the lesson is so plaine:

That once made perfect, neuer lost againe.

There is no paine like loues sweet miserie.

Great talke of loue proceeds but from the tongue.

Loue makes blunt wits, right pleasing Oratours.

All loue deceits are held excusable.

Loue is most sweet and faire in euery thing.

Loue well is said, to be alive in death,

That laughes and weepes, and all but with a breath.

Such vertue loue hath, to make one of two.

The fire of loue is blown by dalliance.

Loues speciall lesson, is to please the eye.

Loues glorie doth in greatest darknes shine.

Loue is a spirit all compact of fire,

Not grosse to sinke, but light and will aspire.

Loue paints his longings in faire virgins eyes.

If merit looke not well, Loue bids, stand by.

Loue loftie, doth despise a lowly eye.

Loue neuer will be drawn, but must be led.

Although sweet loue to conquer glorious be,

Yet is the paine farre greater than the fee.

He that shewes all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

Fauours make happy louers euer dumbe.

The latest wonne, is alwaies lou'd the longer.

Equall estate, doth nourish equall loue.

Loue in braue spirits, kindles goodly fire,

Which to great height of honour doth aspire.

Loue makes at once, sicke, found, aliue, and dead.

Loue makes diuided creatures liue in one.

Loue is a thing that feeds on care and feare.

Poore is the loue that pouertie impaires.

All loues conceits are excellently wittie.

Two eyes him needeth, both to watch and wake,

That louers will deceiue and find their scape.

That loue is singular, is least in fight.

A pregnant loue conceits a thousand things.

Wanton conceits are rife, where loue is wittie.

Disdaine to true loue yet was euer foe.

That loue is it which alwaies lasteth long,

That tends to neither of the louers wrong.

Vnwood loue knowes not what pittie meanes.

They loue indeed, that dare not say they loue.

Loues workes are more than of a mortall temper.

Hearts are Loues food, his drinke is louers teares.

Loue is a golden bubble full of dreames,

That waking breakes, and fils vs with extreames,

The gaine is grieue to them that traffique loue.

Loue is in prime of youth, a Rose; in age, a Weed.

Loue, for a minutes ioy, payes endlesse paine.

Meane men in loue haue frownes as well as Kings.

Two constant louers being ioynd in one,

Yielding to one another, yeeld to none.

Loue truly bred, true triall will abide.

Mens loue is written on the Angels brefts.

Loue, with true friends will alwaies liue and die.

Loue is refiner of inuention.

The faultes that are in loue, by loue committed,

By loue for loue doe claime to be remitted.

Loue teacheth musicke to vnskilfull men.

Loue woon by vertue, still is permanent.

The loue of beautie, reason oft beguiles.

Loue is the Lord of hope and confidence.

Loue whets the duillest wits, his plagues are such:

Yet makes the wise by pleasing dote as much.

Likenesse in manners maketh loue most pure.

Vertue cannot be perfect, wanting loue.

Loue is most fortunate where courage liues.

Concealed loue burnes with the fiercest flame.

Louers best like to see themselves alone,

Or with their loues, if needs they must haue one.

A cold base loue, cooles not a hot desire.

Hate in the name of loue doth oft perfume.
 Selfe-loue, of mischief is the only ground.
 The cowards warfare is a wanton loue.
Where growes a perfect sympathie of hearts,
Ech passion in the one, the other paineth.
 Pure loue did neuer see the face of feare.
 Lasciuious loue is root of all remorse.
 Loue wonne in heat, will with a cold be lost.
 Loue, and high feat, no equals can endure.
 Louers haue quick all-corners searching eyes.

Similies on the same subiect.

Like as the waxe doth quench, and feed the flame,
 So loue to men giues both despaire and life.
 As Iuie finds fit meanes whereby to climbe,
 So loue sorts out his subiect where him list.
 As fire with violence consumeth wood,
 So scorne with crueltie doth murder loue.
 As young vines yeeld most wine, but old brings best,
 So young loue speaketh much, but old doth most.
 Like as affection is in louers restlesse.
 So being perfect, it is likewise endlesse.
 As fancie must be cured by affection,
 So loue is onely remedied by loue.

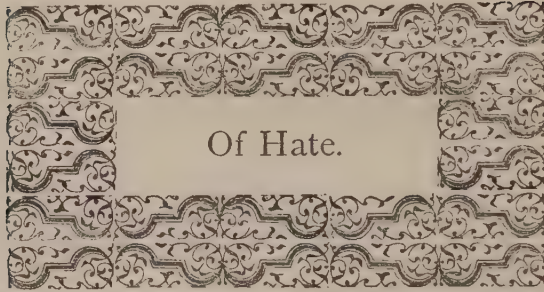
Examples likewise on the same.

P*ausanias* lou'd his wife with such firme loue,
 As no description well could set it downe.
Perdiccas for his loue to *Alexander*,
 Refused mightie wealth in Macedon.
 The Emperour *Claudius* would not loue or hate,
 But as he was thereto by others led.
Scipio so lou'd the Poet *Ennius*,
 That being dead, he kept his picture still.

D

Zeno

Zeno, although a *Stoicke*, yet did yeeld,
 That loue in young men was most requisite.
Cicero not gain-faïd wife men to loue
 So they might loue without deepe cares and sighes.



*Hate, is loutes enemie, and Friendships foe :
 Neighbourhoods bane, and Peaces ouerthrow.*

H Ate cannot worke, where nature planteth loue.
 Hates eies may slumber, but can hardly sleepe.
 Hatred is chiefeſt enemie to loue.
 That which is held with hate, we feare to loofe.

*Who hates himſelfe to loue another man,
 Senceleſſe ſhould be eſteemed of all men.*

The deadlieſt hate, with ſmiles, ſecurely ſtands.
 Where rancour rules, there hate doth moſt preuaile.
 Lewd loue, is hate; and baſe deſire is ſhame.
 Youth old in will, age young in hate doth make.

'Tis incident to them who many feare,

Many to them more grieuous hate doe beare.

In meekeneſſe maskes the moſt diſtemperd hate.

True

True faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate.
Men oft shew fauour to conceale their hate.
Hatred attendeth on prosperitie.

The sweetest loue, changing his propertie:

Turnes to the sowrest and most deadly hate.

Loue so, thou maist haue little feare to hate.
Few hate their faults; all hate of them to heare.
A rooted hate will hardly be displac'd.
Fie on the loue that hatcheth hate and death.

These are the greatest spoilers of a state:

Young counsell, priuat gaine, and partiall hate.

Hate without might comes euermore too late.
A poore mans hate is very perillous.
Mercie may mend, whome hatred made transgresse.
From deepe desires, oft comes the deadliest hate.

Hatred must be beguil'd by some new course,

Where states are strong, and Princes doubt their force.

Neuer put trust in them that hate their blood.
Hate seekes to salue his harmes by swift reuenge.
Enforced wedlock breeds but secret hate.
Hate euermore is blind, and so is loue.

In vulgar eares delight it alwaies breeds,

To haue the hated authors of misdeeds.

Where hate doth rule, Lordship small safetie hath.
Hate nourisheth contempt, debate, and rage.
Hate furrowes vp a graue to burie loue.
But few will follow them whom princes hate.

Hate and disdain doe neuer brooke respect,

Consisting in true louing hearts neglect.

To colour hate with kindnesse, some commend.
Hid hate exceedeth open enmitie.
Lookes oft times hate, when as the heart doth loue.
No hate like that of friends, once chang'd to foes.
Who foster hate, can neuer find out loue.

*Most happie he, to whome loue comes at last,
And doth restore what hate before did wast.*

Hate many times is hid in smootheft lookes.
The wrong of friends exceeds the foe-mans hate.
Hate buried once, hurts deadly afterward.
A bad mans hate can neuer harme the good.

*With pleasing speech men promise and protest,
When hatefull hearts lye lurking in their breast.*

Whome all men hate, none is so fond to loue.
Hate commonly doth most offend it selfe,
Hates winking is a prep'ratue to death.

Similies on the same subiect.

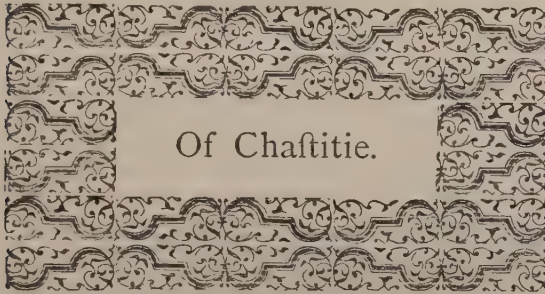
AS Lyons are discerned by their pawes,
So hatefull men are by their qualities.
As enuie braggeth and can draw no blood,
So hate in stead of hurt, oft doth men good.
As greenest wood lies long before it burne,
So hate stands watching till fit time to harme.
As blindnes, led by blindnes, needs must fall,
So hate, vrg'de on by hate, harmes least of all.
As children for their faults haue flye excuses,
So hates smoothe lookes hide very foule abuses.
As crauen Cocks make shew, yet dare not fight,
So hate makes proffers, when he dares nor bite.

Examples likewise on the same.

DEmetrius Phalerius did condemne
Any that iustly could be said to hate.
Stesilia did procure *Themistocles*,
Euen to the death to hate *Aristides*.
Cato and *Cæsar* hated not each other,
Vntill *Seruilia* made them enemies.
Clodius did hate the men that lou'd him most,

And

And therefore was of all abandoned.
Cicero saith, No honest citizen
 Can be procur'de to hate his enimie.
Pindarus held no vice more odious,
 Than enuious hatred, in what man so ere.



*Chast life is graces seale, deuotions staffe,
 Marke of the iust, and crowne of martyrdome.*

Chastitie is bright honours glorious crowne,
Loft iewels may be found, Chastitie neuer
That's lost but once: and once lost, lost for euer.

Shee is most chaste, that's but enioyd of one.

*Pure chastitie is beautie to our foules,
 Grace to our bodies, peace to our desires.*

We breake chaste vowes when we liue loosely euer.

The purest incense on the altar smokes.

But chaste thoughts are Nectar in loues sight.

Chastitie lost, can neuer be restor'd.

*Eternall thraldome rather should be wisht,
 Than losse of chastitie, or chaunge of loue.*

Chaste loue is founded on a iust desire.

*When chastitie is rifled of her store,
Lust, the proud theefe, is poorer than before.*
Chast things are charie to the Gods themselues.

*Chast eyes are blind at any gaudie gift,
And deafe her eares to goodliest promises.*

Chast eyes will banish lustfull sights away.

Riches and beautie praiseth not a wife,

But pleasing of her husband, and chaste life,

No princes wealth can prize true chastitie.

The browne complexion fam'd for chastitie,

Exceedeth farre the fair'st suspected beautie.

No life to libertie, no loue like chastitie.

Chastitie beautifies the meanest coat,

Better than blame in richest clothing clad.

Beautie vnchast is reckned nothing worth.

Chastitie, weakely can withstand proud wealth

And dignitie; both leagued to assault.

Chastitie is the crowne of happy life.

In wedlocke, chastitie is speciall good:

But more, in virgins life and widowhood.

Chastities wrongs, bondage awarrants not.

Chastitie is the beautie of the soule,

The ioy of heauen, best ieuell here on earth.

Wanton desire, chast lookes doth often hide.

Chastitie, charitie, and humilitie,

Are the vnitd vertues of the soule.

Frugalitie is badge of chastitie.

Beautie vnchast, is like the Mandrakes fruit,

Sightly in shew, but poysonous in tast.

Idlenes is the foe to chastitie.

Nothing in women worthy praise remaines,

If once their (glorie) chastitie be lost,

Where gold's too plentie, chastitie growes cheape.

Faire is the face which promiseth pure loue,

But

Of Chastitie.

39

But that celestiall, liues by chastitie.

Fortitude, with chaste life, adorne the soule.

Shee is not chaste that is by feare compeld:

Neither she honest, that with need is wonne.

Modest and chaste, is dourie rich enough.

Chastitie in extremitie is knowne,

And in the end crownd with eternitie.

A wandring eye bewrayes an vnchaste mind.

With reasons reines, chastitie bridles lust.

Where needie want is ioyn'd with chastitie,

There vncleane life gets some authoritie.

Chaste eares cannot endure dishonest talke.

The modest eye controllles loues wanton ryot.

Chaste modest thoughts befeeme a woman best.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS beaultie lookes like flowers in the spring,
So chastitie is like the starres of heauen.

As Violets smell sweet in any sence,

So chastitie shines bright in euery eye.

As water-drops will pearce the hardest flint,

So chaste resolute o'recomes the proudest lust.

As glasses broke, can neuer be repaired,

So chastitie once lost, is ne're restor'd.

As lust and libertie doth shorten life,

So chastitie makes endlesse liue the soule.

As champions by their manhood are best knowne,

So is good life by spotlesse chastitie.

Examples likewise on the same.

THE Spartane virgins rather chose to die,
Than loose the honour of pure chastitie.

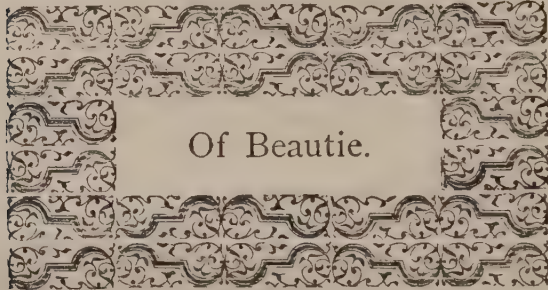
Nicanor mou'd a Thebane maid to lust,

Which to preuent, she gladly slue her selfe.

D 4

Lucrece

Lucrece once rifled of her chafitie,
 Imagin'd following life, but infamie.
Diripentina, by her fathers hands,
 Was done to death to faue her chafitie.
Varro did hold the man religious,
 That made a confcience of his chafitie.
Quintilian faith, That heauens chiefeft gift
 Bestowed on man, is bleffed chafitie.



*Beautie is Natures priuiledge, a close deceit,
 A short times tyrant, and vast Monarchie.*

Beautie but feldome feene, makes vs admire it.
 Beautie is fuch a bait, that (fwallowed) choakes,
 Beauties beft treasure, is the owners harme.
 Selfe-pleafing foules doe play with beauties baites.
There is no name (if ſhee be falſe or not)
But being faire, ſome enuious tongue will blot.
 Beautie doth varniſh age, as if new borne.
 Where faire is not, no boot to paint the brow.
 Beautie being borrowed, merits no regard.

Simples

Simples fit beautie, fie on drugs or Art.
Beautie doth sweetly quicken when 'tis nigh:
But distant farre, murders, where 'tis below'd.
 Seldome want guests where beautie bids the feast.
 Care and suspicion is faire beauties dower.
 Beautie brings perill, wanting safe protection.
 Beautie at death can be bequeath'd to none.
Were beautie under twentie lockes kept fast,
Yet loue will through, and picke them all at last.
 Nice fooles delight to be accounted faire.
 Beautie is foonest lost, too choicely kept.
 Beautie to beautie alwaies is benigne.
 Beautie within it selfe should not be waisted.
Bright beautie is the bait, which with delight,
Doth most allure man to encrease his kind.
 Beautie and wealth are fraught with coy disdain.
 Beautie is often with it selfe at strife.
 True beautie needs no other ornament.
 Men praise the face, yet blame the flintie mind.
The fairest flower of beautie fades away,
Like the fresh Lillie in the Sun-shine day.
 Swift time makes wrinkles in the fairest brow.
 Faire women grieve to thinke they must be old.
 Pittie and smiles doe best become the faire.
 Beautie hath priuiledge to checke all dutie.
All things that faire, that pure, and glorious been,
Offer themselves on purpose to be seene.
 Alluring shewes most deepe impression strike.
 Sweetly it fits the faire to wantonnize.
 Nothing but crueltie misseemes the faire.
 Beautie is nothing if it be not seene.
No greater corsue to our blooming yeeres,
Than the cold badge of winter-blasted haire.
 Beautie will be where is the most resort,

Beautie

Beautie is mightie, yet her strength but weake.

Beautie like Autumne fades and falls away.

Beautie hath power to ouercome the strong.

Faire flowers that are not gathered in their prime,

Rot and consume themselues in little time.

The Summers beautie yeelds to winters blasts.

By clouds of care best beauties are defac'd.

Beautie being shamelesse, seemes a loathsome sight.

Amongst faire Roses grow some stinking weeds.

The fairer and more beautifull the skie,

The ouglier seeme the clouds that in it lye.

Nothing so soone allures as beautie doth.

Religion is austere, but beautie mild.

The fair'st in shew must carrie all away.

At fairest signes, best welcome is furniz'd.

Beautie in heauen and earth this grace doth win,

It supple rigor, and it lessens sinne.

Dainties are made for tast, beautie for vse.

Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty beauty breedeth.

Beautie oft crazeth like a broken glasse.

Both old and young, and all would fairest be.

Hardly perfection is so absolute,

But some impuritie doth it pollute.

A small fault soone impaires the sweetest beautie.

The verie fairest hath her imperfection.

Beautie to dwell with woe, deforms it selfe.

As fairest beautie fades, so loue growes cold.

Beautie it selfe, doth of it selfe perswade

The eyes of men, without an Oratour.

If beautie were not, loue were quite confounded.

The fairest flowers haue not the sweetest smell.

The painted face sets forth no perfect blood.

The beautie of the mind excels the face.

Desire being Pilot, and bright beautie prize,

Who

Who can feare sinking where such treasure lyes?

Beautie is able sorrow to beguile.

There's none so faire, whose beautie all respect.

The fairest buds are soonest nipt with frosts.

Who builds on beautie, builds but for a while.

Beautie is euer held so much more faire,

By how much lesse her hate makes loue despair.

That's quickly staine'd, which is the purest fine.

In fairest stone small raine soone makes a print.

Ill fare that faire which inwardly is foule.

Beautie is inward vertue of the foule.

We trample grasse, and prize the flowers in MAY,

Yet grasse is greene, when fairest flowers decay.

The loue of beautie, Reason quite forgets.

The cause of loue is only beauties lookes.

Beautie and youth once banisht, ne're returne.

Chast thoughts makes beautie be immortalizd.

Faire beautie is the sparke of hot desire,

And sparkes in time will kindle to a fire.

Sicknesse and age are beauties chiefest foes.

Weeds oft times grow, when fairest flowers fade.

Beautie is like a faire, but fading flower.

Where beautie most abounds, there wants most ruth.

The goodliest gemme being blemisht with a cracke,

Looseth both beautie and the vertue too.

Beautie doth whet the wit, makes bold the will.

Beautie makes Art to worke beyond it selfe.

Vnhonest beautie is a deadly poyson.

Vertue-lesse beautie doth deferue no loue.

The fairest flower nipt with the winters frost,

In shew seemes worser than the basest weed.

The perfect glasse of vertue, beautie is.

No bait so sweet as beautie, to the eye.

White seemes the fairer when as blacke is by.

The purest Lawne is apt for euery staine.

Better it is with beautie to be blinded,

Than beauties graces should be blindly minded.

Beautie is tearm'd the mistresse of delight.

Beautie oft iniures them endued therewith.

Beautie enflates and puffeth vp the mind.

Humilitie with beautie feldome is.

Beautie brings fancie to a daintie feast,

And makes a man, that else were but a beast.

Man of all creatures is most beautifull.

Beautie not proud, nothing more excellent.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS the right Corall need no other grace,
So Artlesse beautie best fets forth the face.

As finest cloth will fooneft catch a staine,

So fairest lookes may shadow minds most vaine.

As greatest feasts feldome can want fit friends,

So beauties house will hardly lacke refort.

As medlers with the fire are easly scorcht,

So they that gaze on beautie foone are caught.

As coldest Climates haue their Summer dayes,

So coolest thoughts are fierd at beauties blaze.

As that same Speare which harme must heale the wound,

So looke where beautie kills, it must reuiue.

Examples likewise on the same.

HERCULES being a mightie conquerour,
Yet vaild his courage at faire beauties feet.

The Lybian Lyons loose their sterneft might,

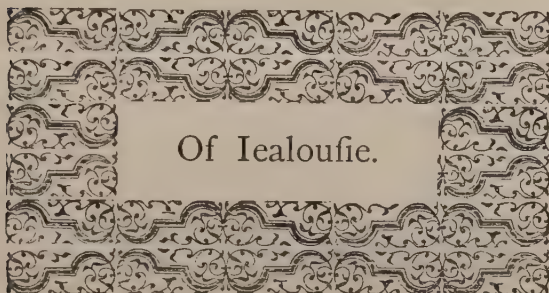
If of a beauteous face they once get sight.

The *Scandian* Lord, by nature dull and rude,

By sight of beautie lost this feruitude.

Alcestaes beautie made *Meanders* Swannes,

To leaue the flood and on her shoulders pearch.
Chrysippus held, that beautie did preferue
Kindnes, and all societie with men.
Zeno, the Prince of Stoickes did agree,
That beautie, like could very hardly be.



*Iealousie is hells torment to the mind,
Quite quenching reason, and encreasing rage.*

Loue euer laughes when Iealousie doth weepe.
If age be iealous, youth will be vntrue.
No hell can be compar'd to iealousie.
*This still we find, where iealousie is bred,
Hornes in the mind are worse than on the head.*

Suspect bewraies our thoughts, betraies our words.
Suspitious eyes are messengers of woe.
Iealous suspect is linked with despaire.

*Well fares the man, how ere his cates doe tast,
That tables not with foule suspicion.*
Better to die, than be suspitious.
Trust not too soone, nor all too light mistrust.

Mistrust

Mistrust doth treason in the trustiest raise.

Where Iealousie directeth forward wills,

Beauties sweet dalliance with despight it kills.

Iealousie kindles enuies quenchlesse fire.

Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.

Suspition often wounds as deepe as death.

When sweet repose doth calme the troubled mind,

Then base suspect soon'st leaues his sting behind.

Daungerous suspect still waits on loues delight.

Suspition oft times breeds a further ill.

Once guiltie, and suspected euermore.

O Iealousie, when truth once takes thy part,

No mercie-wanting Tyrant so seuer.

No fecrecie can be without suspect.

Iealousie is the father of reuenge.

Iealousie pines it selfe to death aliue.

Thy wife being faire be not thou iealous,

Because suspition cures not womens follies.

Iealousie growes extreame, by lengthning it.

A iealous man no counsell will admit.

Iealousie is the fruit of suddaine choice.

The heart being once infect with iealousie,

Griefe is the night, and day darke miserie.

No thraldome like the yoke of iealousie.

Suspition giues continuall cause of care.

Iealousie is Disdaines blacke harbinger.

Iealousie is the torment of the mind,

For which, nor wit, nor counsell helpe can find.

Suspition wounds, but iealousie strikes dead.

Suspect sends men too swiftly to their end.

Who trauailes in suspect, are bound to haste.

Too much suspition of another, is

A flat condemning of our owne amisse.

Passions kept priuat, doe most preiudice.

Suspition

Suspition needs no vrger but it selfe.
Wife men haue alwaies hated iealoufie.
Where once suspition breedeth enmitie,
'Tis hard with shewes to compasse amitie.
Iealoufie murdereth hospitalitie.
Iealoufie rootes vp all good neighbourhood.
Iealoufie reckons friends no more than foes.

Similies on the same subiect.

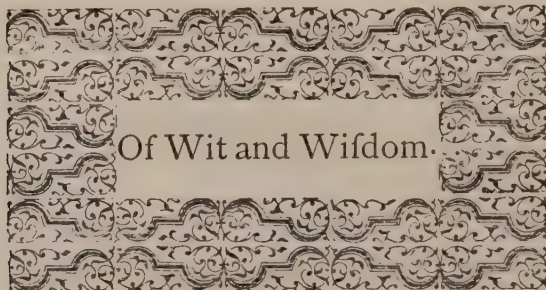
AS no content is like the sweetes of loue,
So no despaire can match with iealoufie.
Loue, as it is diuine with loyaltie,
So is it hellish, wrapt in iealoufie.
As from small brookes great riuers doe arise,
So huge distemper springs from iealoufie.
As Crowes do deeme their brood the fairest birds,
So iealous men their owne choise most commend.
As shippes in tempests by the winds are tost,
So fond conceits doe hurrie iealous heads.
As kindnesse doth delight in companie,
So is it poyson to mad iealoufie.

Examples likewise on the same.

THE Persians were so iealous of their wiues,
As but in waggons they ne're went abroad.
Phanius lockt vp his wife through iealoufie,
Whereby she compast what she could not else.
Procris was slaine through her owne iealoufie,
Hid in a bush to watch her husbands walke.
Argus, albeit he had an hundred eyes,
Yet could not keepe from *Io*, *Iupiter*.
Cicero calleth Iealoufie, a feare
Of loosing that belongs to ones owne selfe.

Chrysippus

Chryſippus holds, that iealouſie ill brookes
A partner in the thing it moſt eſteemes.



*Wiſdome is Natures child, Experience heire,
Diſcretely rul'd, while Wit gads euery where.*

Wiſdome ſeemes blind, when ſhe beholdeth beſt.
Wiſdome growne wealthe, liueth then at quiet.
No wiſdome with extremities to deale.
*It's wiſdome to giue much: a gift preuailes
When deepe perſwading Oratorie failes.*

Mans wit doth build for time but to deuoure,
Wiſdome is alwaies held the chiefeſt wealth.
Ech foyle or countrey is a wife mans home.

*He is not wiſe, that hauing ſcapte a harme
Will afterward goe meddle with it more.*

Faire ſober ſpeed, is counted wiſdomes haſt.
All after-wit, is euer dearly bought.

Wiſdome bids ſtay, though foot be in the gate.
*Not cowardiſe, but wiſdome waynes to yeeld,
When fortune aids the proud inſulting foe.*

Feed fooles with toyes, and wise men with regard.
When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes.
He wisely walketh that doth safely goe.

*All places that the eye of heauen suruaies,
Are (to a wise man) happie ports and hauens.*

What wise men see, the vulgar little thinke.
Sad pawse and deepe regard, becomes the wise.
Warie fore-sight doth master head-strong will.

*Wise men doe seldome sit and wayle their woes,
But presently prevent the wayes to waile.*

No common things can please a wandring wit.
Without discretion, vertue seemes like vice.

Good wit ill vnde, may harme a common-wealth.

*Wisdome commaunds to part the dead and sicke,
Least they infect the faultlesse and the quicke.*

Discretion practiseth the things are good.

In loue, discretion is the chiefeest helpe.

Ouer discretion, Fortune hath no power.

*All after-wit is like a shower of raine,
That falls vntimely on the ripened graine.*

Sharpenesse of wit quickly enflames desire.

What strength denyes, wit may aspire vnto.

Wit bendeth not where will doth shew most force.

*If thou haue lost by fore-wits rash preuention,
Win it againe by after-wits contention.*

Who trusteth most his wit, is ignorant.

Wisdome in midst of rage appeareth best.

By others faults wise men reforme their owne.

*The Pilot, that by skill the ship doth guide
And not by might: makes vessels brooke the tyde.*

Wisdome is poore, her dowrie is content,

To play the foole well, is good signe of wit.

Some little pawse doth helpe the quickest wit.

Wise men for fortune doe so well provide,

E

That

That though she shake them, yet they will not slide.
Wifdome will flourish when as folly fades.

True wifdome bids, rather doe well than speake.

Wife-men haue companie, though left alone.

Wifdome must iudge twixt men apt to amend,

And minds incurable, borne to offend.

A wife mans countrey is the world throughout,

Wifdome is wealth, euen to the poorest wretch.

Natures imperfect things, wifdome makes right.

Reformed wit can scant so iustly deeme,

But that it leaues true goods, for such as seeme.

Wifdome doth beautifie meane pouertie.

Vnskilfull heads run recklesse on their will.

Sound iudgement slightly weighes opinion.

Too few there be that doe discretely learne,

What profit rightly ought themselves concerne.

Who trusts his wit, by wit is soonest tript.

By wit we speake, by wit the mind is rul'd.

By wit we gouerne all our actions.

Wit in a woman, like to oyle inflam'd,

Kindles great vertue, or much vanitie.

Wit is the load-starre of ech humane thought.

Wife men will take their opportunities.

All wifdomes heires are iealous of their fall.

Wifdome hath charmes and incantations,

Can tame huge spirits and outrageous passions.

Slow to beleue, from wifdome doth proceed.

High is the feat which wifdome doth commend.

It's wifdome when we winne, to winne to saue.

When all gainst one, and none for him will speake,

Who thinkes himselfe most wise, will prooue too weake.

Will doth desire, what wifdome still reprooues.

Wifdome breeds care, but folly want doth bring.

Wit daunceth many times, when folly pipes.

T'attempt

Of Wit and Wifdome.

51

*T'attempt with others daunger, not our owne,
A chiefeft part of wifdome may be knowne.*

'Tis wifdome not to be too credulous.

Short liued wits doe wither as they grow.

Home ftill is yrkefome to a wandering wit.

Wife men haue euermore preferred farre,

Th'vniufteft peace, before the iufteft warre.

Vnwife weaues he that takes two webbes in hand.

Things well regarded, longeft doe endure.

Fore-fight doth ftill on all aduantage wait.

It is no wifdome to enlarge a thrall,

Whofe freedome may returne thee greater harme.

The office of wifdome, is to shadow grieve.

Wifdome is that whereby the foule doth liue.

Wifdome is plentifull in good examples.

Thofe wits that know how much faire graces mouue,

May thereby draw found arguments of loue.

Wit getteth wealth, but none by wealth get wit.

No noble badge like ornament of wit.

Nothing more fine than wit, nothing more fickle.

Men that neglect their owne for want of wit,

Make fomething nothing, by augmenting it.

Wit wonne by induftrie is hardly loft.

When age approacheth, wifdome waxeth young.

Wifdome makes poore men rich; rich, honourable.

All pearles are not deriued from one fhell,

Nor all good wits within one countrey dwell.

Iuftice, not ioyn'd with wifdome's crueltie.

Wifdome in man, is no meane happineffe.

Similies on the fame fubieft.

AS from the earth the plough all brambles cleares,
So wifdome from the mind all vices root.

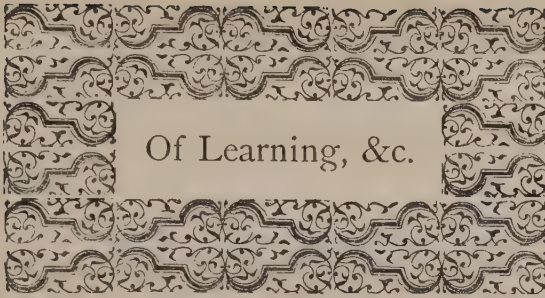
As wife men for them-felues are meeteft fcribes,

So fooles ne're care what straunger knowes their hearts.
 As brasse or yron (by vse) become most bright:
 So wit employ'd, shines faire in all mens fight.
 As emptie vessels yeeld the loudest sound,
 So those of meanest wit will prattle most.
 As Bees by their owne hony oft are hurt,
 So wit by wifdome many times is scour'd.
 As Sea-crabs vse to swimme against the streame,
 So wit with wifdome alwaies will contend.

Examples likewise on the same.

Cæsar in his great fortunes gloried,
 Yet by his wisdom all were brought to passe.
Antonius the Emperour was so wise,
 He ne're repented what-foe're he did.
Scipio, accus'd vniustly, by his wit
 In making answere, wonne himselfe renowme.
 The Senate did acquite *Emilius Scaurus*,
 Onely because he answer'd wittily.
Plato in his *Comuium* doth affirme,
 That wifdome is the onely gift in man.
Tullie tearmes wifdome, mistresse of this life:
 Likewise, an Art instructing to liue well.

Of



*Learning and Knowledge are the lampes of life,
Chiefe guides to Artes and all perfections.*

LEarning in spight of fate will mount aloft.
Vaine is the Art that will deceiue it selfe.
*Midas base brood doe sit in honours chaires,
Whereto the Muses sonnes are onely heires.*

Art hath a world of secrets in her power.
There is no age ought thinke too late to learne.
*The world doth smile on euery sottish clowne,
And most vngently treadeth learning downe.*
Oft highest worthes are paid with spightfull hire.
Art is but base, with them that know it not.

*None haue more hard or more obdurate minds,
Than vicious hare-braines, and illit'rate hinds.*
The rarest gifts doe need no trumpets found.
Learning by vertue is more beautifull.
True Art can wound as deepe as any steele.
*Who may haue helpe assuredly else where,
In vaine seeke wonders out of Magique Art.*
Knowledge is hurtfull, if discretion want.

Art must be wonne by Art, and not by might.

Needs must those men be blind, and blindly led,

Where no good lessons can be learn'd or read.

Nature is most of all adorn'd by Artes.

The purest studie seeketh heauenly things.

Learning hath power to draw men waxen rude,

To ciuill loue of Art and fortitude.

Wit learneth vs what secrets Science yeelds.

Artes perissh, wanting honour and applause.

Learning can bridle the infernall kind:

To wit, the perturbations of the mind.

The priest vnpaid can neither sing nor say.

Skill, and the loue of skill, doe euer kisse.

Fooles will find fault without the cause discerning,

And argue most of that they haue no learning.

No bond of loue so strong as knowledge is.

Learning, to graue experience, ought to bow.

True Science suted in well couched rimes,

Is nourished for fame in after-times.

Learning to conquest addeth perpetuitie.

Learning, first founder was of publicke weales.

When dolts haue lucke, on honours step to stay:

Let Schollers burne their bookes, and goe to play.

Learning is ages comfort, youthes best guide.

Learning makes young men fober, old men wise.

Dull idiots neuer learning doe desire,

But hate all such as are by nature wise.

To vnlearne euill, that best learning is.

Opinion without learning is not good.

Some men so strine in cunning to excell,

That oft they marre the worke before was well.

Knowledge continues when all wealth else wafts.

Knowledge in all things is right profitable.

The mind withdrawne from studie, for supplies,

Is lear-

Is learnings wracke, where want doth tyrannize.
To know, and want performance, is mishap.
Best knowledge is for men to know themselves.
Coy readers deeme, that dull conceits proceed
From ignorance, the cause being onely need.
Poets are borne, but Oratours are made.
Poetrie quickeneth wit, sweetens discourse.
Poets scant sweetly write, except they meet
With sound rewards, for sermoning so sweet.
Learning and knowledge, good minds most desire.
Knowledge, before all else should be preferd.
True learning hath a bodie absolute,
That in apparant sence it selfe can sute.
Breuitie is great praise of eloquence.
Silence in wise men is sweet eloquence.
The man that scorneth all the Artes of schoole,
Lackes but a long coat, to be natures foole.
Eloquence is the ornament of speech.
Eloquence makes bad matters oft seeme good.
They which doe like all Artes which can be thought,
Doe comprehend not any as they ought.
Experience is the mistress of old age.
Men rich in knowledge hate all other wealth.
Arts, which right hard doe seeme at our first sight,
By triall are made easie, quicke and light.
Experience, times characters raceth out.
Knowledge distinguisheth twixt men and beasts.
Learning will live, and vertue still shall shine,
When follie dyes, and ignorance doth pine.
Learning, with courage, make a man complete.
Let Guns serve gownes, and bucklers yeeld to books.
Arts want may stop our tongues, but not our teares.

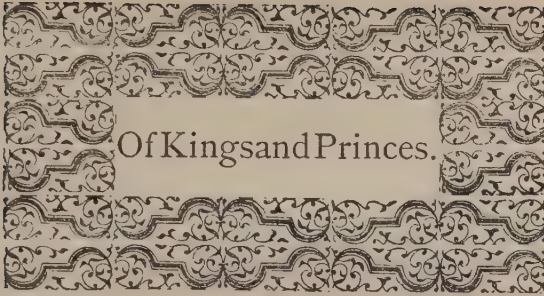
Similies on the same subiect.

AS learning helps to purchase all men fame,
 So (truly learn'd) doth more renowne their name.
 As ground vntil'd can neuer bring forth graine,
 So vnlearn'd valour fruitlesse taketh paine.
 As men by folly differ from the Gods,
 Euen so by knowledge come they neereft them.
 As Bees sucke honey out of diuers flowers,
 So out of Sciences men knowledge learne.
 As seales imprint their liuely forme in waxe,
 So Poets in dull mindes fweet thoughts impresse.
 As Musique quickens discontented hearts,
 So drowfie foules are cheer'd with eloquence.

Examples likewise on the same.

ALEXander honoured *Aristotle*,
 And made his pillow *Homers Iliades*.
 In campe or else-where *Cæsar* alwaies bare,
 His Commentaries as his bofome-friend.
Robert king of Scicill vs'd to say.
 Kingdome and all goe, ere I learning loofe.
Ptolomie Philadelphus, learnings friend,
 Fiue hundred thousand bookes had in his studie.
 Man (as faith *Aristotle*) was create
 To vnderstand, and afterward to doe.
 Oh Science (said graue *Plato*) how would men
 Loue and esteeme thee, if they knew thee right?

Of



Of Kings and Princes.

*Kings are the images of Gods on earth:
And therefore they are cal'd, Gods of the earth.*

Kings like to Gods should gouerne euery thing.
Monarchs misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.
*Vnhappie kings, that neuer may be taught
To know themselues, or to discerne their faults.*

Princes are glasse to their subiects eyes.

The liues of princes are their subiects bookes.

*To whome should subiects for true iusticce flie,
When Kings themselues doe reigne by tyrannie?*

The greatest scandale waits on greatest state.

Poore groomes are fightlesse night; Kings, glorious day.

*A king should euer priuiledge his pleasure,
And make his peeres esteeme it as their treasure.*

The cares of kings waite life, and hasten age.

Within one land, one single sway is best.

*Princes like Sunnes are euermore in sight,
All see the clouds that doe ecclipse their light.*

Diuided kingdomes make diuided hearts.

Good deeds from kings must not be drawne perforce.

A prin-

*A Princes wealth, in spending still doth spread,
 Like to a poole with many fountaines fed.*
 Minions too great, argue a king too weake.
 Kings sleeping, see with eyes of other men.
*Whereas proud conquest keepeth all in awe,
 Kings oft are forc'd in seruile yokes to draw.*
 A kings great arme doth reach from shore to shore.
 Kings vse their lounes as garments they haue worne.
*Princes haue but their titles for their glorie,
 And outward honour for an inward toyle.*
 Kings pardon death, but can not pardon shame.
 Kings want no means t'accomplish what they would.
*Princes, for meere vnfelt imaginations,
 Do often feele a world of reflesse cares.*
 It shames a Prince to say *IF THAT I COVLDD.*
 Kings liues reputed are their subiects lights.
*Betweene kings titles and their lowly name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward frame.*
 No common fortunes can once blemish kings.
 A begging prince, what begger pitties not?
*Where Angels in the cause of Kings doe fight,
 VVeeke men must fall, for heauen regards the right.*
 A king, woes slaue, must kingly woe obey.
 Kings may winne kingdoms, but not conquer hearts.
*Not all the water in the rough rude sea,
 Can wash the balme from an annointed king.*
 The linkes of princes loue, are blood and warre.
 Poore priuat men found not their princes hearts.
*This fault is euer incident to kings,
 Too much to credit ouer-pleasing things.*
 Princes respect their honour more than blood.
 To be a Prince, is more than be a man.
*The man that at a subiects life doth aime,
 To the princes bodie giues a priuie maine.*

Princes

Princes like Lyons neuer will be tam'd.
Kings will be onely, competitors must downe.
Gnats are vnnoted where-foe're they flie,
But Eagles gaz'd vpon with euery eye.
A kings great name makes not his fault the lesse.
Desire of soueraigntie respects no faith.
Foolish the begger, that to touch a crowne,
VWould with the scepter strait be smitten downe.
The threats of kings are like the thunders noise.
Kings haue long armes, and rulers reach at large.
Princes are as the glasse, the schoole, the booke,
VWhere subiects eyes doe learne, doe read, doe looke.
Maiestie shines like lightning from the East.
A princes will ought not exceed his law.
Mildnesse doth better sute with maiestie,
Than rash reuenge, and rough seueritie.
Princes desires are many times corrupt.
Princes oft fauour flatterers more than friends.
Kings doe approach the neereſt vnto God,
By giuing life and safetie to their people.
Vnworthie mens preferment, shames the prince.
Kings Courts are held as vniuersall schooles.
Succeeding heapes of plagues doe teach too late,
To learne the mischiefes of misguided state.
Kings by example sinne more than by act.
Kings seates for soules distrest, are sanctuaries.
The youth of Princes haue no bounds for sinne,
Vnlesse them-selues doe make them bounds within.
Princes oft purchase quiet with price of wrong.
With for good princes, but endure the ill.
Subiects may well complaine, but not correct
A princes faults, they beare more high respect.
No ruler yet could euer all content.
The face of kings makes faultie subiects feare.

Kings,

*Kings, Lords of times and of occasions,
 May take advantage when and how they list.*
 It's hard to rule, and please both good and bad.
 New kings doe feare when old Courts furdre straine.
*Poore maiestie, that other men must guide:
 Whose discontent can neuer looke aright.*
 When princes worke, who then will idle stand?
 Peasants may beare, but kings must needs requite.
*Who would all mastring maiestie defeat
 Of her best grace: that is to make men great.*
 A princes wrath is messenger of death.
 What els is pompe, rule, raigne; but earth and dust?
*Kings must haue some be hated worse than they,
 On whome they may their weight of enuie lay.*
 Pride is no ornament for diademes.
 Selfe-loue doth very ill befeeme a prince.
*Blest is that league, where citties further Kings,
 And kings doe further them in other things.*
 Kings that would haue lawes kept, must rule themselves.
 Graue heads are meetest Councillors for kings.
*Looke what a King doth most of all embrace,
 To that his subiects will encline as fast.*
 The strength of princes is their subiects loue.
 Kings ought be free from partialitie.
*Sleepleesse suspicion, pale distrust, cold feare,
 Alwaies with princes company doth beare.*
 Kings should be fathers to their common-weales.
 Kings should preferre them most that seeke it least.
*A Prince not fear'd, hath oft his death conspir'd:
 And dreaded Princes haue their deaths desir'd.*
 Maiestie scornes to looke on cowardise.
 Kings reasons should be more than their opinions.
*What else are kings when regiment is gone,
 But like to shadowes in a Sun-shine day?*

In subiects wrongs, princes sustaine abuse.
 It's greater care to keepe, than get a crowne.
Kings favours in their eye-lids use to hang,
Ready with every winke to be wip'te out.
 He is no king, that is affections slaue.
 No fall like his that falleth from a crowne.
Kings are not tearmed Gods for wearing crownes,
But for o're fame and fortune they are Lords.
 Misgouern'd kings are cause of common wracke.
 Kings chaunging customes, euer feare a chaunge.
Iest not with Princes if that thou be wise:
For in vnequall iest great daunger lyes.
 Kings are their subiects ioy, their countries hope.
 True subiects hearts are princes chiefeft stay.
In Princes, these two qualities well fit:
For strength a Lyon, and a Foxe for wit.
 Great perils are compriz'd within a crowne.
 Beggars make maiestie a gazing marke.
True iustice is the chiefe and onely thing
That is requir'd and lookt for in a king.
 Mistlikes are fillie lets, where kings resolute.
 Iust soueraigntie can neuer be displac'd.
A king, bereft of all his trustie friends
Is dead aliue; for fame and honour ends.
 All lawfull princes, first or last preuaile.
 A princes safetie is his peoples loue.
Who hath been kneel'd vnto, can hardly kneele,
Or begge for that which once hath been his owne.
 Kings greatnes stands on the great king of heauen.
 No maiestie, where vertue is despis'd.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS princes wills are commonly held lawes.
 So life or death dependeth on their looks.

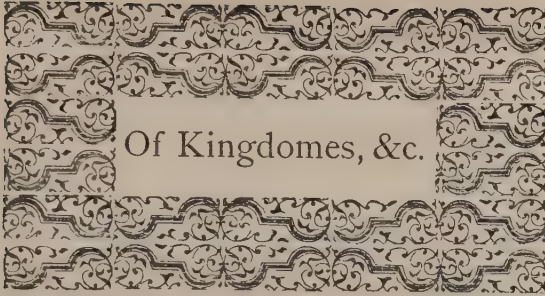
As

As often burials is Physicians shame,
 So many deaths argue a kings hard raigne.
 As beaſts obey the Lordly Lyons looke,
 So meane eſtate muſt mightie princes brooke.
 As the Sun-beames doe lighten all the world,
 So princes liues are lanternes to their lands.
 As Princes wanting wealth, learne tyrannie,
 So too much treaſure makes them vicious.
 As biggeſt winds enkindle greateſt flames,
 So much ſubmiſſion makes a king moſt mild.

Examples likewise on the ſame.

THE Kings of Perſia, alwaies ſhewed themſelues
 More ſubieſt to the law, than to their Lords.
Antiochus told his ſonne *Demetrius*,
 That kingly rule was noble ſlauerie.
Belus the ſonne of *Nemrod*, was firſt king
 That in this world had title of that name.
 The Romane kings did uſe to weare no crownes.
 But alwaies bare their ſcepters in their hands.
Tully faith, then 'tis beſt to checke a prince,
 When he forgets himſelfe to be a prince.
Socrates wil'd good kings preferre their friends,
 And ſhewe ſome kindneſſe to their enemies.

Of



*The Kingdome, Countrey, and the Common-weale,
Are things that subiects loue doe most reueale.*

Kingdomes are Fortunes flattering gifts, soone lost.
Kingdomes are burd'nous to the wisest men.
*Concord doth keepe a Realme in stable stay,
When discord brings all kingdomes to decay.*

Wretched the state where men desire to die.

Who striues to alter lawes, disturbs the state.

*Kingdomes are commonly much sooner lost
Than kept: desir'd, than had with mightie cost.*

Kingdomes are Fortunes fatall tenise balls.

A wicked king, makes a more wicked land.

*A man that takes delight in doing ill,
To trouble all the State deuiseeth still.*

In a well-gouern'd state one head is best.

Some men vnwilling benefit their land.

*Fooles set in office, doe their spleenes reueale:
And meaning well, most hurt the common-weale.*

Some vnawares their countries good preferre.

All earthly kingdomes, euen as men must perish.

Kingdomes

64 *Of Kingdomes and Common-weales.*

*Kingdomes are rul'd but badly, where the base
Will checke the chiefe that sit in highest place.*

No state stands fure, but on the grounds of right.
Realmes neuer get by chaunge, but paine and losse.

*When lawes are made, they ought to be obey'd,
And rulers willes with reuerence to be weigh'd.*
Wisdome and care are kingdomes chiefest props.
Rude multitudes are kingdomes ouerthrow.

*By nature, man vnto the worst is bent,
If wholsome statutes stay not his intent.*
Innocent men are common-weales best treasure.
Innocence makes kingdoms florish more than arms.

*That kingdome ought of right to be destroy'd,
Which once was vertues flower, now vices weed.*
Wise princes are their kingdomes comforters.

Vniust exactions killes a common-weale.
*No greater daunger to a common-wealth,
Than when vnskilfull leaders guide her powers."*

Kingdomes are nothing else but common care.
Where fools beare rule, the common-wealth decaies.
*In realmes a many see how broyles begin,
But few respect the end, and remedie.*

Where wise men are neglected, kingdomes perish.
No nearer kinred can be, than our countrey.
*There are no common-weales more loose and bad,
Than where the commons haue most libertie.*

Our countrey, parents, kin, claime part in vs.
Our countries loue ought be most deare to vs.
Authorities of common-weales decay,

VVhere buildings wast, and carelesse heads beare sway.
Where any may liue well, that is his countrey.
Remembrance of our countrey is most sweet.

*In common-weales such should be honour'd most,
As shew their care both in sterne warre and peace.*

Our

Of Kingdomes and Common-weales. 65

Our country first by nature claimeth vs.
Sweet is the death in cause of common-weale.
The government of common-weales and state,
Will (without wisdom) soone be ruinate.
Reward and punishment are kingdomes keyes.
Peace in a common-wealth is mellodie.
There's nothing can impresse so deare constraint,
As countries cause and common foes disdain.
Men of desert, their country least esteemes.
Discretion best doth rule a common-weale.
That kingdom may be counted fortunate,
Where no man liueth by anothers sweat.
Seditious heads disturbe the common good.
Vnruly members soone should be lopt of.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS spring and Autumne hazard health by chaunge,
So innouations harme a common-wealth.
Looke how the body void of members is,
Euen so are kingdomes dispoessed of lawes.
As ships in tempests need all helping hands,
So in a kingdom none must idley stand.
As many Elements one temper frame,
So diuers mens endeaours helpe the state.
As from the heart all members haue their life,
So from the common-wealth comes each mans good.
As Captaines are the eyes to lead their men,
So kings are Load-starres to their common-weales.

Examples likewise on the same.

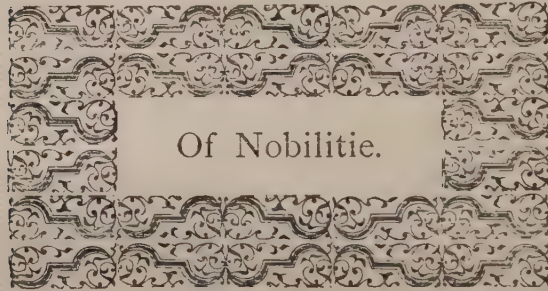
VLyffes lou'd so deare his natiue land,
As for it, he refus'd to be immortall.

F

Aglaurus

66 *Of Kingdomes and Common-weales.*

Aglaurus to redeeme his countries peace,
 From Athens walls himfelfe threw headlong downe.
 Faire *Iphigenia* for her kingdomes good,
 Made willing sacrifice of her owne blood.
 King *Codrus*, rather than his realme should perish,
 Gladly did runne vpon his foe-mens fwords.
Zenophon did thinke them vnworthie life,
 That made no conscience of the common-wealth.
 He that denyes to die in countries caufe,
 Deferues (saith *Tullie*) hate of all good men.



*Nobilitie, is a fir-name or praise,
 Which to our selues by vertue we doe raise.*

A Noble nature no mishap can daunt.
 Vertue feeds scorne; and noblest honour, shame.
 A noble mind doth neuer dread mischaunce.
That which in meane men we call patience,
In noble breasts, is pale, cold cowardise.
 Noblenes neuer stoupes to seruile feare.
 A noble heart doth still contemne despaire.

Of

Of noble deeds by falshood are defac'd.

Good gifts are sometimes given to men past good:

And nobleſſe ſtoopes oft times beneath his blood,

Our vertues make vs noble, nothing elſe.

Nobilitie from kinred is but borrowed.

It is thine owne deſerts ennobles thee.

He is not noble, but moſt baſely bred,

That ranſacks tombes, and doth deface the dead.

A noble nature is to all men kind.

Nobilitie contemneth flatterie.

A noble reſolution makes men iuſt.

Nobilitie is beſt continued,

By thoſe conuenient meanes that made it riſe.

In boldeſt actions, nobleſſe ſhines moſt cleare.

He is not noble, beares a niggards mind.

True nobleſſe is a ſigne of happie life.

In chaunge of ſtreames ech fiſh makes ſhift to liue,

And every place a noble mind contents.

Nobilitie (to bad men) is reproch.

To vertuous men, nobilitie brings glorie.

Nothing are noble titles worth, if life be bad.

If nobleneſſe gets but a minutes ſtaine,

An hundred yeares ſcant makes it well againe.

Truth is the title of true nobleneſſe.

'Tis vertue only giues nobilitie.

In vertues loue no noble mind diſmayes.

Faire ſpeech, with uſage affable and kind,

Wipes malice out of any noble mind.

Much babbling doth offend a noble eare.

A noble nature is religious.

Pouerties beſt friend, is the noble mind.

Noble diſcents make vertue more diuine.

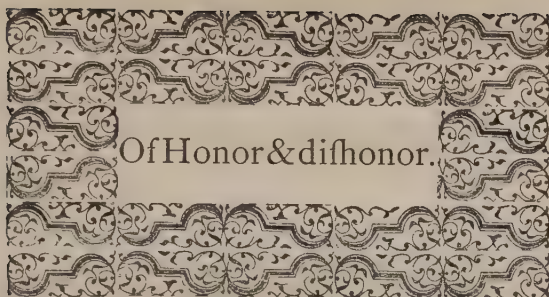
Similies on the same subiect.

AS none but Eagles gaze against the Sunne,
 So none but vertuous eyes discern nobilitie.
 As credit from opinion often comes,
 So from desert ensues nobilitie.
 As bricks from clay haue their originall,
 So nobleffe first rose from meane parentage.
 As grosse thicke clouds obscure the Suns faire light,
 So muddie crimes disgrace nobilitie.
 As bitter roots may yet yeeld pleasant fruit,
 So meane discent may bring forth noble minds.
 As in the barren grounds best gold doth grow,
 So poorest race staines not true nobleffe.

Examples likewise on the same.

CAmillus did expresse a noble mind,
 In safe returning the *Falerian* youthes.
Pyrrhus well found *Fabritius* noble nature,
 When his Physicion would haue poyson'd him.
Lyfander in his famous victories,
 Euer declar'd his minds true nobleneffe.
Catilines wicked life disgraced him,
 And quite obscur'd his former noble race.
 The name of Noblenes (saith *Cicero*)
 Must giue them place that by their vertue claime it.
Plato affirmeth, that a noble heart
 Will not by base attempts once wrong it selfe.

Of



Of Honor & dishonor.

*Honour, is that the mind doth couet most:
And no dishonour like that honour lost.*

Honour once lost, can neuer be repair'd.
Honor, ambitious womens sexe doth please.
*It is no honour to be Princes heires:
When we can boast, but only birth is theirs.*

Their fall is great, that from high honour slide.
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.

*Honour was first ordained for no cause,
But to see right maintained by the lawes.*

To honour, beautie is a due by right.

Die rather, then doe ought dishonour yeelds.

*True loue doth alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in good minds desire of honour breeds,*

It is more honour to preferue, than spill.

Who cheapneth honour, must not stand on price.

*Fie on the fame, for which good fame is sold,
Or honour with indignitie embac'd.*

Honour is grounded on the tickle Ice.

No kingly vaile can couer villanie.

*An honourable graue is more esteem'd,
Than the polluted closet of a king.*

No scepter serues dishonour to excuse.

No fubtill plea reuokes dishonours error.

*Profite with honour still must be commixt,
Or else our actions are but scandalous.*

Honour and enuie are companions.

Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we doe.

*To frustrate them that but expect their due,
Doth ill besee me an honourable mind.*

On generall bruit, honour doth most depend.

With painfull toyle is honour soonest found.

*Honour will hardly fellowship endure,
Nor neuer Crowne corruall could abide.*

Some honour liues in honourable spoile.

'Tis honour to forgiue a yeelding foe.

*The mightier man, the mightier is the thing:
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate.*

Daunger hath honour; great designses their fame.

Honour's a thing without vs, not our owne.

*It's honour to deprive dishonour'd life:
The one will liue, the other being dead.*

Honour by oath, ought right poore Ladies wrongs.

Honours are smoakes, and dignities haue cares.

*Honour and beautie in the owners armes,
Are weakely fortrest from a world of harmes.*

Honour relieues a foe as well as friend.

It is no honour to be swolne with pride.

Honour doth scorne dishonourable thoughts.

*The victor can no honour iustly claime,
To loose the meanes that should aduance the same.*

Where hate beares soueraigntie, there honour dies.

He that regards his honour, will not wrong it.

Disquiet honour hurteth more than helpes.

Honour

Honour and wealth oft times too dearly cost

The death of all, so altogether lost.

Honour doth euer iudge with lenitie.

No greater honour than a quiet mind.

Honour's no priuiledge againſt defame.

Alwaies doth great employment for the great,

Quicknen the blood, and honour ſtill beget.

Honour, to many is more ſweet than life.

Honour is fruit of vertue and faire truth.

Honour once gone, bids farewell to all hope.

The inward touch that wounded honour beares,

Findeth no helpe, till death cure the diſeaſe.

Honour and glorie labours in miſtruſt.

Honour is firſt ſtep to diſquietneſſe.

How hard is princely honour to attaine?

High honour, not long life, the treaſure is,

Which noble mindes without reſpect defend.

Dishoneſt deeds no honour can attaine.

The praife of honour is not alwaies blood.

Neuer retire with ſhame, bright honour ſaith,

The worſt that can befall thee, is but death.

Honour doth ſcorne the height of Fortunes pride.

Great honours youth may looſe it ſelfe in age.

Report, that ſeld to honour is true friend,

May many lies againſt true meaning mint.

No honour comes by ſpilling aged blood.

Who ſeekes for honour, lingers not his time.

Vilde is that honour, and the title vaine,

The which true worth and honour did not gaine.

Honour doth hate with baſe delights to dwell.

Honour helps nothing where contentment wants.

He that contends with th'inferiour ſort,

May with diſhonour reape but bad report.

Honour is worthleſſe in a wretched ſtate.

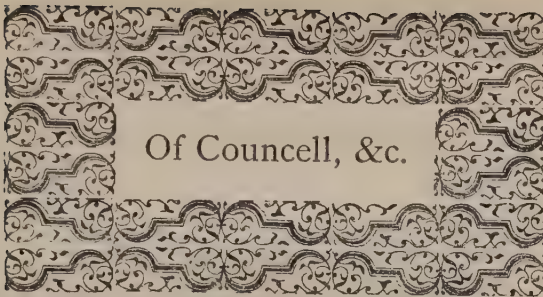
High honour cries reuenge vpon his foes.
No death or hell can damnifie thine honour,
So long as reasons arme vpholds thy banner.
 Who reach at honour, spurne at beauties baits.
 Honour is like a vaine, yet pleasing dreame.
 Honour deckes learning that with honour reares it.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS fairest blossoms soone are nipt with frost,
 As honours pride by fortunes frownes are crost.
 As goodly trees that yeeld no fruit are bad,
 So beauteous bodies (honour-lesse) as bad.
 As shadowes are the fleetest things that be,
 So honours haue the like inconstancie.
 As raine in haruest doth but little good,
 So fooles for honour beare no likelihood.
 As he that climbs aloft may quickly fall,
 So honours feat is not the sur'st of all.
 As euery crowne fits not a conquerour,
 So honour not agrees with euery one.

Examples likewise on the same.

Nestor rehearst his honourable deeds,
 That *Hectors* combat might be vndertane.
Leonidas to honour *Eutichus*,
 Led him from forth the daunger of the fight.
Pericles being requested to sweare false,
 Replyed: That honour would not suffer him.
Agésilas vrg'd to giue sentence wrong,
 Said: But for honour he could easly doe it.
Parmenides, his schollers did instruct:
 No wound was comparable to dishonour.
Cleobulus condemn'd that citie quite,
 Where honour was not held in high esteeme.



Of Councell, &c.

*Councell and good aduise is wisdomes square,
And most auailing to the life of man.*

Councell doth mitigate the greatest smart.
In publicke shame, oft counsell seemes disgrac'd.

*That counsell euermore is held most fit,
Which of the time doth due aduantage take.*

They that thriue well, take counsell of their friends.
Vntroubled night giues counsell euer best.

*With grauest counsell all must be directed,
VWhere plainest shewes are openly suspected.*

All wounded minds good counsell helpeth most.
With patient counsell thirst is not appeas'd.

*A kingdomes greatnesse hardly can he sway,
That wholsome counsell will not first obey.*

Direct not him, whose way himfelse will choose.
Oft long debated counsels hinder deeds.

*In vaine be counsels, statutes, humane lawes,
VWhen chiefe of counsell pleads the vniust cause.*

Ne're griue his harme that would not be aduis'd.
Friends by aduise may helpe ech other much.

Alway

Alway too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutinie with wits regard.
 The sicke man may giue counsell to the found.
 The wifest men (in need) will list aduise.
When greene deuise by graue aduise is stayed:
A world of harmes are openly displayed.
 Who vseth counsell, is not soone deceiu'd.
 A worldly mans aduise is dangerous.
Time, and fit place, giues alwaies best aduise:
For what comes out of season's out of price.
 Aduise is quickly giuen, not ta'ne so soone.
 No man so wise, but he may counsell want.
Oft times the counsell of a very friend,
Appearing good, may faile yet in the end.
 Counsell confoundeth doubts, dissolues denials.
 Afflicted hearts, all counsels doe deferre.
Counsell vnto a carelesse man applyed,
Is like a charme vnto an Adders eare.
 The wise accept of counsell, fooles will not.
 The carelesse man is full of wretchednesse.
 Counsell vnto it selfe most honour drawes.
Wounds oft grow desperate, and death doth end,
Before good counsell can the fault amend.
 Aduise bids quench a sparke before it flame.
 Counsell best curbs doting affections.
Where found aduise and wholesome counsell wants,
Trees hardly prooue, but perisht in the plants.
 Counsell, the iealous scorne, and will not learne.
 What boots complaining, where's no remedie?
It cannot be, but such as counsell scorne,
Shall in their greatest need be left forlorne.
 In euils, counsell is a comfort chiefe.
 Good counsell oft times cheares despairing mindes.
The sicke that loathes to listen to his cure,

To die the death for lacke of helpe is sure.
 Good counsell may be call'd a right good worke.
 Courteous aduise, calmes stormes of miserie.

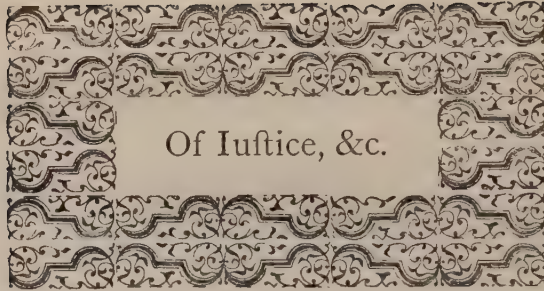
Similies on the same subiect.

A S wife men scorne not to accept aduise,
 So fooles hold counsell not of any price.
 As young rash heads without discretion run,
 So old mens counsels tell what should be done.
 As gentle showers doe cause the earths encrease.
 So mild aduise assures the conscience peace.
 As treachers treasons prooue against themselues,
 So euill counsell oft turnes on it selfe.
 As flowers in their prime haue sweetest sence,
 So in distresse counsell best shewes it selfe.
 As foes by fleering feeke each others harme,
 So friends by counsell gaine each others good.

Examples likewise on the same.

T O *Plutarch* did the Emperour *Traiane* write,
 Only to counsell him what he should doe.
 The Emperour *Galba* said; All his mishaps
 Ensued, because he would not be aduis'de.
Demetrius of Macedon would say:
 Reprooue me, when I counsell doe refuse.
Verres had neuer fallen in miserie,
 But that good counsell alwaies he despis'd.
Solon bad wealthie *Craesus* be aduis'd,
 For counsell was more worth than all his wealth.
Philoxenus the Poet did esteeme
 Nothing so precious as discrete aduise.

Of



*Iustice is that which giueth equall right,
Punisheth wrong, keepes law in publicke sight.*

Iustice and order keepe vp common-weales.
Iustice allowes no warrant to defraud.
Iustice giues euery man that is his owne.
Good Iustices are common-weales Phisitions.
*Honour and fame hold vp mild iustice traine,
And heavenly hopes in heart she doth retaine.*
Wrong must haue wrong, & blame the due of blame.
A world of wrongs can not weigh downe one right.
Men are content to leaue right, being distrest.
Weak doth he build, that fenceth wrong with wrong.
*To a strong man, and of most puissant might,
He giues him more that takes away his right.*
What wrong hath not continuance out-worne?
Yeares makes that right, which neuer was so borne.
That right is wrong, ill fought, and got with spoile.
Proud, rich, and poore, to iustice are alike.
*Princes ne're doe themselues a greater wrong,
Than when they hinder iustice, or prolong.*

With

With loue and law is iustice ioyned still.
 Wrong richly clad, to blindnesse seemeth right.
 To pay each with his owne, is right and due.
 In suffering harmes great wrongs are offered.

*Where iustice swayes in time of peace and quiet,
 It fits not shifters fishing, nor their diet.*

Right often-times by might is ouer-raught.
 Men higly wronged, feare not to displease.
 True noble minds doe still respect the right.
 Iustice, not pittie, fits a princes mind.

*Where our owne wrongs doe worke our ouerthrow,
 In vaine we hope to weare it out with woe.*

Men arm'd with iustice, know not how to feare.
 Companion to offence, is punishment.
 The punishment of some, reformeth all.
 Speed doth loue right, but long delay is wrong.

*Innocence, concord, friendship, and godlinesse:
 These doe support iustice and equitie.*

Right maketh roome somtimes where weapons faile.
 Accusers should themselues be innocent.
 Iustice forbids to slay them that submit.
 The foe doth iustly kill where prince forsakes.

*The iudge himselfe doth for condemned stand,
 Where guilt goes free with pardon in his hand.*

Possession is no plea where wrong insults.
 They that haue part in wrongs, haue part in griefes.
 Wrongs are remembred while the scarres remaine.
 A lawlesse peere, by law deserues to die.

*Iustice is vertues badge, and staffe of peace:
 Maintaining honour in her rich increase.*

True iustice payes the bloodie home their hire.
 Blood spilt by wrong, calls vengeance scourge by right.
 Seldome aduantage is in wrongs debar'd.
 Who soweth wrong, is sure to reape the same.

*All runnes to wracke and ruine, where selfe-kind,
 From selfe-same kind with-holdeth mutuall right.*
 Delay in punishment no pardon is.
 A publicke fault craues open punishment.
 Who flyeth iudgement, shewes his guiltinesse.
 Equitie iudgeth mildly, law seuerely.
*Wrongs done vs, we are sparing to forgieue:
 Not minding, we by mercie onely liue.*
 Wrong is the triall of true patience.
 Law with extremitie is extreame wrong.

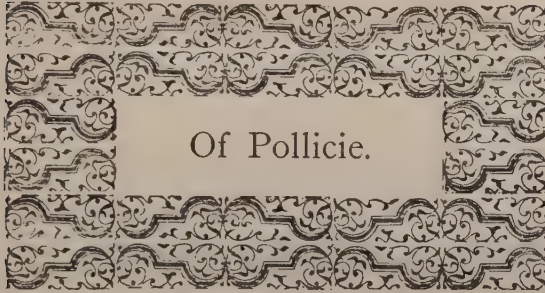
Similies on the same subiect.

AS hardest mettals in the fire is melt,
 So greatest finnes by iustice soone are felt.
 As sinne at first is sweet, but after sower,
 So Law lookes sterne, yet shewes not all her power.
 As from worst maladies best med'cines come,
 So are best lawes from lewdest manners form'd,
 As citties with their walles are fenced round,
 So are good minds with right and equitie.
 As he that wanteth reason is no man,
 So who liues lawlesse may be tearm'd a beast.
 As thirftie foules doe seeke some long lookt spring,
 So wrongs receiu'd with right, doe comfort bring.

Examples likewise on the same.

PHilip, when any made complaint to him,
 Stopt one eare, till the other part were heard.
 Aristides so loued Equitie,
 That he of all men was fir named IVST.
 Iunius the Confull so respected right,
 As his owne sonnes he did condemne to death.
 Cato Censorius was so iust and firme,
 As none durst mooue him in a naughtie cause.

Iustice (saith *Seneca*) is the law of God,
And bond of all humane societie.
Deuotion and good will (*Lactantius* saith)
Ioynes vs to God, as iustice doth to men.



*Pollicie is a wise and discret care,
For King, for countrey, and for common good.*

Pollicie oft religions habit weares.
What wants in strength, is holpe by pollicie.
*Small pollicie hath prowesse learn'd, to spill
Much blood abroad, to cut her owne with skill.*

Small harme, pretending good, is pollicie.
*Oft times hath reaching pollicie deuise,
A cunning clause which hath himselſe surpriz'd.*
A wraflers fleights oft counter-checketh force.
*Strength, wanting wit and pollicie to rule,
Is soone cast downe, and prooues himselſe a foole.*
'Tis pollicie to feare a powerfull hate.
*Counsell in any kingdome pollicied,
More worthie is than warre, more dignified.*

No pollicie where lambes doe lyons lead.

It is the summe of perfect pollicie.

To worke securely with vulgaritie.

Who builds on strength, by pollicie is stript.

More worthie 'tis, by wit and pollicie

To compasse honour, than by progenie.

Pollicie is to prowesse chieft friend.

Where power and pollicie do often faile,

Respect of gold both conquers and commaunds.

The very poorest hath his pollicie.

Men may in conquest benefit themselues,

As much by pollicie as power and might.

All pollicie is soone destroy'd by pride.

Pollicie oft subdues where valour failes.

Courage that hath nor wit nor pollicie,

Flyes like a slaue before his enemy.

A well-establisht pollicie is best.

Societie must be preferu'd by pollicie.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS dull neglect is follies chieft badge,
So quicke conceit is signe of pollicie.

As carelesse heads doe soonest harme a state,

So pollicie fore-sees before too late.

As cunning crafts-men are commended most,

So Realmes of polliticke aduifers boast.

As subtiltie is flye to helpe it selfe,

So pollicie is wise to shield it selfe.

As daungers felt are worfe than others fear'd,

So pollicies not executed, most offend.

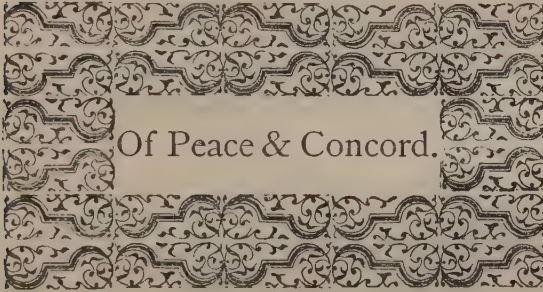
As counsell is some comfort in distresse,

So pollicie employ'd, kills wretchednesse.

Exam-

Examples likewise on the same.

L*icurgus* by his pollicicke aduise,
Reform'd the Lacedæmon mangled state.
Numa Pompilius discrete pollicie,
Made Rome to flourish 'in her royaltie.
Deucalions pollicie befriended Greece,
And brought the people to religious awe.
Scipioes Lieutenant nam'd *Polybius*
Was highly praised for his pollicie,
Byas did much commend the gouernment,
Where the chiefe heads were wise and pollicicke.
Plutarch thought, cities could as ably stand
Without foundations, as no pollicie.



*Peace is the ground of kingdoms happinesse:
Nource of true concord, loue, and all encrease.*

PEace is great riches in the poorest state.
*Men know not peace, nor rightly how to deeme it,
That first by warre haue not been taught t'esteeme it.*

G

Peace

Peace hath best bidding in a settled mind.

Peace brings in pleasure, pleasure breeds excess:

Excess procureth want, want workes distresse.

Peace doth depend on reason, warre on force.

You whose faire calme make neighbors storms seeme fore,

Try you your tydes, before you trust the shore.

Peace, all extreames concludeth with remorse.

Sourges may rise on suddaine ere we thinke,

And whiles we swimme secure, compell vs sinke.

Mild calm'd-fac't peace, exceeds blood-thirsting war.

Warre is ordain'd for nothing else but peace:

And perfect peace is end of bloudie warre.

Peace flourisheth where reason beareth sway.

Peace still is honest, humane, and upright:

When warre is brutish, fostered by despight.

Concord of many, makes an vnitie.

Concord makes small things mightily encrease:

Where discord makes great things as fast decrease.

True peace, is peace with vertue, warre with vice.

In peace, for warre let vs so well provide,

As in each state, no harme doe vs betide.

Peace from a Tyrants mouth, is treacherie.

Deare and unprofitable is the peace,

That's purchast with expence of guiltlesse blood.

The weight of peace, is easie to be borne.

They iustly doe deserue the sword of warre,

That wilfully withstand faire offered peace.

To flye from peace, is seeking selfe-decay.

Peace asketh no lesse wisdom to preserve it,

Than valour was bestowed in getting it.

Peace still succceeds, what euer drifts withstand.

That's more esteem'd, obtain'd by peace-full words,

Than any thing atchieu'd by violence.

State-stabling peace, brings froward minds in fashion.

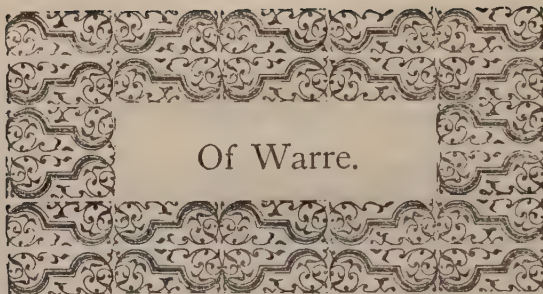
Similies

Similies on the same subiect.

AS members knit in one, doe maintaine life:
 So states combin'd in peace, doe nourish loue.
 As desolation dwelles where discord is,
 So where is concord, liues all happinesse.
 As Laurell euer crownes the Conquerour,
 So peace becommeth any Emperour.
 As they that seeke their harme, deserue to haue it,
 So they which flie from peace, should neuer feele it.
 As warre cuts deepe, and maketh mightie wounds,
 So peace like foueraigne balme doth cure them all.
 As griefe is cognifance of falling states,
 So peace is glorie of faire shining fway.

Examples likewise on the same.

FOrtie yeeres keeping *Ianus* temple shut,
 Gaue testimonie of the Romanes peace.
Numa (the fecond king of Rome) so loued peace,
 That all his reigne, was neither warre nor strife.
Archidamus, wrote to the Elians
 Nothing but this; *Peace is a goodly thing.*
 The cause why *Cato* did oppose himselfe
 Against great *Cæsar*; was, For breach of peace.
Tullie saith: Let vs so begin our warre,
 That afterward we may be sure of peace.
Phocion being askt; What fitted kingdomes best?
 Replyed: A little warre, to win long peace.



*Warre is most lawfull for a countries good,
To purchase peace with least expence of blood.*

WArre makes the conquer'd yeeld, & serue with hate.
Where warre once enters, ruine doth ensue.
*Great is the horror of intestine broyles,
When with our blood we fat our native soyles.*

Warre makes the victour to desire debate.

A Captaine talketh best of boistrous warre.

*Looke where the sword for pittie leaues to spill,
Pittie that Iustice should begin to kill.*

Warre leaues naught sure, though we presume to choofe.

Bloodshed by bloodshed still is nourished.

*Warre should not fill kings pallaces with mone:
Nor perill come when 'tis least thought vpon.*

In vaine are armes, when heauen becomes our foe.

Warres rage hath no respect of pietie.

*It is a meritorious faire desaigne,
To chase iniustice with reuengefull armes.*

Vertue may somtimes be surpriz'd by number.

Valour and Art, are both the sonnes of Ioue.

Who

Who would not be a Souldiour in that band,
Which (ere it fight) holds victorie in hand?
 Arte is Nobilities true register.
 Nobilitie, Arts champion still is nam'd.
Honour doth say: That if shee chaunce to faile,
The braue attempt the shame shall counteruaile.
 Learning, is fortitudes right kalender.
 Faire fortitude is learnings faint and friend.
Honour shields learning from all iniurie,
And learning, honour from blacke infamie.
 A crowne twixt breethren breeds contention.
 Valour in greatest daunger shines most bright.
If thorow rashnes valour doe get honour,
We blame the rashnes, but reward the honour.
 Well doth he die, that dies gainst countries foes.
 An honourable buriall is the field.
He that hath once sustain'd the bullets wound,
What need he feare the Canons harmelesse sound?
 Blood, nought but sin; war, nought but forrows yeeld.
 Sad are the fights, bitter the fruits of warre.
Those that are brought vp in the broiles of realmes,
Thinke it best fishing still in troubled streames.
 A martiall man ought not be fancies slaue.
 Men vs'd to warre, are greatest foes to peace.
The smallest iarres if they be suffered run,
Breed wrath and warre, yea death ere they be done.
 No warre is right, but that which lawfull is.
 The sword must mend what insolence did marre.
Who knowes to win by sword, can iudge of wit:
For without wit, no warre can prosper well.
 On little broyles ensueth bloodie warre.
 Who best doth speed in warre, small safetie finds.
The best obseruing providence in warre,
Still thinketh foes much stronger than they are.

Vnnaturall warres where subiects braue their king.
A bloodie conquest stains the captaines praise.

*A brauer mind hath he that fights for more,
Than he that warres for that he had before.*

His flight is shamefull that flies victorie.

Warres conquerours, in loue doe feldome pine.

*When warre and troubles doe vs most molest,
Then wicked persons euer prosper best.*

In warre and loue, courage is most requir'd.

A coward Captaine marres the fouldiours fight.

*Armes, but in great extreames, doe neuer serue
To reconcile and punish such as swerue.*

A valiant leader, makes faint cowards fight.

By armes, Realmes, Empires, Monarchies are wonne.

*Let warre his boast of dignitie surcease,
And yeld to wisdom, which seekes all encrease.*

To armes, lawes, iustice, magistrates submit.

Artes, Sciences, before Armes triumphes sit.

*The plough-mans hope, and husbands thristie tillage,
Oft times become the wastfull fouldiours pillage.*

Vnciuill warre, all iustice doth diuorce.

Basely he fights, that warres as others bid.

*It's much to conquer, but to keepe it then,
Is full as much, if not a great deale more.*

Booke-expert warriours ne're are truly bold.

Warre for our countrie is a holy fight.

*Those wiser heads that know the scourge of warre,
Seeke safest meanes to mitigate the iarre.*

Warre rightly handled, is most excellent.

Who fights for crownes, set life and all too light.

To keepe our countrie safe from any harme:

For warre or worke, we either hand should arme.

Warre was ordain'd to make men liue in peace.

Warre doth defend our right, repulse our foes.

*In warre they are esteem'd as Captaines good,
That win the field with least expence of blood.
Neuer vie armes where money may preuaile.
Th'effects of warre, are couetous desires.
Let desperate men and Ruffians thirst for blood:
Win foes with loue, and thinke that conquest good.
In warre, let female honour be preferu'd.
Ambition is the chiefeft cause of warre.
He that was woont to call his sword to aid:
It's hard with him, when he must stand to plead.
Necessitie makes warre to seeme most iust.
Many may talke of warre, but few conclude.*

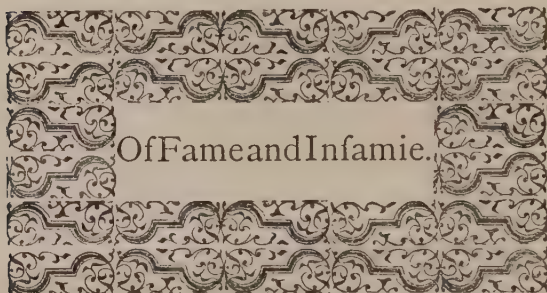
Similies on the same subiect.

AS Earth and Fire were first in this worlds frame,
So Warre and Peace are chiefe in kingdomes rule.
As cunning Pilots best can guide the ship,
So expert Captaines aptest manage warre.
As peace may suffer wrong, and be abus'd,
So warre is harmelesse, if but rightly vs'd.
As pleasant talke makes short the longest way,
So valiant leaders whet on dullest mindes.
As lingring sicknesse most offendeth life,
So quicke dispatch in warre is glorious.
As rusticke notes likes any loutish fwad,
So drummes and trumpets please a Souldiour best.

Examples likewise on the same.

P^Apyrius Cursor punisht Fabius,
Because vniustly hee commenced warre.
The Emperour Aurelius gaue strict charge,
That no man should abuse himselfe in warre.
The worthie Souldiour Bellisarius,
Would neuer warre but on some speciall cause.

Traiane was neuer vanquished in warre,
 Because he would not meddle, but in right.
 Warre makes men cruell, so faith *Seneca*:
 But peace prouoketh them to gentlenes.
Plato affirmed, warre was excellent
 When it did harme to none but enemies.



*Good Fame is that which all men ought desire:
 But euill Fame is bad mens worthy hire.*

FAME neuer finds a tombe t'enclose it in.
 Fame neuer floops to things are mean or poore.
 No fame doth follow any vniust act.
*To fames rich treasure, Time vnlockes the doore,
 Which angrie Fortune had shut vp before.*

Fame neuer lookes so low as idle drones.
 Bafe Enuie still will barke at sleeping fame.
 Life is not lost that brings eternall fame.

*All perils ought be lesse, and lesse all paine,
 In open field, than the deare losse of fame.*
 Dearer is loue than life, and fame than gold.

The

The path is sweet which daunger leads to fame.

Fame being once foil'd, incurable the blot.

Our deeds in life to worth cannot be rated :

In death our life with fame euen then is dated.

Fame is not subiect to authoritie.

Fame neuer profiteth a wicked man.

Infamie hath no power to hurt the good.

Thy fame defac'd, or toucht with any stainē :

Being once supplanted, neuer growes againe.

Fame is a speedie herald to beare newes.

A good report, in deepest darknesse shines.

Good life is readiest way to purchase fame.

If spotlesse reputation be away,

Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.

Fame, by our vertuous actions is maintain'd.

Rumours soone rais'd, decay ; but fame stands firme.

A man can haue no sweeter friend than fame.

Fame, not suppos'd to waste, but grow by wasting :

(Like snow in riuers false) consumes by lasting.

Couet not fame, without great care to keepe it.

No like mishap, as to be infamous.

Fame, that the liuing saues, reuiues the dead.

Fame hath two wings ; the one of false report :

The other hath some plumes of veritie.

No law can quit, where fame is once endighted.

Fame is the ioy and life of valiant minds.

Preferre sharpe death before infamous life.

The chiefeſt thing a princes fame to raise,

Is, to excell those that are excellent.

Glorie doth neuer blow cold pitties fire.

There's nothing can be done, but fame reports.

To know too much, is to know nought but fame.

Let not proud will hold up thy head for fame,

When inward wants may not expect the same.

Fame

Fame dyes with them that all their honour waste.
 Fame, bad concealer of our close intents.
 Fame got by follie, dyes before it lues.

*Fame with her golden wings aloft doth flie,
 About the reach of ruinous decay.*

He liueth long enough, dies soone with fame.
 Where fame beares sway, there *Cupid* will be bold.
 Good fame is better than a crowne of gold.

Similies on the same subiect.

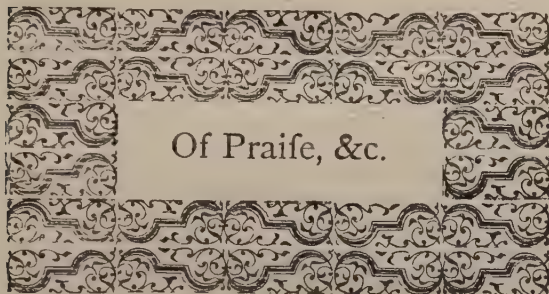
AS thunder nor fierce lightning harmes the Bay,
 So no extremitie hath power on fame.
 As precious stones (though set in Lead) will shine,
 So fame in poorest corners will appeare.
 As earth producing falt, brings nothing else,
 So vertue, seeking fame, craues nothing else.
 As many voices make the comfort sweet,
 So many vertues doe confirme true fame.
 As pride is enemie to good report,
 So lowly thoughts doe lead the way to fame.
 As light receiues his splendour from the aire,
 So fame from vertue doth derive her selfe.

Examples likewise on the same.

P^{Ublicola} wonne fame for leading armes;
 And *Solon* by his ciuill actions,
 The fame *Milciades* got at *Marathon*,
 Would not permit *Themistocles* to sleepe.
Fabius did by his vertues get such fame,
 As *Maximus* was added to his name.
Lysimachus was famous through the world,
 Because he kill'd a Lyon in his youth.

Seneca

Seneca faith ; Fame should be followed,
Rather than coueted by fond desire.
No man (faith *Cicero*) is learn'd and wise,
But fame muſt needs attend his actions.



*Praise is the hyre of vertue, for thoſe partes
That well deſerue it, both in eyes and hearts.*

Praise is but ſmoake that ſheddeth in the ſkie.
Men for their owne deeds ſhall be prais'd or blam'd.
True laud proceeds by the report of other :
Of more eſteeme, when we our ſelves it ſmoother.

The peoples voice, is neither ſhame nor praiſe.
Safetie may breed delight, not nourish praiſe.

Hard words doe diſcommend ſome men to day,
Yet praiſe to morrow with all might they may.
Many will praiſe in words, but ſpight in workes.
Chiefe praiſe conſiſteth in contented life.

It's better to be praiſed for a truth,
Than for a leaſing to be honoured.
To praiſe vnworthie men, is flatterie.

Saue

Saue vertuous deeds, there's nothing merits praise.

*When men doe praise themselves immoderately,
Makes other sentence them with obloquie.*

Praise stirres the mind to great and mightie things.

Praise nourisheth true vertue where it sprang.

*The benefits of peace deserue more praise,
Than all the cunningest stratagems of warre.*

Praise maketh labour light, enricheth hope.

When others praise thee, best to iudge thy selfe.

*Praise is a poyson to ambitious men,
Because it makes them out-run honestie.*

In doing that we ought, deserues no praise.

By counterfeited vertue seeke no praise.

*In vaine we seeke the idle smoake of praise,
Since all things by antiquitie decayes.*

All good things haue preheminance in praise.

Neuer praise that which is not commendable.

*Oft those whome princes patronage extold,
Forget themselves and what they were of old.*

Condemne not that deserueth praise by due.

An ill mans praise, is praise for doing ill.

*Who strives to gaine inheritance of aire,
Leaves yet perhaps but beggerie to his heire.*

Helping the poore, deserueth double praise.

Vertue begetteth praise ; praise, honours height.

*Nothing of more vncertaintie than praise :
For one dayes gift, another rob vs of.*

An open praise deserues a secret doubt.

Too much commending, is a heauie load.

*He that commends a man before his face,
Will scant speake well of him behind his backe.*

Bad nature by good nurture mended, merits praise.

Abasing worthie men, argues selfe-praise.

It is more worthie praise to keepe good fame,

Than

Than the bare stile, or getting of the same.
Our elders praise, is light vnto our liues.
Be not too rash in discommending any.
Be not too hastie in bestowing praise:
Nor yet too slow when due time calls for praise.
A mans owne praise, is publicke infamie.
Honest attempts can neuer want due praise.

Similies on the same subiect.

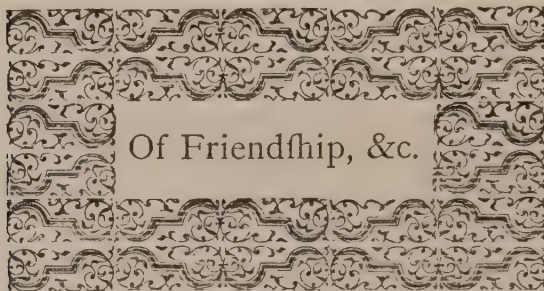
AS shadowes on our bodies doe attend,
So praise doth wait on vertue to the end.
As praising make the Peacocke spread her taile,
So men commended doe expresse themselues.
As fooles in folly are not ro be sooth'd,
So wicked actions are not to be prais'd.
As Cockes by crowing shew their victorie,
So mens owne praises blab their obloquie.
As niggards are discerned by their giftes,
So mens commendings doe expresse their loue.
As greatest praises fatten not thy fields,
So much commending pleaseth not thy friend.

Examples likewise on the same.

THE noble Romane *Titus Flaminius*,
Could not endure when any praised him.
Cæsar beholding *Alexanders* image,
Wept, in remembring his exceeding praise.
Pompey did count it praise enough for him,
To set *Tigranes* in his throne againe.
Agathocles condemned all vaine praise,
And still confest himselfe a potters sonne.
By vertue (saith *Euripides*) get praise,
For that will liue when time expires thy dayes.

Solon

*Solon said, All vaine-glorious men were fooles ;
And none praise-worthie, but the humble-wife.*



*The summe of friendship is, that of two soules
One should be made, in will and firme affect.*

TRue friends partake in either weale or woe.
Faint-hearted friends, their succours long delay.
*A deare friends graue is a more heauie sight,
Than all the feares wherewith death can affright.*

Of foes, the spoile is ill ; farre more of friends.
Who faileth one, is false, though true to other.

*That friendship can no length of time endure,
Which doth cause ill, or euill end procure.*

The truest friendship, is in equalitie.

Likenesse in manners, makes best amitie.

When equall might is vp vnto the chin,

Weake friends become strong foes to thrust him in.

Among kind friends, departing drinks vp ioy.

Better a new friend, than an auncient foe.

Call him not friend, that saouours most of foe :

Tearme him thy deaths-man, looke he prooue not so.

Giue foes no oddes, nor friends vnequall power.

Trust not to foes, if friends their credit loofe.

For friends if one should die, were rarely much :

But die for foes, the world affords none such.

In base minds dwells friendship nor enmitie.

No seruice will a gentle friend despise.

Looke what abuse is offer'd to a friend,

The shame and fault finds no excuse or end.

To wrong a friend doth prooue too foule a deed,

Foes often wake, when loyall friends doe sleepe.

Faire loudly concord, and most sacred peace,

Doe nourish vertue, and make friendship fast.

A steadfast friend is to be lou'd as life.

Faint friends, when they fall out, prooue cruell foes.

Those friends that loue the Sun-shine of delights,

Will flye the winter when affliction bites.

True friendship at the first affront retires not.

Most friends befriend themselues with friendships shew.

Suspition is sedition mongst good friends,

When eithers drift to others mischief tends.

They kill, that feele not their friends liuing paine.

Be enuid of thy foe, rather than pitied.

More conquest is the gaining of a friend,

Than the subduing of anemie.

He is too foolish that mistrusts his friend.

In greatest need, a friend is best discern'd.

We ought sometimes as well to reprehend,

As praise the partie whome we count a friend.

True friendship maketh light all heauie harmes.

A friend in most distresse, will most asist.

Who entertaineth many friends, doth loose

The title of a true and steadfast friend.

Men in their friendship, alwayes should be one.

A hard attempt to tempt a foe for aid.

Make

Make all men our well-willers if we can,
But onely chuse good men to be our friends.
 Small is that friendship table-talk will cracke.
 Request twixt friends are counted as commaunds.
To straungers let great proffers still be made:
But to true friends vse sound and perfect deedes.
 Performance is in friendship held a dutie.
 No man should loue himselfe more than his friend.
Foure things we ought supply our friend withall:
Our person, counsell, comfort, and our goods.
 A friend is to a man another selfe.
 With every one to shake hands, is not good.
Who wanteth friends to backe what he begins
In lands farre off: gets not, although he winnes.
 A wife man takes not ech one as his friend.
 Prooue strangers to loue them, and not loue to prooue them.
The man that makes a friend of euery straunger,
Discards him not againe without some danger.
 True friendship ought be free, like charitie.
 Opinion of vertue is the fount of friendship.
In friendship this one difference is tryde:
True friends stand fast, when as the feigned slide.
 Who neuer had a foe, ne're knew a friend.
 Friendship admitteth not an angry frowne.
A true firme friend will neuer sound retreat,
Nor stoope his sailes for any storme of weather.
 Vnitie, is Amities chiefest essence.
 Hazard displeasure to relieue a friend.
True friendships Sunne continually doth last,
And shines the clearer in the bitterst blast.
 They are no friends, that hazard them they loue.
 True friendship scornes confederacie with shame.
In earnest, ieast, in quiet, peace, or warre:
Neuer presume to try thy foe too farre.

Aduersitie doth best disclose a friend.

Amitie stretcheth not beyond the Altar.

An open foe a man may soone preuent,

But a false friend, murders in blandishment.

A feigned friend will quickly chaunge conceit.

Ouer-much boldnesse makes men loofe their friends.

Whilst things go well, friends alwaies will be neer thee,

But failing once, the dearest friends will feare thee.

What death is life, when dearest friends are lost.

It's good to haue a wife and discreete friend.

No foe so fell, or cunning to escape,

As is a friend, clad in a foe-mans shape.

Often to trie our friends is profitable.

Flatterie is friendships forme, but not the fruit.

Many to those they should most friendship show,

Doe lie in wait to worke their ouerthrow.

Suspition is the poison of firme friendship.

Forgetfull fooles vnfriendly vse their friends.

Of any foe, be sure no gift thou take,

Least to thy ruine it some entrance make.

Follie respecteth flatterers more than friends.

Good natures inly grieue to trie their friends.

No mortall foe so full of venomous spight,

As man to man, when mischiefe he pretends,

Begging at friends hands, is esteemed buying.

Friends hide no coine, or secrets from their friends.

Who sees their friends in want, and them despise:

When they doe fall, neuer deserue to rise.

True friends doe soone forget a friends offence.

Scornfull and proud, are very perillous friends.

He that intendeth guile, and thou findest so:

No wrong thou doest, to vse him as thy foe.

Where friends are knit in loue, there griefes are rare.

Quicke promisers, slow doers, are slacke friends.

H

Where

*Where many hearts doe gently sympathize
 In sacred friendship, there all blisse abounds.
 No friend like him whome no distresse can daunt.
 Happie is he that finds and feeles a friend.*

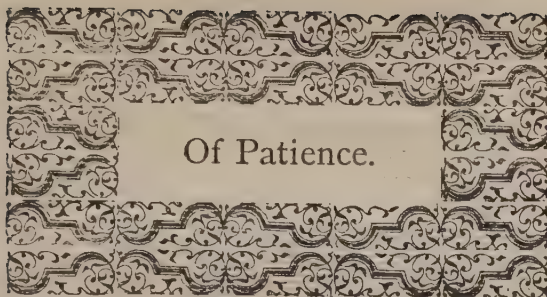
Similies on the same subiect.

AS no calamitie can thwart true loue,
 So no mishap can separate firme friends.
 As want of friends is very perillous,
 So talking friends doe prooue too tedious.
 As fire from heat cannot be separate,
 So true friends hearts will no way be disjoyn'd.
 As Physicke cures the secret't griefes we haue,
 So friendship heales the hearts extreamest woes.
 As instruments are tun'd e're musicke's heard,
 So friends are tride ere they be firmly found.
 As exiles haue no comforts but their cares,
 So home-abiders haue no ioy like friends.

Examples likewise on the same.

CYRUS vpon his left side plac'd his friends,
 Because they should be neereſt to his heart.
Dyon and *Cæſar* rather wiſhed death,
 Than they ſhould grow diſtruſtfull of their friends.
Cato this poeſie caried in his Ring :
Be friend to one, and enimie to none.
Lucilius ſeeing *Brutus* round engirt,
 Call'd himſelfe *Brutus*, that his friend might ſcape.
Phocion, in deſperate furie ſau'd his friend,
 Saying : *For this cauſe was I made thy friend.*
 Three things (ſaith *Tullie*) men ſhould wiſh their friends :
 Health, good account, and priuiledge from need.

Of



Of Patience.

*Patience, is voluntarie sufferance
Of hardest matters, for faire vertues sake.*

Patience preuailes against a world of wrongs.
What Fortune hurts, patience can onely heale.
*No banishment can be to him assign'd,
That hath a patient and resolved mind.*

The minds affliction, patience can appease.
To be borne well, and die worse, breaketh patience.
*That life is only miserable and vile,
Which from faire patience doth it selfe exile.*

Patience doth passions alwaies mortifie.
The minds distresse, with patience is relieu'd.
*They that loose halfe, with greater patience beare it,
Then they whose all, is swallowed in confusion.*

For curelesse fores, patience is chiefeft salue.
Patience, all trouble sweetly doth digest.
*True patience can mildly suffer wrong,
Where rage and furie doe our liues defame.*

True patience is the prouender of fooles.
Patience importun'd, doth conuert to hate.

Of Patience.

The strength to fight with death, is patience,
And to be conquer'd of him, patience.
 The onely salve for wrong, is patience.
 Reuenge on fortune, is mild patience.
Let such whome patience cannot moderate,
Endaunger them that would endamage him.
 He is most valiant that is patient.
 No conquest can compare with patience.
Patience is oft from princely seat puld downe,
When bloodie minds doe scuffle for a crowne.
 Patience makes light, afflictions heauieft load.
 The shield of patience beares off all mishaps.
 Comfortlesse patience brings consumption.
No sting hath patience, but a sighing grieve:
That stings nought but it selfe without reliefe.
 The end of patience, is expect of promise.
 Patience beares that which care cannot redresse.
 A heauenly spirits hope, is patience.

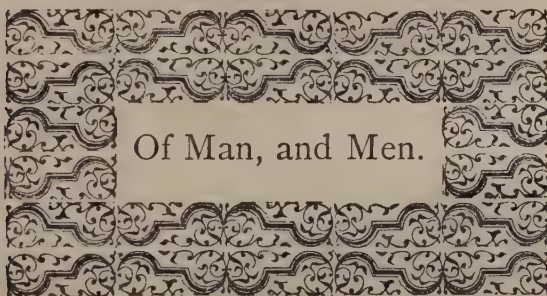
Similies on the same subiect.

AS rage doth kindle still the fire of wrath,
 Patience to quench it, store of water hath.
 As fire impaires not gold, but makes it bright,
 So greatest wrongs by patience are made light.
 As physicke doth repaire decayed health,
 So patience brings true blessings to the foule.
 As water quencheth the extreamest fire,
 So patience qualifies the mightiest wrongs.
 As Diamonds in the darke are best discern'd,
 So patience is in trouble best approou'd.
 As angrie splenes are hastie in reuenge,
 So discreete foules brooke all with patience.

Exam-

Examples likewise on the same.

What-e're mishap *Darius* did befall,
Yet in his mind he was not moou'd at all.
Marcus Aurelius said, that patience
Had holpe him more than any thing be side.
Sylla endur'd reuilings patiently,
And mildly yeelded his Dictator-ship.
Mauritius moou'd not at his childrens death,
Although he saw them flaine before his face.
When *Socrates* was counsel'd to reuenge,
Said: *If an Asse strike, shall I strike againe?*
In patience conflict, saith *Euripides*:
- *The vanquisht doe exceed the vanquisher.*



*Man is a creature of such excellence,
As all else was created for his vse.*

Man in himselfe a little world doth beare.
*All other creatures follow after kind,
But man alone is ruled by his mind.*

All men, to some peculiar vice encline.
*The greater man, the greater is the thing,
 Be it good or bad, that he doth undertake.*

A man once stung, is hardly hurt againe.
*Fond is the man that will attempt great deeds,
 And loose the glorie that attends on them.*

Where ease abounds, men soone may doe amisse.
*Men doe not know what they themselves will be,
 When as more than themselves, themselves they see.*

The worth of all men by their end, esteeme.
*When men haue well fed, and the bloud is warme,
 Then are they most improuident of harme.*

Birds haue the aire, Fish water, Men the land.
*When from the heart of man ascends true sighes,
 From Gods diuineſt spirit descendeth grace.*

The man that seekes his thraldome, merits it.
*Man of himselfe is as a barren field,
 But by the grace of heauen, a fruitfull vine.*

Men easily doe credit what they loue.
*The man that liueth by anothers breath :
 Looke when he dies, is certaine of his death.*

No man weighes him, that doth himselfe neglect.
*Men ought especially to saue their winnings
 In all attempts, els loose they their beginnings.*

Oft one mans sorrow doth another touch.
*The man vniust, is hopelesse fortunate :
 Quickly misse-led, but hardly reconcil'd.*

It grieues a man to aske, when he deserues.
*Men are but Fortunes subiects, therefore variable :
 And times disciples, therefore momentarie.*

Deiſe of man, in working hath no end.
*There liues no man so settled in content,
 That hath not daily somewhat to repent.*

Ech man muſt thinke, his morning shall haue night.

Mens

Of Man and Men.

103

*Mens imperfections often-times are knowne,
When they repine to thinke them as their owne.*

Man neuer takes delight to heare his fault.

Men often iudge too well their owne deserts :

When others smile to see their ignorance.

Men honoured, wanting wit, are fruitlesse trees.

Man is but meere calamitie it felse.

Man when he thinks his state is most secure,

Shall find it then both fickle and vnsecure.

Mans nature is desirous still of chaunge.

To greatest men, great faults are incident.

Mishaps haue power o're man, not he o're them.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS flowers by their sight and sence are knowne,
So men are noted by their words and workes.

As snow in water doth begin and end,

So man was made of earth, and so shall end.

As waxe cannot endure before the fire,

So cannot vniust men in sight of heauen.

As all things on the earth are for mans vse,

So men were made for one anothers helpe.

As Toades doe sucke their venime from the earth,

So bad men draw corruption from foule sinne.

As fooles erect their houses on the sands,

So wise men doe rely their hopes on heauen.

Examples likewise on the same.

Philip of Macedon was daily told:

Remember Philip, thou art but a man.

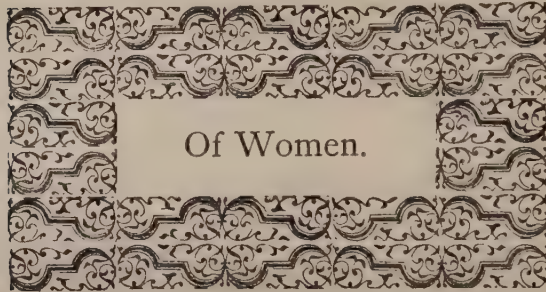
Cyrus held no man worthie gouernment,

Except his vertues were to be admir'd.

H 4

Thofe

Thofe men did *Alcibiades* count fafe,
 That kept their countries lawes vnchangeable.
Timon was cal'd, the enemie to men,
 And would perfwade them to deftroy them-felues.
 What elfe is man (faith *Pindarus*) but a dreame,
 Or like a fhadow we difcerne in fleepe?
Homer cryed out : Man was moft miserable
 Of all the creatures that the world contain'd.



*Women are equall euery way to men,
 And both alike haue their infirmities.*

Women by men receiue perfection.
 Women and loue like emptie houfes perifh.
*Like vntun'd golden strings faire women are,
 Which lying long vntoucht, will harfhly iarre.*
 Faire and vnkind, in women ill befeemes
 Women are wonne, when they beginne to iarre.
*Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
 Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.*

All women are ambitious naturally.
 In womens tongues is quickly found a rub.
A womans will that's bent to walke astray.
Is seildome chaung'd by watch or sharpe restraint.
 Ripe still to ill, ill womens counsels are.
 All things are subiect, but a womans will.
'Tis fast good will, and gentle courtesies
Reclaime a woman, and no watching eyes.
 Women are most wonne, when men merit least.
 Women that long, thinke scorne to be said nay.
Neuer as yet was man so well aware,
But first or last was caught in womens snare.
 Find constancie in women, all is found.
 Women desire to see, and to be seene.
Great vaunts doe seeme hatcht vnder Sampsons lockes,
Yet womens words can giue them killing knockes.
 Women haue teares for sorrow and dissembling.
 Women allure with smiles, and kill with frownes.
It is a common rule, that women neuer
Loue beautie in their sexe, but enuie euer.
 Women with wanton eyes, haue wanton trickes.
 Vertue is richest dowrie for a woman.
Though men can couer crimes with bold sterne lookes,
Poore womens faces are their owne faults bookes.
 Women least reckon of a doting louer.
 What cannot women doe, that know their power?
If womens hearts, that haue light thoughts to spill them
Die of themselues: why then should sorrow kill them?
 No beast is fiercer than a iealous woman.
 Women oft looke, one to enuie another.
A womans teares are falling starres at night,
No sooner seene, but quickly out of sight.
 A womans fauour lasteth but a while.
 Two things, to be a woman, and a Queene.

Women

Women doe hold, 'tis ioyes life, lifes best treasure,
Both to begin, and leaue to kisse at leisure.
 Oft womens mercie, more than mens is feene.
 Some womens wits exceed all Art, in loue.
A womans passions doth the aire resemble:
Neuer alike, they sinne if they dissemble.
 Loue, women, and inconstancie ne're part.
 Blushes shew womens thoughts, and teach men wit.
Those vertues that in women merit praise,
Are sober shewes without, chaste thoughts within.
 A womans heart and tongue, are relatues.
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Those women of their wit may iustly boast,
That buy their wisdome by anothers cost.
 A womans mind is fit for each impresfion.
 High praises hammer best a womans mind.
Thy wife being wise, make her thy secretarie:
Else not, for women seldome can keepe silence.
 Women in mischiefe, are more wise then men.
 A womans tongue, wounds deeper than her eye.
Constant in loue, who tryes a womans mind:
Wealth, beautie, wit, and all in her doth find.
 Women are Natures wonder, louing Nature.
 Women doe couet most, what's most denied them.
Extream are womens sorrowes, past redresse:
Or so dissembled, not to be beleu'd.
 A woman of good life, feares no ill tongue.
 Silence in women, is a speciall grace.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS none can tell a griefe but he that feelles it,
 So none knowes womens wrongs, but they that find them.
 As women most despise what's offered them,
 So to denie their minds, is worfe than death.

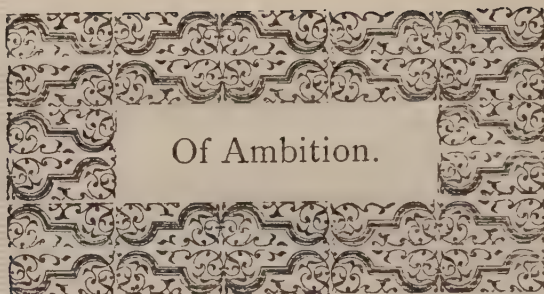
As

As a sharpe bridle fits a froward horſe,
 So a curſt woman muſt be roughly vs'd.
 As the beſt mettal'd blade hath iron commixt,
 So the beſt women are not free from faults.
 As readines of ſpeech becomes a man,
 So ſilence doth a woman beſt befeeme.
 As goodlieſt gardens are not void of weeds,
 So faireſt women may haue ſome defect.

Examples likewise on the ſame.

I *Strina*, ſometimes Queene of Scithia,
 With her ſweet voice, made calme the rough ſwolne feaſ.
 Romane *Cornelia* was ſo eloquent,
 That to her they did daily ſacrifice.
Lachis of Athens, to her country-men
 Appointed lawes for ciuill gouernment.
 Queene *Parifatis* cauſ'd the Perſian kings,
 To haue their buriall in rich tombes of gold.
Plato held women in a familie,
 As needfull as a kingdomes gouernour.
 If nature doe deſire her ſelfe to ſee,
 (Saith *Plutarch*) women then her glaſſe may be.

Of



*Ambition is a humour that aspires,
And slayes it selfe in seeking high desires.*

Ambition, with the Eagle loues to build.
Ambition being once inur'd to raigne,
Can neuer brooke a priuat state againe.
Ambitious fauorites alwaies mischief bring.

Th'aspirer once attain'd vnto the top,
Cuts off those meanes whereby himselfe got vp.

Ambition yet tooke neuer lasting root.

High aimes, young spirits, birth of loyall line:
Make men play false, where kingdomes are the stakes.

Th'ambitious will find right, or else make right.

It is ambitions sicknes, hauing much,
To vexe vs with defect of that we haue.

Might makes a title where he hath no right.

Those men that commonly o're-looke too much,
Doe ouer-see themselves, their state is such.

Ambitious minds, a world of wealth would haue.

Ambitious minds to get a princes traine,

Would

Would afterward of beggers life be faine.
 Ambition, paine, and loue, brookes no delay.
Lyons doe neuer cast a gentle looke
On any beast, that would vsurpe their den.
 Who climbs too soone, oft time repents too late.
Bloud and alliance nothing doe preuaile,
To coole the thirst of hot ambitious breasts.
 Aspiring things are readie still to fall.
Bruises are sooner caught by reaching high,
Than when the mind is willing to stoop low.
 Many vsurpe, but most in mischief end.
Fortune doth neuer grudge at them that fall:
But enuie stings and biteth them that climbe.
 Aspiring thoughts led Phaeton awry.
Beware ambition, 'tis a sugred ill,
That fortune layes, presuming minds to kill.
 Ambitious Icarus did climbe too high.
Ambitions bold and true begotten sonne,
Is quite spent in desire ere hope be wonne.
 Gazers on starres, oft stumble at small stones.
Seldome can proud presumption be enthron'd
To liue esteemd; or die, to be bemoan'd.
 Ambition, no corriuall will admit.
The man that doth presume about his state,
In stead of loue, incurres but deadly hate.
 Highest attempts to low disgraces fall.
Craft giues ambition leaue to lay his plot,
And crosse his friend, because he sounds him not.
 Competitors the subiects dearely buy.
Presuming will counts it high preiudice
To be reprov'd, although by sound aduise,
 Beware ambition in felicitie.
Such reaching heads as neuer thinke them well,
After their fall, their owne mishaps may tell.

High

High mounting Eagles foone are smitten blind.
Ambitions dying, is great glorie wonne.

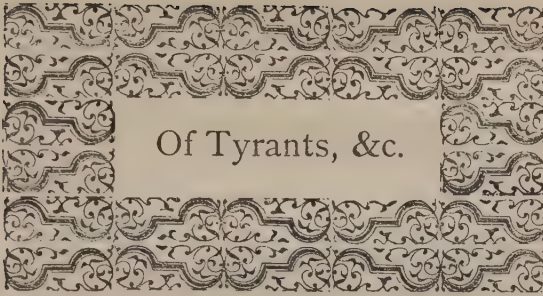
Similies on the same subiect.

AS breath on steele, as foone is off as on,
So climbers are as quickly downe as vp.
As nothing in substance is more light than aire,
So nothing can out-goe ambitious thoughts.
As winds being vp, doe blow more violent,
So proud vsurpers tyrannise in height.
As bad men grieue at good mens happineffe,
So high aspirers grudge at lowlines.
As powder fier'd, is but a suddaine flash,
Euen so ambition is no more than smoke.
As Bats doe flutter, not directly flie,
So climbers aime at much, and misse of all.

Examples likewise on the same.

FREDERICKE the third, was by his bastard sonne
Ambitious *Manfroy* dispossess'd of life
Geta murdered *Antonius* his brother,
Through his ambitious mind to rule alone.
Crassus procur'd himselfe a shamefull death,
Through his ambitious spight at *Cæsar*s fame.
Marius, not satisfied with former praise,
Through his ambition foone abridg'd his dayes.
Plato would haue good men exalted still,
But none that fauour'd of ambition.
Saith *Aristotle*, kingdomes foone decay,
Where pride, or else ambition beareth sway.

Of



Of Tyrants, &c.

*Tyrants are kingdoms plagues, and good mens woe:
Their owne destroyers, and soone ouerthrow.*

A Tyrants lookes breed terror after death.
Oft in the childrens slaughters, fathers die.
*The man that once is strong in equitie,
Will scorne th'austere lookes of tyrannie.*

Tyrannie still strikes terror to it selfe.
Death is the vtmost end of tyrannie.

*Those that in blood a violent pleasure haue,
Seldome descend but bleeding to the graue.*

Birth is no shadow to sterne tyrannie.

Ladies and tyrants doe respect no lawes.

*When tyrannie is with strong aid supported,
All iustice from good minds is quite extorted.*

No tyrannie can force true fortitude.

Tyrants are leaders to a many ill.

*A tyrant that hath tasted once of bloud,
Doth hardly thrise by any other food.*

Tyrants will brooke no tearmes, or list dispute.

Tyrants are torturers of honest foules.

VVords

*Words not preuaile, neither can sighes aduise,
 To mooue the heart that's bent to tyrannise.*
 No fame confits in deeds of tyrannie.
 Tyrants are alwaies traitours to them-selues.
*To punish many for th'amisse of one,
 Most properly to tyrants appertaine.*
 Where tyrants reigne, God help the land that while.
 It's worfe than death, to liue a tyrants slaue.
*Tyrants being suffred, and not quail'd in time,
 VWill cut their throats that gaue them leaue to climbe.*
 The smallest worme will turne, being trode vpon.
 The Doues will pecke in rescue of their brood.
*The sauage Beare will neuer lick his hand,
 That spoiles her of her young before her face.*
 By vniust deeds, a true prince growes a Tyrant.
 Nothing more abiect than a tyrant is.
*He that in bountie doth exceed himselfe,
 Becomes a tyrant afterward to others.*
 Tyrants subdue by strength, maintaine in hate.
 Tyrants are Nobles scourge, the commons plague.
*Kings as they ought, Tyrants rule as they list:
 The one to profit all, the other few.*
 No peace, no hope, no rest hath tyrannie.
 One iniurie, makes not a tyrannie.
*Princes ought iustly to defend their owne,
 Rather than tyrant-like to conquer others.*
 Who kings refuse, deferue a tyrant Lord.
 Vsurping rule is held by tyrannie.
*Tyrannie in a teacher is most vile:
 For youth with loue, not rigour should be taught.*
 Tyrants tread lawes and honour vnder foot.
 Subiects in Tyrants eyes, are held as slaues.
*Tyrants by armes, the iust referre their cause
 To due arbitrement of right and lawes.*

A tyrants

A tyrants reigne hath feldome permanence.
Tyrants doe neuer die an honest death.

Similies on the same subiect.

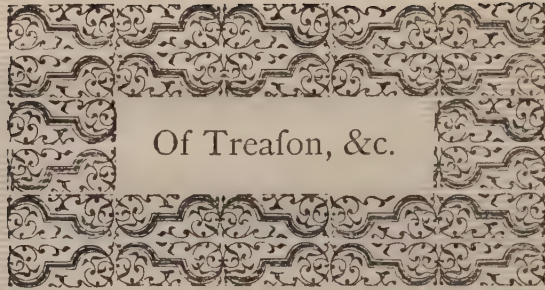
AS kings doe rule by counsell and aduise.
So tyrants by their will, and not by law.
As want of riches makes a tyrant prince,
So great abundance heapes vp wickednes.
As boistrous winds doe shake the higheft towers,
So blood and death cuts off proud tyrannie.
As enuie shooteth at the fairest markes,
So tyrants leuell at true princes liues.
As forest tempests are in largest seas,
So greateft euill ensues on tyrannie.
As trees are alwaies weakest toward the top,
So falleth Tyrants in their chiefeft height.

Examples likewise on the same.

THrasillus teaching meanes of tyrannie,
Was first enforst to tast thereof himselfe.
Scyron threw others headlong in the sea,
Till Theseus did the like by him at length.
Caligula wisht Rome had but one head,
That at one stroke himselfe might smite it off.
Cyrus that neuer had enough of blood,
Had afterward his head all drown'd in blood.
The foules of tyrants, Plutarch doth affirme,
To be compos'd of crueltie and pride.
A tyrant seekes his priuate benefit
And no mans else, as Seneca maintaines.

I

Of



Of Treason, &c.

*Treason is hated both of God and men,
As such a sinne, as none can greater be.*

TReason hath no place where obedience is.
Rebellion doth bewray corrupted nature.
*There is no treason woundeth halfe so deepe,
As that which doth in princes bosoms sleepe.*

Rebellion springs of too much head-strong will.
The rebell shrinkes, where rule and order swayes.

*Kings pallaces stand open to let in
The soothing traitour, and the guide to sinne.*
In darknesse dwels the blind rebellious mind.
Traitors are loath'd, and yet their treason lou'd.

*They that gainst states and kingdomes doe coniure,
Their head-long ruine none can well recure.*
Treason first workes ere traitors are espied.
Most bitter-fower doth foule rebellion taste.

*Betime 'tis good to let the traitour die,
For sparing iustice feeds iniquitie.*
All filthie floods flow from rebellions brinks.
No vertue merits praise with treason toucht.

No wor-

*No worthy mind by treason will assaile,
When as he knowes his valour can preuaile.*
A factious Lord feld benefits him-selſe.
Who builds in blood and treason, builds vnſure.
*A troubled ſtreame of puddle mixt with mire,
Doth quench the thirſt of rebels hot deſire.*
Men in ſeditious noure'd, in factions liue.
Shame, is the rightfull end of treacherie.
*It's madneſſe to giue way to treacherie.
Without due vengeance to ſuch iniurie.*
In careleſſe truſt is treafon ſooneſt found.
Reuolted ſubiects, of them-ſelues will quaile.
*No greater ſpight, than baſely be betrayed
By ſuch a one whome thou before haſt made.*
Reuolt's a miſchiefe, euer-more pernitiouſ.
Who nill be ſubiects, ſhall be ſlaues at length.
*Conuerſe with treachers, looke for treacherie:
Who deales with bad men, muſt haue iniurie.*
Conflict with traitors is moſt perillous.
A traitor once, ne're truſted afterward.
*They that doe couet deadly to betray,
By ſweeteſt meanes firſt praſtiſe to entrap.*
No place is ſafe enough for any traitour.
Time is the touch that treacherous minds doth try.
*Nothing auailes, ſtrong bulwarkes, fence or towers:
When treacherous foes all inward ſtrength deuoures.*
Traitors are ſubiect to continuall feare.
Traitors, like vipers, gnaw their countries bones.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

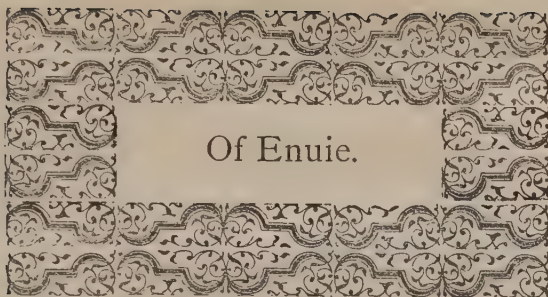
AS Iuie kills the tree embracing it,
So traitours murder with their ſmoothest looks.
As euill ſauours doe corrupt the aire,
So treachers doe pollute a common-weale.

As in faire weather greatest stormes arise,
 So in mild seasons, treason is most bold.
 As braunches too much loden quickly breake,
 So traitors too farre trusted, doe most harme.
 As too much rankenesse bends the stalkes of corne,
 So too much mildnesse whets the traitor on.
 As hawkes are lost by soaring ouer-high,
 So traitours perish in their chiefeſt hopes.

Examples likewise on the same.

THEY that slew *Cæſar* in the Senate-house,
 Perisht like traitours, neuer prospered.
 The traitours that great *Pompey* did betray,
 With death did *Cæſar* iuſtly guerdon them.
Sylla to her owne father proou'd vntrue,
 And therefore felt deſert accordingly.
Lyciscus rotted aliue about the ground
 For his vile treason to th' *Orcmenians*.
 Th' *Athenians* would let none be buried,
 That had been traitours to the countrey.
Tullie ſaith: Wife men not at any time
 Will truſt a traitour or a faithleſſe man.

Of



*Enuie is nothing els but grieve of mind,
Conceiu'd at sight of others happineffe.*

E Nuie is hand-maid to prosperitie.
Enuie let in, doth in more mischief let.
Enuie doth cease, wanting to feed vpon.
Enuious is he, that grieues his neighbors good.

*Enuie hath oft times eloquence in store
To serue his turne, than which he craues no more.*

Ill will too soone regardeth enuies cryes.
Hee's most enuied, that most exceeds the rest.
Promotions chaung'd, glorie is enuies marke.
No sooner excellent, but enuied straight.

*Enuie doth vertue in such sort disgrace,
It makes men foes to them they should embrace.*

Enuie to honour, is a secret foe.
The fruits of enuie, is despight and hate.
It's hate, which enuies vertue in a friend.
Anger and enuie, are lifes enemies.

*Enuie liues with vs while our selues suruiue.
And when we die, it is no more a liue.*

Let enuie with misfortune be contented.

Honour is still a moate in enuies eye.

Enuie cannot offend but such as liue.

On dead mens vertues, enuie hath no power.

Enuie in this point may be knowne from hate:

The one is euident, the other hid.

All poyfoned thoughts, are enuies daily food.

Enuie is friendships secreet enemye.

Enuie at other shoots, but wounds her selfe.

It's better be enuied, than pitied.

Enuie doth make the body ill dispos'd,

And kills the colour of the countenance.

Men enuious, by their manners are best knowne.

Enuie doth often brag, but drawes no blood.

Enuie like lightning in the darke is seene.

Enuie is blind, and vertues mortall foe.

Enuie doth scorne to cast her eye below:

As proud ambition alwayes gazeth vp.

As rust the iron, so enuie frets the heart.

At good mens fatnesse, enuie waxeth leane.

Enuie spots beauties colours with disdaine.

Enuie will reach at them are farthest off.

The enuious man is fed with daintie fare,

For his owne heart is his continuall food.

Enuie is mightie mens companion.

Enuies disease proceeds from others good.

Enuie at vertues elbow alwaies waits.

The enuious man, thinkes others losse, his gaine.

It's better be a beggers mate in loue,

Than in base enuie, fellow with a king.

Enuie teares vp the dead, buries the quicke.

Enuie speakes alwaies what comes next in mind.

Glorie erects, what enuie casteth downe.

Enuie is like a shaft shot from a bow,

Which

Which flies a while aloft, but lighteth low.
 The enuious man ne're spares to persecute.
 Hid ennie is more daungerous than knowne.
 When ennie winks, then waiteth he most harme.
If any man be good, he is enuied:
If euill, then himselſe is enuious.
 Patience endures what euer ennie dare.
 An enuious neighbour is a double ill.

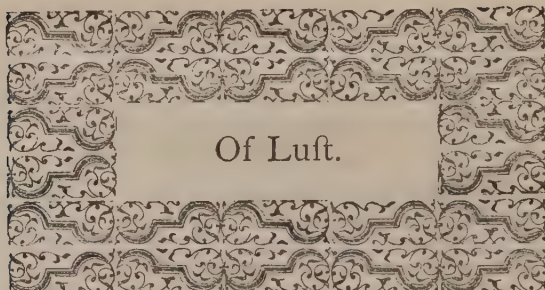
Similies on the ſame ſubieſt.

As Bauens by their bands are eaſily knowne,
 So ennies lookes doe moſt diſcloſe her ſelfe.
 As greateſt floods haue alwaies quickeſt ebbes,
 So ennies heat is commonly ſoone cold.
 As rigour blaſteth fancies faireſt bloomes,
 So ennie doth the nobleſt man diſgrace.
 As no diſeaſe with inward grieve compares,
 So nothing more than ennie wounds the mind.
 As fire not maintain'd is quickly out,
 So ennie not ſupplied, dies of it ſelfe.
 As in the Cedar, wormes doe neuer breed,
 So in the wiſe, ennie can haue no power.

Examples likewise on the ſame.

P^Hilip was told, that men enuied him:
 Quoth he; *I care not, I haue giuen no cauſe.*
 Caligula had ſuch an enuious heart,
 As he repin'd at all mens happineſſe.
 Th'Athenians ſo enuied *Themistocles*,
 As they made verſes in reproch of him.
Pompey and *Cæſars* ennie to each other,
 Can ſcant be matcht in any hiſtories.
Plutarch ſaith, ennie is damn'd forcerie,
 And therefore wiſht it generally abhorr'd.

Thucydides graunts, wise men may be enuied,
Only to make their vertues shine the more.



*Lust, is the minds disturber, purses foe:
The conscience wronger, and first step to woe.*

LVt oft is fill'd, but neuer satisfied.
Lasciuious lust the fences doth deceiue.
Where lust gets footing, shame doth soon ensue.
*Lust like a lanthorne sheweth through it selfe,
The poysoned venime hid within it selfe.*
Lust puts the most vnlawfull things in vre.
The Leachers tongue, is neuer void of guile.
Lust liues by spoile, like theeues that rob true men.
*Lust makes obliuion, beateth reason backe:
Forgetteth shames pure blush, and honours wracke.*
The flames of lust doe from loues fewell rise.
The filth of lust, vncleanneffe wallowes in.
Lust gads abroad, desire doth feldome sleepe.
*Most sweet it is, swift fame to ouer-goe:
But vile, to liue in lusts blacke ouerthrow.*

Where

Of Lust.

I 2 I

Where lust is law, it booteth not to plead.
Lust lacks no wings, when loue is fled away.
Blind is bafe lust, false colours to descric.

Lustes Owle-sight eyes are dazeled with the light,

Yet see too clearely in the darkeſt night.

Loue surfets not, lust like a glutton dies.

Loue is all truth, lust full of perjur'd lyes.

Lusts winter comes ere sommer halfe is done.

While lust is in his pride, no exclamation

Can curbe his heat, or reine his raſh deſire.

Lust being Lord, there is no trust in kings.

Leud lust is endlesse, pleasure hath no bounds.

As come o're-growes by weeds, so scare by lust.

All faire humanitie abhorres the deed,

That ſtaines with luſt loues modeſt ſnow-white weede.

Teares harden lust, though marble weare with drops.

Faire loue, foule lust, are deadly enemies.

Lust blowes the fire when temperance is thawed.

Faire day diſcouers luſtes obſcureſt wayes,

And ſheweth ech thing as it is indeed.

The loue of lust is losse vnto our health.

Lust led with enuie, dreads no deadly sinne.

Sower is the ease that from lusts root doth spring.

Inchaſtitie is euer prostitute,

Whoſe tree we loath, when we haue pluckt the fruit.

It is great vertue to abstaine from lust.

Who followes lust, can neuer come to loue.

Lust alwaies seekes the ruine of chaste loue.

Better ſeueritie that's right and iuſt,

Than impotent affections led with iuſt.

Greatnesse doth make it great incontinence.

No bondage like the slauish life to lust.

Lust is a pleasure bought with after paine.

The gate that opens to iniquitie,

Is vn-

Is unrestrained lust and libertie.

Lust by continuance growes to impudence,
Shame and disgrace attend vnbridled lust.
Adulterie is iniurie to nature.

Where wicked lust doth dwell in foule excessse,

That is no house but for damn'd beastlines.

Adult'rie is vnlawfull matrimonie.

Adult'rie is despis'd among bruit beasts.

Concupiscence doth violence the foule.

Loue comforteth like Sun-shine after raine,

But lusts effect is tempest after Sunne.

No beastlines like base concupiscense.

Lust is the path-way to perdition.

Concupiscense leads on the way to death.

Poore sillie flyes may teach great men be iust,

And not to yeeld them-selues a prey to lust.

Lust is in age most loathsome, vile in youth.

Lust makes vs couet things beyond our power.

Lust cuts off life before the dated time.

Lust neuer taketh ioy in what is due,

But still leaues knowne delights to seeke out new.

A man long plung'd in lust, is hardly purg'd.

Slothfulnesse is the nourisher of lust.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS fire consumeth wood into it selfe,
So lust drawes men into her deepest sinnes,
As Sulphur being hot, is quickly fier'd,
So lust vnbridled easly is prouokt,
As wanton thoughts are full of wanton speech,
So leud conceits are fild with loofe desires.
As greedie minds encroch on others right,
So lust makes no respect of leud delight.

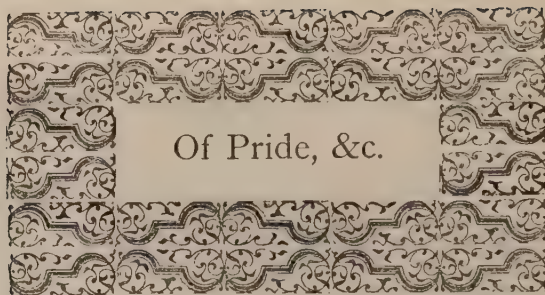
As

As leprosie the members doth corrupt,
So luxurie enuenometh the foule.
As rauenous birds make no respect of prey,
So all are apt that come in lusts foule way.

Examples likewise on the same.

C*leopatra* had her brothers companie,
Wronging thereby her husband & her selfe.
Thalestris trauail'd fūe and twentie dayes,
To lye one night with mightie *Alexander*.
Claudius of his owne sisters made no spare.
Semiramis in lust desir'd her sonne.
Nero slew *Atticus* the Romane Confull,
That he might haue acceffe vnto his wife.
Aristotle faith, that lust mens bodies chaunge,
And likewise breedeth madnesse in their foules.
Hippocrates call'd lust the foule disease,
Than which could be no worfe infection.

Of



Of Pride, &c.

*Pride, is a puffed up mind, a swollen desire,
That by vaine-glory seeketh to aspire.*

PRide, is the chiefe disgrace beautie can haue.
Pride drawes on vengeance, vengeance hath no meane.
Weake weapons doe the greatest pride abate.
*When pride but pointeth once vnto his fall,
He beares a sword to slay him-selfe withall.*

Vaine-glorie neuer temperance doth retaine.

Vaine-glorie fondly gazeth on the skies.

Pride gapes aloft, and scorneth humble lookes.

Pride is contemned, scorn'd, disdain'd, derided:

While humbleness of all things is provided.

Proud will is deafe, and heares no heedfull friends.

The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace.

Suppress the proud, helpe to support the meeke.

Vaine-glories vice, like to the mistie night,

Doth blemish oft our vertues shining bright.

Small Gnats enforc'd proud Pharaoh soone to stoope.

Very vnshurely stands the foot of pride.

Vaine-glorious men desire to please their eies.

Such

*Such is the nature still of haughtie pride,
Than others praise, can nothing worse abide.*
In-fight illustrates, outward brauerie blinds.
Shame followes pride, as doth the bodies shade.
Wit oft-times wrackes, by selfe-conceit of pride.
*Though pride leads on, yet shame doth wait behind,
And shame for pride by iustice is assign'd.*
Beautie breeds pride, pride bringeth forth difdaine.
Vertue is plac'd, where pride may not presume.
The plague of pride presumption did begin.
*Nothing there is that heauen can worse abide,
Amongst mens deeds, than arrogance and pride.*
Trust not to choise of proud confederates.
High-built castles ouer-looke low lands.
Enuie is auncient't sinne, but pride is greatest.
*Proud thoughts, that greatest matters take in hand,
Falls soonest, where they safest thinke to stand.*
Sorrow ne're followes him that flies from pride.
Where least desert is, alwaies pride is most.
Prides lowest step is blood, Enuie the highest.
*Pride bathes in teares of poore submission,
And makes his soule the purple he puts on.*
A proud mans glory, soone begets defame.
A rich man hardly can be free from pride.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS vapours in ascending soone are lost,
So prides presuming but confounds it selfe.
As great fires hazard simple cottages,
So pride in poore men is most perillous.
As winds blow sternely being neere to cease,
So pride is loftiest, neere destruction.
As Cedar trees vnfruitfull are and stiffe,
So proud men helpe not any, nor themselues.

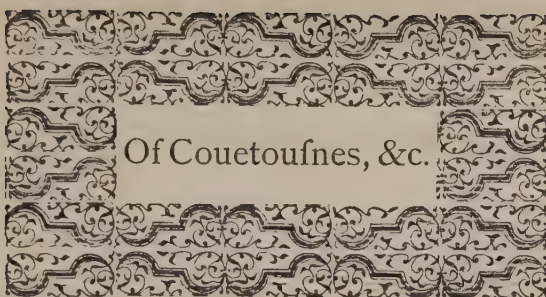
As

As pride is the beginner of all vice,
 So the destruction is it of all vertue.
 As still the dropfie couets after drinke,
 So pride is neuer pleafed but with pride.

Examples likewise on the same.

F*Abius* the Senatour, o're-come with pride,
 Swallowed a haire in milke, and thereof dyed.
Poppeia that was *Neroes* concubine,
 Had with the purest gold her horses shod.
Chares for hurting *Cyrus* in the knee,
 Became so proud, that forth-with he ran mad.
 The Emperour *Dioclesian* in his pride,
 Would needs be call'd the brother to the Sunne.
 Saith *Aristotle*, Men ouercome with pride,
 Their betters nor their equals can abide.
Quintilian would haue men of greatest gifts,
 Rather be humble, than fwolne vp with pride.

Of



Of Couetousnes, &c.

*Couetousnes is onely root of ill,
That kingdome, conscience, soule and all doth spill.*

THey that most couet, oftentimes loose more.
Gaine commeth in, while as the miser sleeps.
*Couetous wretches doe such griefes sustaine,
That they prooue bankrupts in their greatest gaine.*

Vaine is it, all to haue and nothing vse.

Intemperance thralles men to couetife.

Treasure is most abus'd, being hoorded vp,

When being employed, it turneth two for one.

It's vaine to couet more than we need vse.

He that encrocheth much, is alwaies needie.

Rich robes, other both and themselues adorne,

But nor themselues nor others, if not worne.

Great is the scope that greedie will desires.

Gaines got with infamie, is greatest losse.

Lesse sinnes the poore man, that doth starue him-selfe,

Than he that slayes his soule by hoording pelfe.

Desire to haue, doth make vs much endure.

Auarice is good to none, worfe to himselfe,

Who

*Who would not wish his treasure safe from theeues,
 And rid his heart of pangs, his eyes from teares?*
 The man that couets much, he wanteth much.
 The gaine of gold makes many loofe their foules.
*Learnings decay, is thankelesse auarice:
 Not rendring vertue her deseruing price.*
 All vices haue their taste from auarice,
 The couetous mans excuse, is childrens care.
*Who hugs th'idolatrous desire of gold,
 To scorne and ruine hath his freedome sold.*
 The deuils mouth is tearm'd a misers purse.
 Mens faults, by couetousnes the world discernes.
*The greedie wretch that for him-selfe still spares,
 Doth hoord vp nothing but continuall cares.*
 A couetous eye doth feldome find content.
 Desire of gaine, at no time hath enough.
*A niggard feldome wanteth this slye shift,
 To call his curf'd auarice, good thrift.*
 The couetous minded man is alwayes poore,
 Couetousnes runnes round about the world.
*Couetousnes deserueth speciall hate
 In Iudges, or in rulers of a state.*
 Auarice diseafe, nothing can cure but death.
 To flie from auarice, is a kingdomes gaine.
*So greedie minds may but augment their wealth,
 They not respect how much they harme their health.*
 How hard from couetousnes can men refraine?
 Gold, that makes all men false, is true it selfe.
*Treasures fast bard vp by a couetous mind,
 As prodigall expenders after find.*
 The more we spare, the more we hope to gaine.
 To haue gold, and to haue it safe, is all.
*In old men, couetousnesse is monstrous,
 Because they are so neare their iournies end.*

Auarice

Auarice (like the dropie) still seekes more.
The gulfe of greedinesse will ne're be fild.

The couetous churle, whose care great heapes attaines:

Hath for his end affliction, grieve his gaine.

Auarice is the chiefeft hooke of death.

The misers mind is neuer satisfied.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS fire, the more it hath, the fiercer burnes,
So couetous minds doe alwaies craue for more.

As Bees doe flocke vnto a hony dew,

So couetous men still haunt the sence of gaine.

As greatest fish deuoure the smaller frie,

So couetous wretches feed vpon the poore.

As gluttons from them-selues can nothing spare,

So misers will let nothing passe their purse.

As without waues we neuer see the sea,

So couetous men are neuer free from cares.

As clouds doe sometime hide the Sunnes cleare light,

So couetousnes depriues the light of grace.

Examples likewise on the same.

HERMOCRATES lying at the point of death,
Bequeath'd his goods to no one but him-selfe.

EUCLIO hid his treasure in his house,

And durst not goe abroad for feare of robbing.

CALIGULA became so couetous,

That he would spare no meanes to compasse coine.

DEMONICA for gold sold Ephesus,

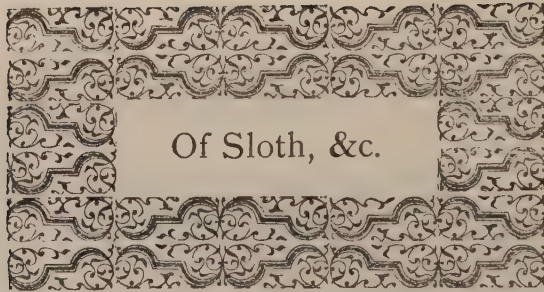
And after dyed vnder the weight thereof.

SOCRATES seeing one ignorant, yet rich,

Said: He was nothing but a golden slaue.

DIAGENES would say to couetous men,

That he had rather be their sheepe, than sonne.



*Sloth is to Vertue, chiefeſt enemye:
And Idlenes, the guide to euery ill.*

Sloth dulls the wit, and doth corrupt our ſtrength.
Sloth both corrupts, and chokes the vitall powers.
Idlenes is a death in life eſteem'd.

Long ſlumbers are for idle perſons meet.

The idle luſke, that no way is enclin'd,

Walkes as one dead among the liuing kind.

Eaſe is the moſt of diſſention.

Who growes too negligent, too ſoone repents.

Humours, by much exceſſe of eaſe are bred.

All idle workes, are but the workes of lyes.

All idle houres are Calenders of ruth,

And time ill ſpent is preiudice to youth.

Idleneſſe cauſeth error and ignorance.

Through idlenes, kingdoms haue ben deſtroi'd.

Idlenes is the root of deſperation.

The idle mind is apt to all vnclenneſſe.

In height of weale who hath a ſlothfull heart,

Repents too late his ouer-fooliſh part.

Sloth

Of Sloth and Idlenesse.

131

Sloth blunts conceit, but studie sharpens it.
Prosperitie alwaies ingendreth sloth.
The slothfull man in his owne want doth sleepe.
Sloth hinders thrift, and much displea'eth God.

*Loue is a prodigie to loytring wits,
A hell of life, a trap for idle toies.*

The idle heart is mooued with no prayers.
In doing nothing, men learne to doe ill.
Sloth is a feare of labour to ensue.
The Bees abide no idle Drones among them.

*Vsurie is the nource of idlenes:
And idlenes the mother of all euill.*

The wise mans idlenes, is daily labour.
A noble nature, sloth doth soone corrupt.
Idlenes is the canker of the mind.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS mothes eat garments that are feldome worne,
So idlenes infecteth loytring wits.
As too much bending breakes the strongest bow,
So too much sloth corrupts the chafest mind.
As mosse growes on those stones which are not stirr'd,
So sloth defiles the foule, not well employed.
As standing waters venomous wormes ingender,
So idle braines beget vnholie thoughts.
As pooles freeze sooner than the running streames,
So idle men speed worse than those that worke.
As fitters sooner sleepe than they that walke,
So sinne tempts sooner sloth, than diligence.

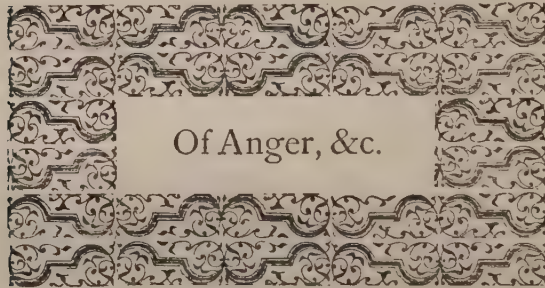
Examples likewise on the same.

SCipio did banish from his campe, all such
As could be toucht with sloth or idlenes.

K 2

The

The wife men thus did answere *Alexander*,
 If he were idle, long he could not liue.
 Because the *Sabies* did abound in wealth,
 They gaue them-selues to nought but idlenes.
Metellus being arriu'd in Africa,
 Dismiss all meanes might offer idlenes.
Tully faith, Men were borne to doe good workes,
 As a preferuatiue gainst idlenes.
Pythagoras gaue all his schollers charge,
 At no time to admit an idle thought.



*Anger is entrance to vnseemely wrath,
 Prouoking Furie, Rage, and Violence.*

A Ngers rafh fire conceal'd, enkindles more.
 Anger must be no reason of diuorce.
 Anger doth still his owne mishaps encrease.
Thunder affrighteth infants in the schooles:
And angry threats are conquests meet for fooles.
 What reason vrgeth, rage doth still denie.
 Vntamed rage doth all aduise reiect.

Rage

Rage is like fire, and naturally ascends.
Hot hastie wrath, and heedlesse hazardie,
Breeds late repentance, and long infamie.
 Full many mischiefs follow hastie wrath
 Happie who can abstaine when anger swelles.
 Words haue great power t'appease enflamed rage.
Furie and frenzies are fit companie,
To helpe to blaze a wofull tragedie.
 Mightie mens anger is more fear'd than death.
 Misshapen stuffe is meet for rude demeanour.
 Violent fires doe soone burne out them-selues.
Oft times we see, men troubled with annoy
Doe laugh for anger, and yet weepe for ioy.
 Small showers last long, but angry stormes are short.
 Oft outward rage doth inward griefes encrease.
 The wrathfull man is feldome free from woe.
The broken tops of lostie trees declare,
The furie of a mercie-wanting storme.
 Men will not spend their furie on a child.
 Young slippes are neuer graft in windie dayes.
 Loue being resisted, growes impatient.
Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will make it ouer-flow the banke.
 Calmes feldome hold, without ensuing stormes.
 Choller vnto digestion is a friend.
 He that loues ease, offends no angrie man.
If once the fire be to the powder got,
It's then too late to seeke to stie the shot.
 Heat added vnto heat, augmenteth it.
 There is no rest, where rage runnes all on head.
 The waters swell before a boistrous storme.
In windie dayes we hold our garments fast,
But glaring Sun-shine makes vs put them off.
 Tydes being restrain'd, o're-swell their bounds with rage.

The depth is hid by troubling of the flood.
Great mists arise before the greatest raine.

If rage spare not the walles of pietie,

How shall the profane piles of sinne keepe strong?

The raine doth cease, before the floods doe rise.

All stormes are calmed by a gentle starre.

Pale angrie death a greedie longing stops.

When discontented sectes and schismes arise,

They feed the simple, and offend the wise.

The edge of reprehension, is sharpe words.

Reprooue with loue, not anger, others faults.

Cold breath doth not coole fire, but makes more hot.

What is with furie and sterne rage begun,

Doth challenge shame before it be halfe done.

Fond disagreement is loues ouerthrow.

Loue should preuaile, iust anger to aſwage.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS hate is oft conceiu'd vpon no cauſe,
So anger on ſmall matters doth enſue.
As he that loueth quiet, ſleeps ſecure,
So he that yeelds to wrath, much harmes him-ſelfe.
As wrathfull anger is a grieuous fault,
So ſufferance is great commendation.
As winter commonly is full of ſtormes,
So angrie minds haue ſtill impatient thoughts.
As luke-warme water inward heats aſwage,
So gentle language calmeth angers rage.
As tumours riſe by blowes vpon the fleſh,
So anger ſwelles by buffetting the mind.

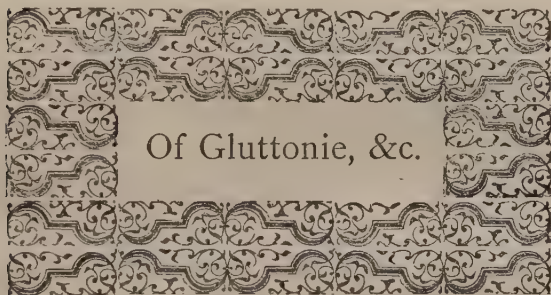
Examples likewise on the ſame.

Great *Alexander*, in his angrie mood
Kild *Clytus*, his old counſellour and friend.

Dionysius

Of Gluttonie, Drunkenesse, &c. 135

Dionysius being ouer-come with rage,
Stabd to the heart his innocent poore Page.
Periander, angry and misse-gouerned,
His deare wife most vnkindly murdered.
Architas, though his bond-man did amisse,
Yet in his anger he refus'd to smite him.
Euripides, held nothing in a man
Of more defect, than sterne impatience.
The elder *Cato* counfail'd angrie men,
To banish rage, if they desir'd long life.



Of Gluttonie, &c.

*Gluttonie, drunkenesse, and leud excesse,
Is the high-way to woe and wretchednesse.*

W Ho daily taste neat wine, do water loath.
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood.
Aduantage feeds him fat, while men delay.
*In Italie, the fat, faire, slicke and full,
Are better lik'd than leane, lanke, spare and dull.*
Staru'd men best geffe the sweetnesse of a feast.
Worldlings (like Antes) eat vp the gaines of men.

136 *Of Gluttonie, Drunkenesse, &c.*

Things vndigested, neuer turne to blood.

Steele is the glasse of beautie for our sight,

But wine is tearm'd, the mirrour of the mind.

A beastly shape with brutish foule agrees.

Set-banquets made by Courtiers, want no cates.

It's good in health to counsell with a Leach.

It's good abstaining from superfluous feasts:

Where too much feeding maketh men bruit beasts.

Wine burnes vp beautie, and prouokes on age.

No secrecie abides, where liues excesse.

Excesse is nothing else, but wilfull madnesse.

He that delights in pampering vp himselfe,

Is chiefeft seeker of his bodies shame.

Chastities daunger waits on drunkenesse.

Wine is the earths blood, and th'abusers blame.

A double fire in man, is wine and youth.

Gluttonie dryes the bones, more thereby die

Than in a kingdome perish by the sword.

Surfet hath sicknesse to attend on him.

Gluttonie causeth many maladies.

Excesse is that which foone dispatcheth life.

Rich men may feed their bellies when they please,

But poore mens dinners stay till they haue meat.

Much feeding causeth much infirmitie.

The belly alwaies is a thanklesse beast.

Drunkenesse is a many-headed monster.

Moderate diet is a wise mans badge,

But surfetting, the glory of a foole.

Women and wine haue made the wise to dote.

Too much of any thing conuerts to vice.

Ameane in all things is most commendable.

Similies

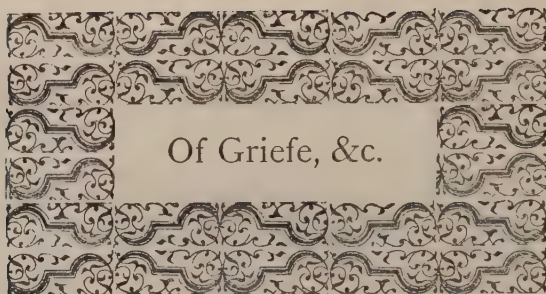
Similies on the same subiect.

AS corporall fasting quickens vp the foule,
So too much feeding doth depresse it downe.
As fable clouds obscure the filuer Moone,
So gluttonie dimmes glorie of the mind.
As birds with weightie bodies hardly flie,
So men o're-come with drinke, scant rightly goe.
As too much wet doth cause a moorish ground,
So too much drinke doth make a muddie mind.
As ships of lightest burden lightliest faile,
So minds of quickest motion are most apt.
As drowfie fouldiours are vnfit for fight,
So drunken humours are not meet for men.

Examples likewise on the same.

THE Tyrant *Dionysius*, by much drinke,
Lost vtterly the benefit of sight.
Aruntius in his beastly drunkennes,
With his owne daughter incest did commit.
Ptolomie slew his father and his mother,
Through wine and women, dying like a beast.
Geta the Emperour three dayes feasting fate,
Seru'd by the order of the Alphabet.
Men giuen to belly-seruice, *Plato* faith,
Deferue no better name, than brutish beasts.
Excesse (saith *Tullie*) is a testimonie
Of foules incontinence, and base desires.

Of



*Griefe, Sorrow, Woe, and sighing care,
Endaunger health, and often vrge despaire.*

G Riefe doth await on life, though neuer fought.
Griefe being disclos'd, the fooner is recur'd.
Ech griefe best iudgeth of his contrarie.
*Extreame and hard with sorrow doth it goe,
Where woe becomes a comforter to woe.*

Sorrow doth dimme the iudgement of the wit.
Great griefes more easly can be thought than told.
There is no griefe, but time doth make it lesse.
*Sighes of them-selues, are ouer-silent much,
And farre too short to make our sorrowes knowne.*

Griefe, to it selfe most dreadfull doth appeare.
Neuer was sorrow quite deuoid of feare.
Sorrow best fitteth with a cloudie cell.

*Still we behold some griefe our blisse besets,
Yet often-times that griefe, some good begets.*
Sorrow discloseth what it most doth grieue.
The deapth of griefe with words is founded leaft.
No plaister helps before the griefe be knowne.

V Words

*Words are but shadowes of a further smart,
But inward griefe doth truly touch the heart.*
Sower is the sweet that forrow doth maintaine.
A heauie heart, with sorrowes pipe must daunce.
Sorrow her selfe, is in her selfe confounded.
*Where sorrow serues for food, where drinke is teares,
There pleasure sighes amidst confused feares.*
Sighes often fue, but feldome times find grace.
We may conclude our words, but not our woes.
Great griefes are mute, when mirth can chearely speake.
*What bootes it plaine that cannot be redrest,
Or sow vaine sorrowes in a fruitlesse eare?*
Nothing auaieth griefe, when fates denie.
Cares, close conceal'd, doe aggrauate the paine.
It's ease to tell the cares that inly touch.
*Men torne with tempests, safe arriv'd at last,
May sit and sing, and tell of sorrowes past.*
Well fitteth moane the mind, neer kill'd with care.
A double griefe afflicts concealing hearts.
One louing hower quits many yeares of griefe.
*When thou dost feele thy conscience rent with griefe,
Thy selfe pursuest thy selfe, both robd, and thiefe.*
All earthly fights can nought but forrow breed.
Woe waxeth old, by being still renew'd.
Woe neuer wants, where euery cause is caught.
*When sorrow once is seated in our eyes,
What-e're we see, encreaseth miseries.*
Men change the aire, but feldome change their cares.
Griefes are long liu'd, and sorrowes feldome die.
Griefe need no feigned action to be taught.
Know how to weepe when mightie griefes constrain,
Else teares and sighes are meereely spent in vaine.
Sorrow growes sencelesse, when too much she bears.
We need not cherish griefes, too fast they grow.

Woe

Woe be to him that dyes of his owne woe.

*To meane estate, but common woes are knowne,
But crownes haue cares that euer be vknowne.*

Sorrow doth make the shortest time seeme long.

One griefe conceal'd, more grievous is than ten.

From strongest woe we hardly language wrest.

*Oft times it haps, that sorrowes of the mind
Find helpe vsought, that seeking cannot find.*

Huge horrors, in high tydes of griefes are drown'd.

Woe past may once laugh present woe to scorne.

Griefe carueth deepest, comming from the heart.

*Enough of griefe it is to pensue minds,
To feele their faults, and not be further vext.*

Care makes men passionate, and sorrow dumbe.

High floods of ioy, oft falls by ebbes of griefe.

No note is sweet, where griefe beares all the ground.

*It's euer pleasing for a man to heare,
Those griefes discourst, that once were hard to beare.*

Some often sing that haue more cause to sigh.

Griefe neuer parts from a care-filled breast.

Free vent of griefe doth ease the ouer-flow.

*Vnhappie man, the subiect of misfortune,
Whose very birth doth following woe importune.*

Mens dayes of woe are long, but short of ioy.

Our time may passe, but cares will neuer die.

Oft greatest cares, the greatest comforts kill.

*Men die, and humane kind doth passe away,
But griefe (that makes them die) doth euer stay.*

Ioy still ascends, but sorrow sings below,

Men may lament, but neuer difanull,

Sorrow still feazeth on a grieved heart.

*Things of small moment we can scarsely hold,
But griefes that touch the heart, are hardly told.*

They easily grieue, that cannot choofe but moane.

Sorrow

Sorrow concludes not when it seemeth done,
 Conceit deriues from some fore-father griefe.
Conceiu'd griefe reboundeth where it falls:
Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight.
 Things past redresse should be as free from care.
 It is no losse to be exempt from care.
 Against a chaunge, woe is o're-run with woe.
Woe with the heavier weight doth alwaies sit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne.
 The deepest cares cure not the smallest griefe.
 Sorrow is mortall enemy to health.
 Griefe wanteth words to vtter what it would.
Fell gnarling sorrow hath least power to bite
The man that mockes it, and doth set it light.
 No need to hasten care, it comes too soone.
 Griefes best redresse, is the best sufferance.
 Griefe finds some ease by him that beareth like.
Sharpe sorrowes tooth doth neuer ranckle more,
That when he bites, and launceth not the sore.
 The hearts deepe sorrow hates both light and life.
 Mirth may not sojourn with blacke male content.
 What helpeth care, when cure is past and gone?
Ech substance of a griefe hath twentie shades,
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, yet is not so.
 It is some ease our sorrowes to reueale.
 Sorrow doth euer long to heare the worst.
 Long are their nights whose cares doe neuer sleepe.
The eyes of sorrow glaz'd with blinding teares,
Deuides one thing entire to many objects.
 No farre remooue can make sterne sorrow lesse,
 Care-charming sleepe, is sonne of fable night.
 Idly we grieve, when fruitlesly we grieve.
Their legges can keepe no measure in delight,
Whose heart doe hold no measure in their griefe.

They

They that report griefe, feele it for the time.
 Sad foules are slaine in merrie companie.
 Griefe is best pleas'd with griefes societie.

In wooing sorrow, it is best be brieft,

When wedding it, there is such length in griefe.

Great griefe grieues most at that would do it good.

Griefe dallied with, nor law nor limit knowes.

A wofull hostesse brookes no merrie guefts.

Ech thinks him-selfe to fetch the deepest grone,

Because he feelles no sorrow but his owne.

Distresse likes dumps, when time is kept with teares.

Woe is most tedious when her words are brieft.

Though woe be heauie, yet it feldome sleepest.

Kind fellowship in woe, doth woe asswage,

As Palmers chat makes short their pilgrimage.

Loue ne're so loyall, is not free from care.

Weepe ne're so long, yet griefe must haue an end.

Of forrow, comes but fancies and fond dreames.

True sorrow then is feelingly suffis'd,

When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

Sad hearts with weeping liue vpon their teares.

Sad sighes fet downe the hearts most feeling woes.

Affurance alway putteth griefe to flight.

Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle floud,

Which being flopt, the bounding bankes o're-floues.

Accustom'd forrow, is meere crueltie.

Sorrow is very doubtfull in beleefe.

Silence, is sorrowes chiefeft Oratour.

To see sad sights, mooues more than heare them told,

For then the eye interprets to the eare.

Societie makes passions still lesse strong,

All fence must die where griefe too much abounds.

All care is bootlesse in a carelesse case.

Sorrow is like a heauie hanging bell,

Which

Which set on ringing, with his owne weight goes.

Sorrow best speakes by signes of heauie eyes.

On greatest charge, the greatest care attends.

Dombe is the message of a hidden griefe.

Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing houres:

Makes the night morning, and the noon-tyde night.

Our inward cares are most pent in with griefe.

Sad cares, mens eyes doth alwayes open keepe.

Short walkes seeme long when sorrow metes the way.

Sorrow hath onely this poore bare reliefe,

To be bemoand of such as wofull are.

Wounds helpe not wounds, nor griefe ease grieuous deeds.

Excesse of sorrow lifteth no reliefe.

Passions encreasing, multiply complaints.

To moane ones care, yet cannot helpe his thrall,

It kills his heart, but comforts not at all.

No griefe like to the bondage of the mind.

No outward vtterance can commaund conceit.

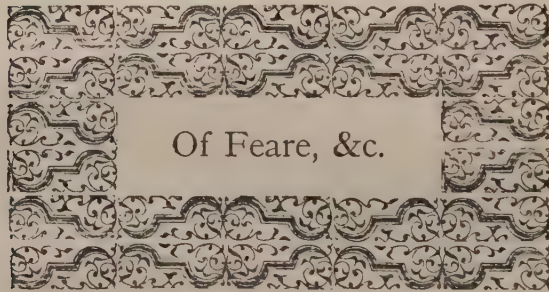
Similies on the same subiect.

AS fire supprest, is much more forcible,
 So griefes conceal'd, vrge greater passions.
 As streames restrain'd, breake through or ouer-flow,
 So sorrow smother'd, growes to greater woe.
 As tendrest wood is most annoyed of wormes,
 So feeblest minds doth sorrow most afflict.
 As clouds doe rob vs of faire heauens beautie,
 So care bereaues vs of our speeches libertie.
 As the sweet rose doth grow among the bryars,
 So oft in sorrowes some content is found.
 As discrete Pylots doe for stormes prepare,
 So in our ioy let vs prouide for care.

Exam-

Examples likewise on the same.

C*oriolanus*, finding his offence
 For warring gainst his country, dyde with griefe.
Torquatus, banisht from his fathers house,
 For griefe thereof did rashly slay him selfe.
 The Romane matrons for a whole yeares space,
 Sighed and forrowed for *Brutus* death.
Lepidus grieuing long his wiues abuse,
 Shortned his owne dayes with conceit of griefe.
 The Pythagorians alwaies had this poesie :
The heart ought not be eaten with sad griefe.
Cicero thought, the minds chiefe enemies,
 Were melancholly griefes, and peniues.



*Feare is defect of manly fortitude,
 Continually by dread and doubt persude.*

A Hell-tormenting feare, no faith can mooue.
 Safetie (most safe) when she is fenc'd with feare.

Better

Better first feare, than after still to feare.
 Daunger deuileth shifts, wit waits on feare.
Abhorre sinne past, preuent what is to come,
These two are things feare not the day of doome.
 The bait in fight, the hooke much lesse is fear'd.
 Who euer feares, is better neuer feare.
 To loue for feare, is secretly to hate.
 Feare is companion of a guiltie mind.
Faint feare and doubt still taketh their delight
In perile, which exceed all perill might.
 Fidelitie doth flye where feare is hatcht.
 Feares vrge despair, ruth breeds a hopelesse rage.
 By needlesse feare, none euer vantage got.
 The benefit of feare, is to be wise.
Who would not die, to kill all murdering griefes?
Or who would liue in neuer-dying feares?
 Feare giueth wings, and need doth courage teach.
 Fond is the feare that finds no remedie.
 The dread of dying, payes death seruile breath.
 Who liues content, need feare no frowning fate.
To feare the foe, when feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in our weaknesse, strengthening to the foe.
 Feare finds out shifts, timiditie is subtile.
 No greater hell than be a slaue to feare.
 Birds feare no bushes that were neuer lim'd.
 The guilt being great, the feare doth more exceed.
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight:
And fight and dye, is death destroying death.
 Loue thrives not in the heart that shadowes feare.
 Against loues fire, feares frost can haue no power.
 The Lyons roaring, lesser beasts doe feare.
 Doubt takes fure footing oft in slipperie wayes.
Huge rockes, high windes, strong pyrats, sheldes and sands,
The merchant feares, ere rich at home he lands.

L

Delay

Delay breeds doubt, and doubt brings on difmay,
 A fearefull thing to tumble from a crowne.
 Giue no beginning to a doubtfull end.
 It's fearefull sleeping in a ferpents bed.

Extreamest feare can neither fight nor flye,

But coward-like, with trembling terrour die.

Our owne examples makes vs feare the more.
 Feare that is wifer than the truth, doth ill.
 Greatnesse that standeth high, stands still in feare.
 Feare casts too deepe, and euer is too wife.

Who feares a sentence, or an old mans saw,

May by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

The doubtfull can no vsuall plots endure.
 A moderate feare fore-casts the worst of ill.
 It's vaine to feare the thing we cannot shun.
 Better to feare thy choice, than rue thy chaunce.

He rightly may be tearm'd a valiant man,

Whome honest death doth not affright with feare.

Distracted terrour knowes not what is best.
 No feare of death should force vs to doe ill.
 Dread of vnknowne things breeds a greater dread.
 Feare not the things must come, bethinke faults past.

In vaine with terrour is he fortifide,

That is not guarded with firme loue beside.

The loue vnseene, is neuer knowne to feare.
 A feruile feare, doth make a drooping mind.
 Least we presume, we must goe backe with feare.
 Delay doth much torment a doubtfull mind.

It much offendeth to be old with feares,

When youth saith, thereof thou want'st many yeeres.

Hardly we credit what imports our ill.
 Men feare not them whose feeble strength they know.
 Feare commonly doth breed and nourish hate.
 Small ease hath he that feared is of all.

Cold

*Cold doubt cauills with honour, scorneth fame,
And in the end, feare weiges downe faith with shame.*
 Diffention euer-more breeds greater doubt.
 We soone beleuee the case we would haue so.
 A fearefull looke bewrayes a guiltie heart.
 Death is farre sweeter than the feare of death.
*It's better much, to suffer that we feare,
Than still by feare, to liue in martyrdome.*
 Continuall grieve, is feare beyond all feare.
 Basenesse aduanced, purchaseth but feare.
 Who walke in feare, suspect the pathes they tread.
 Death being assur'd to come, deserues no feare.
*Whiles timorous knowledge stands considering,
Audacious ignorance performs the deed.*
 He that knowes most, the more he hath to doubt.
 Better mistrust too soone, than rue too late.
 We deeme things doubtfull, breed not contentation.
 Where men least feare, there harme they soonest find.
*Wicked men commonly are void of feare,
And therefore daunger alwaies with them beare.*
 Loue neuer was without both feare and teares.
 Feare lendeth wings for aged folke to flie.

Similies on the same subiect.

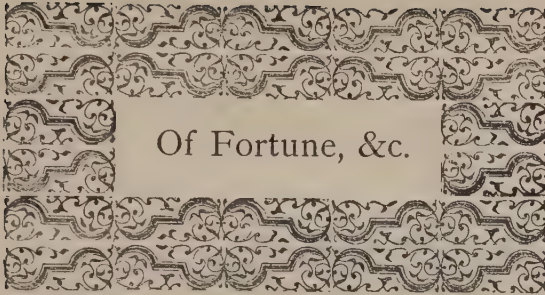
AS suddaine bleeding, argues ill ensuing,
 So suddaine ceasing is fell feares renewing.
 As leaking vessels cannot long endure,
 So fearefull minds haue slender permanence.
 As nettles haue no prickes, and yet doe sting,
 So feares haue little motion, yet oft kill.
 As salt ta'ne moderately doth rellish meat,
 So discreet feares doe often benefite.
 As in calamitie good friends auaille,
 So sound aduise aduantageth in feare.

As wrong fuspitions are but mens difgrace,
So needlefse feares declare but want of wit.

Examples likewise on the same.

*C*laudius being giuen to feare, his mother faid,
Nature begun, but had not finisht him.
Midas grew desperate by his fearefull dreames,
That to be rid of them, he flew him-felfe.
Aristodemus fear'd with howling dogges,
Tooke fuch conceit, that foone he ended life.
Nicias th'Athenian, through cowardly feare,
Loft many famous opportunities.
Tully faith, Much more euill is in feare,
Than in the thing that doth procure the feare.
Solon gaue instance to his country-men,
That shame did euermore attend on feare.

Of



*Fortune is nource of fooles, poyson of hope,
Fewell of vaine desires, deserts destruction.*

WHat fortune works, seemes not alwaies pretended.
Fortune not alwaies doth poure forth her bagges.
Fortune in tariance, to her selfe is straunge.

*Fortune her gifts in vaine to such doth giue,
Who when they liue, seeme as they did not liue.*

The end is it that maketh fortune good.

The sea of fortune doth not alwaies flow.

Hap commeth well although it come but late.

*When Fortune all her vtmost spight hath shewen,
Some blisse-full houres may ne're-thelesse appeare.*

Fortune's not alwaies good, nor alwaies ill.

Fortune doth some-times laugh as well as lower.

Misfortune follows him that tempteth fortune.

*How can mischaunce vnto that ship betide,
Where fortune is the pylot and the guide?*

Fortune oft hurts, when most she seemes to helpe.

Wisdome predominates both fate and fortune.

Oft where best chaunce begins, ill chaunce doth end.

150 *Of Fortune, Misfortune, &c.*

*Misfortune is attended by reproch:
 Good fortune, fame and vertue flellisfies.*
 Th'euent oft-times makes foule faults fortunate.
 What follie hurts not, fortune can repaire.
 Like clouds continually doth fortune chaunge.
*Where Fortune doth her bountie franke beflow,
 There heauen and earth must pay what she doth owe.*
 Mishaps are mastred by discreet aduise.
 The helpe-lesse hap, it booteth none to grieue.
 Misfortune waits aduantage to entrap.
*Misfortunes power can neuer foyle thy right,
 Doe thou but beare a mind in her despight.*
 Misfortune followes many ouer-fast.
 Where first mishap began, there will she end.
 A chaunce may win, what by mischance was lost.
*Where great mishaps our errours doth assault,
 There doe they easiest make vs see our fault.*
 Nimble mischaunce, is verie swift of foot.
 Silent mishap discloseth mourning grieue.
 Our friends misfortune doth encrease our owne.
*A mischiefe scene, may easily be preuented,
 But being hapt, not helpt, though still lamented.*
 In some things all, in nothing all are croft.
 On mischiefes maine, mishap full faile doth beare.
 The greatest losses feldome are restor'd.
*Nothing so much a mans mishap torments,
 As who to him his good state represents.*
 Harmes vnexpected, still doe hurt vs most.
 Vnlookt for things doe happen soon't of all.
 Power hath no priuiledge against mishap.
*Complaine not thy misfortune to thy foe,
 For he will triumph when he sees thy teares.*
 The highest state awarrants not mishaps.
 Vnfortunate are some men that be wife.

Happy

Happy he liues that tasteth no mischaunce.
*Oft times we see amidst the greatest cares,
Some ill successe doth slip in vnawares.*
No wit nor wealth preuailes against mischaunce.
If ill approach vs, onely that is ours.
Of greatest ill, a greater good may spring.
*The man that still amidst misfortunes stands,
Is sorrowes slaue, and bound in lasting bands.*
Neuer stayes tickle fortune in one state.
The basest meanes, oft highest fortune brings.
Well may he swimme, held vp by fortunes hand.
*The world is rightly tearmed full of rubs,
When all our fortunes runne against the byas,*
Fortune hurts not where she is held despis'd.
The fleece of fortune striues to haue the fell,
Who keepes his fortunes wifely needs no more.
*They fall, which trust to fortunes fickle wheele:
But stayd by vertue, men shall neuer reele.*
Time goes by turnes, and chances change by course.
A tragicke note best fits a tragicke chaunce.
By fortunes smiles ensues the greatest falls.
*He cannot iudge aright of fortunes power,
Nor taste the sweet that neuer tride the sower.*
Fortune may raise againe a downe-cast foe.
The cards once dealt, it boots not aske, why so?
Loue throwes them downe, whom fortune raised vp.
*Riches are nothing else but fortunes gifts,
And bring with them their owne confusion.*
Mariners found at first for feare of rockes.
Fortune assaults, but hurts no constant mind.
Physicall drugs helpe not finifter chaunce.
*It's seldome seene in any high estate,
Father and sonne like good, like fortunate.*
Fortunes fierce frownes, are oft times princes haps.

Fortunes being equall, are loues fauorites.

Where Fortune fauours much, she flatters more.

Nothing is ours that we by hap may loose:

What nearest seemes, is furthest off in woes.

Birth many times by fortune is abas'd.

Fortune in sleepers nets poures all her pride.

To painfull persons fortune is ingrate.

When Fortune doth most sweetly seeme to smile,

Then soone she frownes, she laughes but little while.

Few reape the sweete, that taste not of the fower.

Whome fortune scornes, the common people hate.

Trust not to Fortune when she seemes to smile,

For then she doth intend the greatest guile.

Fortune is tear'md a bog or dauncing mire.

Fortune, though fickle, sometime is a friend.

Fortune helps hardie men, but scorneth cowards.

Long-passed cares renew againe their course,

When fatall chaunce doth chaunge from bad to worse.

Fortune can take our goods, but not our vertues.

Fortune is first and last, that ruines states.

Fortune oft brings vs to misfortunes gate.

Desert awaits, while fortune makes prouision,

For fooles and dolts, and men of base condition.

While worthiest fall, fortune doth worth-lesse raise.

Fortune best shewes her-felfe in women kind.

Fortune doth glorie in her chaunging mood.

While grasse doth grow, the labouring Steed may starue,

For fortune seld each wishers turne doth serue.

On vertuous actions fortune hath no power.

Fortune can neuer hurt a steadfast mind.

Who farthest seemes, is to misfortune nighest.

Similies

Similies on the same subiect.

Even as the racket takes the balls rebound,
So doth good fortune catch ill fortunes prooffe.
As winds blow some men good, and other harme,
So fortune friending some, on others frownes.
As Archers alwayes cannot hit the white,
So no man may of fortune alwaies boast.
As glasses shew the figure of the face,
So doe our fortunes best disclose our minds.
As Hedge-hogs doe fore-see ensuing stormes,
So wise men are for fortune still prepar'd.
As haile hurts not the house, though makes a noise,
So haps may daunt, but not difmay the mind.

Examples likewise on the same.

*S*ylla for multitude of high good haps,
Would often say: That he was Fortunes child.
Cæsar said to the Pilot in a storme:
Feare not, thou cariest Cæsar and his fortune.
Augustus wished *Scipioes* valiancie,
And *Pompeys* loue, but Fortune like him-selſe.
Paulus Aemilius greatly feared Fortune,
Chiefly in those things which he held diuine.
To him whose hope on fortune doth depend,
Nothing can be assured, *Tully* saith.
Pindarus said, the Romanes did rely
Only on Fortune, as their patroneſſe.

Of



Of Fate, &c.

*Destinie, or the firme decree of Fate,
Is sure to happen, be it soone or late.*

NO priuledge can from the fates protect.
The fates farre off fore-seene, come gently neere.
*Men are but men in ignorance of fate,
To alter chaunce exceedeth humane state.*

Mens haps by heauen are fram'd preposterous.
That yeelds to fate, which will not stoope to force.
*We often find the course of fatall things,
Is best discern'd in states of realmes and kings.*

No one can turne the streame of destinie.
No man can shun what destinie ordaines.
*It lyes not in our power to loue or hate,
For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by fate.*

There's none by warning can auoid his fate.
Our haps doe chaunge, as chaunces on the dyce.
*In vaine we prize that at so high a rate,
Whose best assurance but depends on fate.*

What fate imposeth, we perforce must beare.
All mens estates alike vnsteadfast are.

Things

*Things which presage both good and bad there be,
Which fate fore-shewes, but will not let vs see.*
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers.
Fate cannot be preuented, though fore-knowne.
*VValles may a while hold out an enemye,
But neuer castle kept out destinie.*
Errours are neuer errours but by fate.
No prouidence preuenteth destinie.
*Those fates that one while plague poore men with crosses,
Another time provide to mend their losses.*
The fairest things are subiect still to fate.
No man is sure what finall fruits to reape.
*Men attribute their follies vnto fate,
And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.*
What happens me this day, may you the next.
He thriueth best that hath a blessed fate.
*Fatall is that ascent vnto a crowne,
From whence men come not, but are hurled downe.*
What fate intends, follie cannot fore-stall.
Whome fate casts downe, hardly againe recouers.
*The breach once made vpon a battered state,
Downe goes distresse, no shelter shrouds their fate.*
Force cannot winne, what fate doth contradict.
Men are but men, and may not know their lot.
*VVhen men doe wish for death, fates haue no force,
But they (when men would liue) haue no remorse.*
It fatall is to be seduc'd with shewes.
To alter course, may bring men more astray.

Similies on the same subiect.

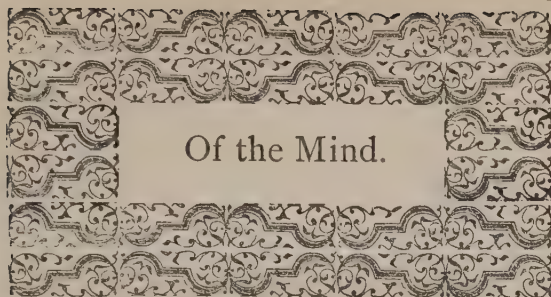
LIke as the day cannot preuent the night,
So vaine it is against the fates to fight.
As with the worst, fate spareth not the best,
So faults are easier lookt in, than redrest.

Euen as the starres and sands haue wondrous date,
 So are our liues subiect to nought but fate.
 As cities are o're-come by batterie,
 So all on earth must yeeld to destinie.
 As lookes of loue oft shadow inward hate,
 So times faire hope is shortned 'oone by fate.
 As flowers in morning fresh, oft fade ere night,
 So fate cuts off what goodliet feemes in fight.

Examples likewise on the same.

AS *Bibulus* in triumph rode through Rome,
 His fate was with a tyle-stone to be slaine.
Aurelius sister, *Lucia*, by her needle
 But prickt her breast, and dyde immediatly.
Cneius Rufferius, combing of his head,
 One of the teeth bereft him of his life.
Methridates, suppos'd mens destinies
 Consisted in the power of hearbs and stones.
Chilo of Lacedæmon did maintaine,
 That men might comprehend what was to come.
Plato affirmed, That a good mans fate
 Neuer to euill could be destinate.

Of



*The Mind is that bright eye, which guides the soule
And gouernes men in all their actions.*

THe mind is free, what euer man afflicts.
Libertie is the minds best liuing fame.
Hope of long life, is balefull to the mind.
*O're-many thoughts, maze-like the mind enclose
Confusedly, till order them dispose.*

Patience doth giue a troubled heart delight.
Patience is the true touch-stone of the mind.
The griefes of troubled minds, exceed beliefe.
*When roomes of charge are giuen to minds of praise,
Then maiestie doth shewe her brightest rayes.*
The gentle mind, by gentle deeds is knowne.
The noblest mind, the best contentment hath.
No deuilish thoughts difinay a constant mind.
*Fame, cherish of honour-breathing hearts,
Is valours friend, and nource of sacred Artes.*
By outward lookes, the mind is oft discern'd.
The mind discernes, where eyes could neuer see.
A yeelding mind doth argue cowardise.

The

The action and affection of the heart,
Two wayes whereby a christian playes his part.
 The vertuous mind beares patiently all wrongs.
 Ill may a sad mind forge a merrie face.
 The higheft lookes haue not the higheft minds.
The carelesse man with vnaduised mind,
Doth blindly follow euery puffe of wind.
 Free is the heart, the temple of the mind.
 Mens bodies may be ours, their minds their owne.
The mind of man doth many times behold,
That which fraile sight can neuer reach vnto.
 Great hearts will breake before they yeeld to bend.
 A priuat mind may yeeld, yet cares not how.
Mans mind a mirrour is of heauenly sights:
A brieft wherein all maruailles summed lye.
 No man can flay the mind resolu'd to die.
 Our seeming each man fees; God knowes the heart.
The mind a creature is, yet can create,
And adde to natures patternes higher skill.
 None hath enough for euery greedie mind.
 Mens minds oft times are tainted by their cares.
Bad mind, so much to mind anothers ill,
As to become vnmindfull of his owne.
 Men haue rude marble, women soft waxe minds.
 Theeues, cares, and troubled minds, are long awake.
There's none can tell the ease the mind doth gaine,
VVhen eyes can weepe, heart groane, or grieft complaine.
 The mind corrupted, takes the worser part.
 A gentle mind will alwaies iudge the best.
Oh what a balme is made to cheare the heart,
If pearle and gold and spices beare a part!
 Where minds are knit, what helps, if not enioyed?
 What the tongue dares not, oft the mind doth say.
The gentle mind doth plainly represent,

The

The glorious splendour of the firmament.

The mind stoopes to no dread, though flesh be fraile.

Little perswasion mooues a wicked mind.

It's pittie gold should funder vertuous minds.

He doth but pine among his delicates,

Whose troubled mind is fust with discontent.

The heart oft suffers for the eyes offence.

Much promifeth the mind, if fate as much.

Great is the will, but greater farre the mind.

In case of iarre, when as one man espies

Anothers mind like his, then ill breeds worse.

Hire of a hireling mind, is earned shame.

The guiltie mind hath neuer quiet life.

The bodies rest, is quiet of the mind.

Agriued minds seldome weigh the intent,

But alwaies iudge according to th'intent.

The mind well bent, is safe from any harme.

Cares cruell scourge doth greatly whip the mind.

No plague is greater than the grieve of mind.

The feeble mind through weaknesse coines new feares:

When stronger hearts their griefes more wisely beares.

Ignorance is the deadly night of mind.

Mens faces glister when their minds are blacke.

The face is held the Herald of the mind.

Whereas the mind is willing and addicte,

Examples are more forcible and strict.

The greatest minds doe aime at greatest things.

Pithie demaunds are whetstones to the mind.

The fairest face may haue the foulest mind.

All impious minds, though their fore-casts be great,

They cannot hide them from the greatest great.

The minds old habit hardly will be chaung'd.

Pure is the mind that neuer meant amisse.

Where mind consents not, faults deferue excuse.

When

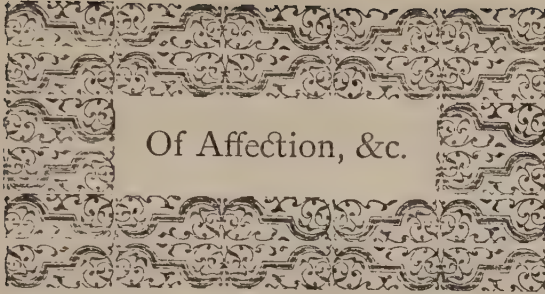
*When many tunes doe sweetly symphonize,
It conquers hearts, and kindly them compounds.*
Dombe plaints in feeling minds, make greateft noise.
The mind by wrong is made a male-content.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS Scales by poise are mounted vp and downe,
So too and fro conceits doe vrge the mind.
As tender trees bend euery way we please,
So gentle minds are easily ouer-rul'd.
As heauines fore-tels some harme at hand,
So minds difturb'd, preface enfuing ills.
As sickly bodies brooke not heat nor cold,
So crazed minds diflike of euery thing.
As working veffels are by vent kept found,
So troubled minds by conference find eafe.
As fennie grounds fend forth vnfaurie fents,
So bad minds blunder out diftemper'd thoughts.

Examples likewise on the same.

SCeuola in the greatneffe of his mind,
Entred *Porfennaes* Tent to murder him.
Queene *Tomiris* to shew her dauntleffe mind,
With *Cyrus* blood, reueng'd her deare fonnes death.
Zenobia told *Aurelian* in the field,
He was not able to fubdue her mind.
Lucius Dentatus, neuer matcht for mind,
Came eighteene times a conquerour from field.
Cicero faith, the goodneffe of the mind,
Is moft difcern'd in pardoning iniuries.
Socrates faid, His quietnes in mind
Was caufe he neuer fickned till his death.



Of Affection, &c.

*Affection, and sweet fancies secret fire,
Kindle the coales, that quicken vp desire.*

WHere we affect, we seldome find defect.
Of things vnknowne, we can haue no desire.
*Men oft affect them, that doe loue them least,
And least doe loue them whome they should like best.*
That one desires, another doth disdain.
Affection by the countenance is defcried.
*Full easily the fault may be redrest,
Where kind affection onely hath transgrest.*
Kindly affection, youth to liue with youth.
Truest affection doth no bounds retaine.
*Affection is a fierce, yet holy fire:
Free of him-selfe, and chain'd to strong desire.*
Desire, with small encouraging growes bold.
It's easie to desire, but hard to chuse.
*Affections speech, that easily can dissolue,
Doth moisten Flint, yet Steele in stiffe attire.*
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none.
In darkest nights, desire fees best of all.

M

Secret

*Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
 When like desires, with like affections meet.*
 Affections slaue regards no oathes nor lawes.
 Luke-warme desires best fit with crazed loue.
*Affection is a coale that must be coold:
 Else suffered, it will set the heart on fire.*
 Entire affection hateth nice coy hands.
 Affection will like fire, him-selſe betray.
*Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But then wooes best, when most his choise is froward.*
 The coales are quicke, where fancie blowes the fire.
 Desire can make a Doctor in a day.
*Where loue doth reigne, disturbing ieaousie
 Doth call him-selſe, affections Sentinell.*
 Fauour and grace, are teamed fancies fuell.
 An equall age doth equall like desires.
*Bad mens affections, turne to feare and hate:
 And hate, to daunger and deserued death.*
 That's hardly kept, which is desir'd of many.
 The most maid-seeming, is not without affection.
*That needs must issue to the full perfection,
 Hath grounded-being by the minds affection.*
 There's nothing can affections force controll.
 Drunken desire doth vomit his receipt.
*Affections garwde banner once displayed,
 The coward fights, and will not be dismayed.*
 Things much restrain'd, make vs the more desire them.
 In meanest shewe, the most affection dwells.
*Small drops doe oft-times quench a nightie fire,
 But hugeſt Seas not qualifie desire.*
 All qualifide affections loue doth hate.
 Beautie strikes fancie blind, vaine shewes deceiue.
*Sad perturbations that affections guide,
 Should not giue iudgement, till their cause be tride.*

Desire

Desire is life of loue, and death of feare.

Death is the finall end of all desires.

Nothing can quench an infinite desire,

Once kindled through the first conceiued fire.

Sad sighes doe shew the heat of hearts desire.

Desire controld, doth aggrauate desire.

Desire being fierce, is spring of sighes and teares.

Men once degenerate and growne deprest,

Are pleas'd to share affections with a beast.

Desire doth spring from that we wish and want.

Fancie is blind, deafe, and incredulous.

Fancie is watchfull, and doth seldome sleepe.

Fancie compeld, to Lute-strings is compar'd,

Which ouer-stretcht, doe cracke before they sound.

Lawfull desires, are honesties best notes.

Affection's rest-lesse, yet (being perfect) end-lesse.

Delay is preiudiciall to desire.

The greater part leane to example so,

That what they fancie, they will scant forgoe.

Fancies best cure, is mutuall affection.

Fancie soone fires, but long before it quench.

When loue leads lookes, no compasse keepes desire.

A hot desire, on present heat doth dote:

When cold repentance will it not fore-note.

Low fortunes often-times haue high desires.

Like fortunes globe, euen so is fancies seat.

Appetites flame, with wisdoms best is quencht.

There neuer did all circumstances meet,

With those desires which were concei'd before.

Affection brooketh no diuision.

Sleepe hath no priuiledge ouer desire.

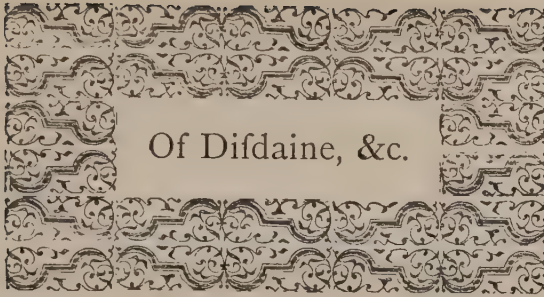
Similies on the same subiect.

AS poyson sweetly mixt is fooner ta'ne,
 So fancie clofe conceal'd, is fooneft fier'd.
 As Chryfolites are prooued in the fire,
 So is affection in enforc'd restraint.
 As cities wanting Magistrates, decay:
 Euen so desire vngouern'd, hurts it selfe.
 As all the world were darke but for the Sunne,
 So life, but for affection, were vnfire.
 As Steele brings fire from the hardest flint,
 So fancie mollifies the steardest mind.
 As Almond trees in age doe beare most fruit,
 So yeares doth best approoue affections.

Examples likewise on the same.

ZAlcucus to the Locrians made a law,
 To loose their eyes that sinn'd in foule desires.
Appius was banished the cittie Rome,
 For leud affection to *Virginia*.
Marke Anthonie disgrac'd his former fame,
 By not restraining his affections,
 King *Alexander* hated to the death
 In men or women loose and leud desires.
 Fancie (faith *Aristotle*) often makes
 A frenzie in their foules are led thereby.
 Desire (faith *Socrates*) no limits holds,
 And therefore hardly can be mastred.

Of



Of Disdaine, &c.

*Contempt and Scorne, are Wits infirmitie,
Wherewith Disdaine and Scoffes keepe company.*

FLint, frost, disdaine; weares, melts, and yeelds we see.
Things long in getting, quickly are disdain'd.
Present disdaine oft after-loue diuines
Prayers preuaile not, where is coy disdaine?

*Better to die a thousand deaths and more,
Than liue contemn'd, that honour'd was before.*

Disdaine deliuers a depraued mind.

Griefe often-times giues place to nice disdaine.

Too much precifenesse fauours of felfe-loue.

Gibing demaunds deserue scornefull replies.

*Neither can wit or Art take any place,
Where aduerse scorne, with feare, strikes boldnesse dead.*

Prefumption giues no guerdon, but disdaine.

Despised men on earth, must liue in heauen.

There must be some contempt, ere plagues ensue.

Disdaine attends where greateft honour haunts.

*In high disdaine, loue is a base desire:
And Cupids flames doe seeme but watric fire.*

Disdain repines at all good things it fees.
 They others vertues scorne, that doubt their owne.
 Mocke none in need, beware thine owne mishap,
 Scoffes without feare, from follie doe proceed.

*The choice is hard, where silence kills with grieve,
 Or speech reapes no reward, but base contempt.*

To mocke a friend, is held no manly part.
 Scorne can haue no reward, but like contempt.
 Teasting is tollerable, but scorne most vile.
 Disdain declares a proud prefuming heart.

*Loues passions quenched by unkind disdain,
 Doth often-times encrease the more desire.*

Scorning is artificiall iniurie.
 Who scorneth most, shall be but paid with scoffes.
 Scorne not thy wife, least scorn'd, she do thee scathe.
 Better an open foe, than scornfull friend.
 Better be borne a foole, than wrong thy wit.
 No mocker, but at length did meet his match.

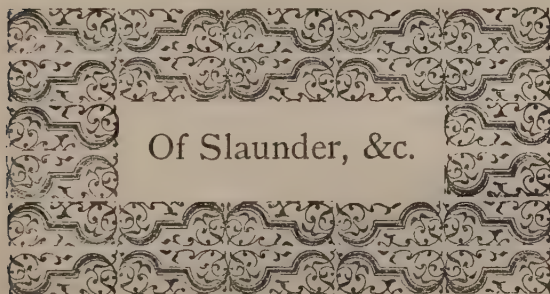
Similies on the same subiect.

AS hottest loue hath soonest cold disdain,
 So greatest pleasures haue the greatest paine.
 As good and ill each other doe pursue,
 So hate-full estimation scorne succeeds.
 As Adders keepe their venime in their tayles,
 So scoffers poyson lurketh in their tongues.
 As fairest beautie may deserue some blame,
 So wittiest scoffes prooue but ridiculous.
 As some things sweet in taste, are sowre going downe,
 So scoffes that like the eare, dislike the mind.
 As faire demeanour most commends a man,
 So scornes and scoffes as much dishonour him.

Exam-

Examples likewise on the same.

C*Aligula* did couet his owne ease,
And yet disdaine'd others should doe the like.
Anthonie caufde the head of *Cicero*
In fcorne, be fet before him at his meat.
Plato, *Xenophon*, and *Demosthenes*,
Against each other were contemptuous.
Geta and *Antoninus*, being brethren,
Slew one the other through their priuat fcorne.
Among all perturbations, *Tullie* saith,
Disdaine is most iniurious to it felfe.
And *Fabius Maximus* holds like conceit,
Affirming, nothing worfer than contempt.



*Slaunder and base Detraction, is the fruit
Of deuilish hearts, and foule polluted soules.*

WHo liues, that standeth out of slaunders reach?
Detractions tongue, delights in ill reports.

M 4

What

168 *Of Slaunder, Detraction, &c.*

*What likes not mallice, straight disprais'd must be,
Slaunder is blind, and cannot vertue see.*
In slaundring speech, enuie takes pleasure most.
With spightfull tongue detract no honest mind.
*Doe what we will, we cannot scape the sting
Of slaundrous tongues, that still afresh doe spring.
Take not away that thou canst not restore:
Encrease not grieffe, but rather salue the sore.
Detracting speech, of heauen doth not smell,
But rather sinking, like the pit of hell.*
Leudnesse is still defam'd, and euer was.
Bold slaunders tongue, time neuer can suppress.
*Good words of all men gaineth laud and praise,
Where slaunders are but counted cast-awayes.*
No secret's hid, where slaunder keeps the dore.
Detraction will not spare *Dianæ's* name.
*Detracting talke, Gods picture out doth race,
And setteth vp the Devils in the place.*
A free consent is priuilegd'd from blame.
Slaunder can neuer iust deserts deface.
*The Bee hath honey, so he hath a sting:
The one doth wound, more than the other heales.*
Against bad tongues, goodnes cannot defend her.
A sprightly wit disdaines detraction.
*Men hardly stop the infamie and noise,
Of slaunders published by common voice.*
An vnjust slaunder hath no recompence.
Foule mouth'd detraction is his neighbours foe.
*Blame is esteem'd more blame-lesse generall,
Than that which priuat errours doth pursue.*
Slanders call things in question, not approoves them.
A tale vnaptly told, may be depraud'd.
*An open slaunder, often times hath brought
That to effect, which neuer else was thought.*

Flatterie

Flatterie, lyes, and slaunder, are sworne friends.
Slaunder will wrong his friend behind his backe.
Slaunder like enuies dogge, detects the dead.

*Slaunders like arrowes gainst a wall rebound,
And soon'st of all the slaunderer doth wound.*

Slaunder being odious, so would others make.
Slaunder may barke at truth, but cannot bite.
All itching eares doe swallow many wrongs.

*Who by his slaundring tongue his neighbour harmes,
Doth wound his owne soule by his wicked words.*

Large slaunders are apparant signes of enuie.
Slaunder offends the liuing, gnawes the dead.
Patience is prooued by detraction.
No bane to friendship, worfe than slaunder is.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS Rats and Myce doe feed vpon our meat,
So slaunders feed on flesh of other men.
As diuers meats doe hurt digestion,
So changeable reports begetteth slaunder.
As Princes armes reach very farre in length,
So slaunder stretcheth vnto following times.
As deepe incisions are for festred fores,
So mightie meanes must cure vp slaunders wounds.
As vultures prey vpon dead carion,
So slaunders feed vpon mens liuing names.
As Somners liue by peoples daily finnes,
So slaunders liue by killing mens good fame.

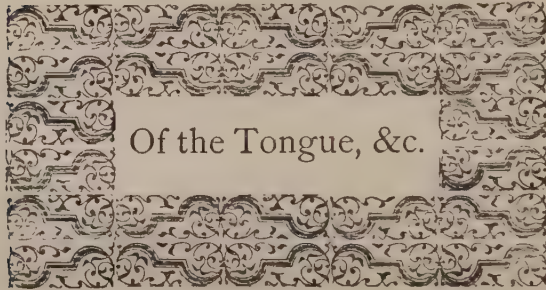
Examples likewise on the same.

NEARCES that renowned Generall,
By slaunders was dismissed from his charge.
When *Scipio* was by slaunder highly wrong'd,
His discret answere soone acquitted him.

Calisthenes,

170 · *Of the Tongue, Words, &c.*

Calisthenes, Parmenio, and Philotas,
 By slaundrous accusafions loft their liues.
Augustus pardon'd one that would haue flaine him,
 But banisht him that falsely slaundered him.
Diogenes affirmed, the slaunderer
 Was worfe than any wild or furious beaft.
Seneca faith, Of theenes men may beware,
 But hardly fhall they scape the slaunderer.



*The tongue is tell-tale of the priuat thoughts,
 And words oft times doe ouer-reach the wise.*

WOrds are but wind, they bid, but doe not buy.
 The greateft words, oft times haue weakeft deeds.
*Deepe sounds make leffer noife than shallow foords:
 And sorrow ebbes, being blowne with wind of words.*
 Imperious tongues doe fcorne to vfe entreats.
 The vulgar tongue prooueth vnpartiall ftill.
*Few words doe euer fit a trefpaffe beft,
 Where no excuse can giue the fault amends.*

A foft

A soft flow tongue, true marke of modestie.
The least discourse is commonly most stout.

*Presumption's euer fullest of deceits,
And many times proud words haue poore effects.*

Words are but shadowes of a further smart.
Things being twise told, the vulgar not allow.

*The further men doe speake of things well done,
They haue more mouthes, but not more merit wonne.*

Not words, but deeds are still respected most.
No charming words by dead tongues vttered are.

*Of others faults what need we babble so,
When we our selues haue vices many moe?*

Few words will serue a righteous cause to plead.
Great power haue pleasing words, and mickle might.

*Faire pleasing words are like to Magique Art,
That doth the charmed snake in slumber lay.*

With words and gifts, it's easie to attempt.
Speech doth preuaile, where weapons cannot win.

*He that no more must speake, is listned more,
Than they whome youth and ease hath taught to glose.*

By good perswasion, what cannot be done?
Curfes, are but vaine breathings in the aire.

*Curfes resemble arrowes shot vp right,
Which falling downe, light on the shooters head.*

The tongues of dying men enforce attention,
The hearts abondance issues from the tongue.

*Still easie yeelding zeale is quickly caught,
With what the mouth of grauitie hath taught.*

Foule paiment for faire words is more than needs.
The tongues mis-vse oft breeds the bodies smart.

*Sorrow makes silence her best Oratour,
Where words may make it lesse, not shew it more.*

In poore mens words, the rich haue small delight.
Report can make a substance of a shade.

Follie

172 *Of the Tongue, Words, &c.*

*Follie doth guide the tongue that vainly speaks,
And vaine is that which modest measure breakes.*
In many words must needs be much amisse.
Mens thoughts and words nothing so opposite.
*Few words among the wise haue greater grace,
Than long Orations with unskilfulnes.*
Words are the shadowes of our daily workes.
Superfluous speech doth much disgrace a man.
*Griefe sometimes doth distressed minds so wreake,
That heart neere bursteth ere the tongue can speake.*
The tongue gads many times before the wit.
Much babling doth bewray great impudence.
*Words are but fruitlesse that infect the eare,
Without some sweet impression of the mind.*
Wine often-times is cause of many words.
The fewer words, the more discretion.
*That man may worthily be said to dote,
That trusts faire words, and selles his goods for smoke.*
When swordes haue pleaded, words doe come too late.
The lesse men speake, the more they meditate.
*Bargaines made by constraint, may well be broken:
And words by force compeld, as well vnspoken,*
By the hearts thoughts, the tongue is carried.
Few words well coucht, doe most content the wise.
*Reports in Courts are held both night and day,
As common guests, and seldome part away.*
Seld speaketh loue, but sighes his secret paines.
Of whome the tongue talkes much, the heart thinkes more.
*Better by speaking little, make a scarre,
Than by much babling cause a wide deepe wound.*
Report hath oft a blister on her tongue.
The sweetest words may come from fowrest hearts.
*The words that sound the sweetest in the eare,
Are not the wholsomest alwaies to the heart.*

In many words is couched most mistrust.
Who fights with words, doth sooneſt wound himſelfe.

*Many repent the words that they haue ſpoke,
But neuer any, that they held their peace.*

The coldeſt words, oft cooles the hotteſt throat.

Workes, and not words, doe moſt commend a man.

Spend ſtripes on him, whome words may not retaine:

Yet ſpend to mend by ſtrokes, but not to maim.

From feweſt words may great effects enſue.

Silence hath ſeldome yet made any ſad.

Whereas deſire doth vrge the tongue to ſpeake,

Somewhat muſt out, or elſe the heart will breake.

The tongue is call'd, the gate of life and death.

Who ſpeakes with heed, may boldly ſay his mind.

The man whoſe tongue before his wit doth run,

Oft ſpeakes too ſoone, and rues when he hath done.

A word once paſt, can be recalde no more.

Better be ſilent, than in vaine to ſpeake.

As good be dombe, as ſpeake and not be heard.

Similies on the ſame ſubieſt.

AS one ſparke may procure a mightie fire,
So one ill tongue may cauſe great enmitie.

As riuers are bound in with bankes for ouer-flowing,

So reaſon ſhould reſtraine too lauiſh talking.

As gold boiles beſt when it doth bubble leaſt,

So mild deliuerance ſweetens beſt our words.

As ſilence is a gift deuoid of feare,

So talking is a thing to vrge ſuſpect.

As he beares miſerie beſt that hides it moſt,

So he declares leaſt wit that prateth moſt.

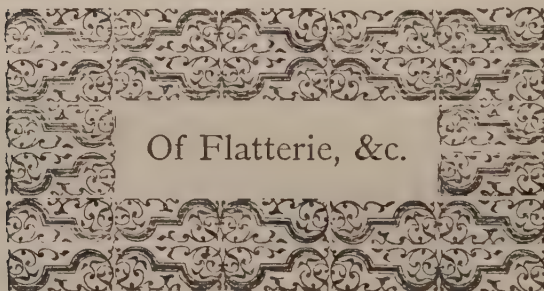
As we muſt giue account for idle ſilence,

So much more muſt we for our fruitleſſe talke.

Exam-

Examples likewise on the same.

Pompey let burne his finger in the fire,
 Rather than he would be too free of tongue.
Vlysses in his youth refrain'd from speech,
 Because in yeares he would direct his tongue.
 Great *Alexander*, gaue *Cherillus* coine
 To hold his peace, and to forbear to write.
Antigonus this lesson taught his sonne,
 First to learne silence, then to practise speech.
Zeno reprooued one that prated much,
 And said, his eares were founded on his tongue.
 The tongue (saith *Aristotle*) blabs the mind,
 And fooles or wise men soone thereby we find.



*Flatterie, is friendships vtter ouerthrow,
 The wracke of States, and honest natures foe.*

THe greenest hearb, oft hides the foulest toad.
 The stillest water hath the deepest channell.

It's bet-

Of Flatterie and Disimulation. 175

*It's better to be blamed by a friend,
Than to be kissed of a flatterer.*
Soothing gets friends, but truth doth purchase hate.
A seeming friend, is a deceitfull bogge.
*Flatterie survivies not at the dead mans dore,
Live men haue eares, when tombes are deafe and poore.*
Of false dissembling, foule must befall.
The best dissembler, hath the brauest wit.
*It is esteem'd no certaine way to thrive,
To praise the dead, but flattering men alive.*
Dissembled holinesse, is double crime.
Faile feigned tales conuey foule things from fight.
*Dissembling sometimes may attaine to faue
Mens liues, their fame, their goods, and all they haue.*
Chuse few friends, trie them, flatterers speake faile.
Men strew sweet flowers to hide the deepest snares.
*Mens pleas in loue, like painters pensils are,
Which figure shadowes, and the substance leaue.*
Faile outward shewes prooue inwardly the worst.
Loue looketh faile, when hap is most accurst.
*The badge of hypocrites is noted still,
By alwayes speaking well, yet doing ill.*
Flatterie doth verie seldome want rewards.
To flatter wise men, shewes discretions want.
*When greatest braues are brought to trials prooue,
The boasters are content to stand aloofe.*
Flatterers respect their owne good, no mans else.
Better a wretch, than a dissembler.
*False flatterers are worse than greedie crows:
The one deuoures alive, the other dead.*
Plaine, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
Men still doe foulest, when they fairest speake.
*Fond Physiognomies complexion,
Guides not the inward disposition.*

Better

176 *Of Flatterie and Disimulation.*

Better offend with truth, than flattering praise.
Flatterers are nought else but trencher flies.

True loue's a Saint, so shall ye true loue know,

False loue's a Scithian, yet a Saint in show.

Flatterie is the nource of wickednesse.

Dissembling weares a cloake, truth naked goes.

The smoothest lookes, doe soon'st of all beguile,

And oft are clokes to cogitations vile.

Womens dissembling hardly can be matcht.

A foe is better than a dissembling friend.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS vultures sleepe not where they find no prey,
So flatterers haunt not but where profit growes.
As vermine breed in places of most warmth,
So flatterers cling where best they find reliefe.
As Pilgrims creepe not but where is some crosse,
So slye dissemblers crouch not but for gaine.
As mothes the finest garments doe consume,
So flatterers feed vpon the frankest hearts.
As Panthers haue sweet fents, but rauinous minds,
So flatterers haue smooth lookes, but killing hearts.
As straightest trees haue still the crookedst roots,
So all dissemblers haue the craftiest trickes.

Examples likewise on the same.

THE Emperour *Sigismond* strooke a flatterer,

And said: He bit worse than a Scorpion.

Augustus so detested flatterie,

He could not bide his seruants kneele to him.

Tyberius seruants might not call him Lord,

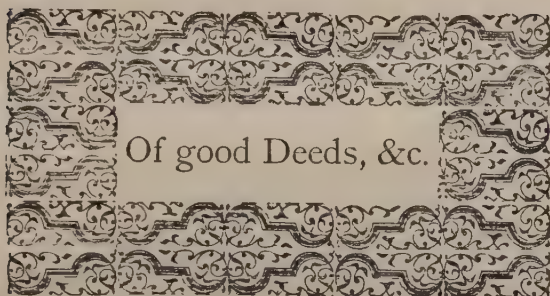
Because he said, therein they flatter'd him.

Clisephus was call'd *Philips* counterfeit,

Because like him he fashion'd all he did.

Phocion

Phocion said to king *Antipater*,
He could not be his friend and flatterer.
Wife men (saith *Bias*) make not all their friends,
But haue a speciall eye to flatterers.



*Good Deeds confound all bad, suppress offence:
Correcting faults with loue and patience.*

That is a good deed which preuents the bad.
Good vowes are neuer broken by good deeds.
*He that sets downe what gifts in goodnes lurke,
Shall breath him twise, before he end his worke.*

In persons full of note, good deeds are done.
Vowes are but feeds, and good deeds are the fruits.

*Good turnes ought not be held a scruiile bond,
To bind their doers to receiue their meed.*
That which doth good, disgraceth no degree.

We haue no good, that we can say is ours.
*Of passed good to make a new discourse,
By double vsurie doth twise renew it.*

N

Good

Good lampes will shine till all their oyle be gone.
Each goodly thing is hardest to begin.

*When as the doing good, is only thought
Worthy reward, who will be bad for nought?*

Raife not the bad, to make the good complaine.
No good at all, with doing ill, is wonne.

*Let vs not thinke, that that our good can frame,
Which ruin'd hath the Authors of the same.*

They are too blame, which deeds well done wil wrest.
Good deeds, the cruelt'ft heart to kindnesse brings.

*Good done to any, doth impression strike
Of ioy and loue, in all that are alike.*

Good deeds, are famishment vnto the deuill.
The end is crowne of euery worke well done.

*Good still is best when it is soonest wrought,
For lingring-fauour euer comes to nought.*

The way to good, is neuer learn'd too late.
Faults should be measur'd by intent, not deed.

*Nothing so good, but may through guiltie shame,
Be much corrupt, and wrested to great blame.*

Ignorant faults craue pardon still by course.
Faults done, may be repented, not reclaim'd.

*He that will purchase things of greatest price,
Must conquer by his deeds, and not by words.*

Faults vncommitted, challenge no repent.
Many deferts, may lessen slender faults.

*Vniust offences daunger scape a time,
But yet at length reuenge doth pay them home.*

Faults oft are measur'd by their secrecie.
An error past, is likewise past recalling.

*There's nought so vile that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.*

Good is the end that cannot be amended.
Where good is found, we should not quit with ill.

There's

*There's nought so good, but strain'd from that faire use:
Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.*
Gold and base mould, no difference but by vse.
Better to heare than doe what is not well.
*For ones offence, why should a number fall,
Or priuat sinne be plagu'd in generall?*
Seldome but some good commeth ere the end.
Gay without good, is good hearts greatest loathing.
*Forraine defects giuing home-faults the way,
Make many times bad actions well succeed.*
Still the directest courtes best succeed.
Vertue conducteth to all things are good.
*First weigh the qualitie of each offence,
And thereunto apply the punishment.*
What one thinkes good, another counts as vaine.
*The higheſt iudger quickly can eſpie,
If faults or fraud doe vnder couert lye.*
Wiſdome directs to know the good from bad.
As oft as we doe good, wee ſacrifice.
*The more our grace and goodneſſe doth encrease,
The more our ſoules prepare them ſelues to God.*
Truth is the guide to all good actions.
Neuer repent thee of thy well-done deeds.
*The goodneſſe that proceeds from ignorance,
Is like the hearbs that on a dunghill growes.*
Good men doe ſtill delight in doing good.
Good deeds doe ſhew the fruits of zealous faith.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

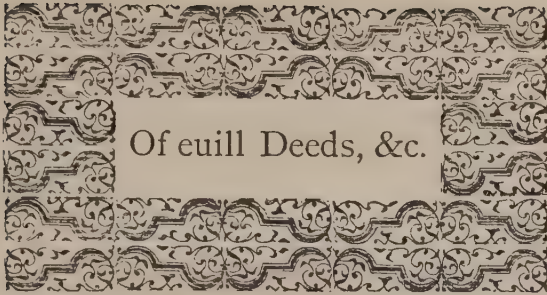
AS hardeſt ſtones are pierc'd with ſoſteſt drops,
So vertuous deeds reforme the looſeſt minds.
As fond behaiour moſt diſplaies a foole,
So honeſt deeds declare an honeſt heart.

As falling starres are foone extinguiſhed,
 So ſlight offences craue quicke pardoning.
 As fullein lookes bewrayes reuenge-full thoughts,
 So mild aſpect declares a gentle heart.
 As golden bridles better not a horſe,
 So words without good deeds, ſhew not a man.
 As bankets haue no grace, where wanteth gueſts,
 So words are litle worth, where deeds come ſhort.

Examples likewise on the ſame.

T*Raiane* reproou'd for liſtning poore mens wrongs,
 Said: None ſhould hinder him from doing good.
 The Emperour *Aurelian* had great care,
 Leaft malice ſhould obſcure his well-done deeds.
Philip did thanke the woman for her checke,
 And ſaid: Still chide me when I doe not well.
Auguſtus left his friend to iudgements triall,
 For hindring law (quoſh he) becomes no king.
Cleon being call'd to deale in ſtate affaires,
 Fore-warn'd his friends be carefull of their deeds.
 Reward the good (ſaith *Solon*) for their doing good,
 Aud puniſh them delight in wicked deeds.

Of



Of euill Deeds, &c.

*Euill deeds and wicked, come from vicious minds:
And here, or some-where els, due vengeance finds.*

EXtreameſt ills, ſome time a ioy poſſeſſe.
Ill hardly ſet on, is as hard got out.
Thoſe things which we deeme good, oft prooue but ill.
*Counſell that comes when ill hath done his worſt,
Bleſſeth our ill, but makes our good accuſt.*

To put backe ill, our good we muſt forbear.
Euill tidings ſtill doe faſter flye than good.
Our greateſt ills, we moſt of all miſtruſt.

*A guiltie conſcience, vrged with the thought
Of former ill done deeds, not eaſily erres.*

Euils vnto euils, ſtill conducters are.
Ill comes too ſoone, repentance oft too late.
Ill newes hath wings, and with the wind doth flye.
*In the firſt riſing, ſeeke to ſtiſle ill,
Leaſt it get head, and grow againſt thy will.*

That daye's ne're ill, that brings a pleaſing night.
Worfe than the worſt of euils, are wicked thoughts.
No bluſh can paint the ſhame is due to il.

The

*The apprehension of what e're is good,
 Giues but the greater feeling to the worſe.*
 All wicked deeds doe wrathfull doomes procure.
 In euills, counſell is the comfort chiefe.
 Many times good doth grow by euils prooſe.
*By euill courſes may be underſtood,
 That their euents can neuer fall out good.*
 When ill is hapt, teares but encreaſe the ill.
 Ill by example often gaineth good.
 It's double griefe to ſee a helpleſſe ill.
*Great men that will haue leſſe doe for them ſtill,
 Muſt beare them out, although their deeds be ill.*
 Good heart in ill, doth much the ill amend.
 It's better to reforme, than cut off ill.
 The worſer deed, the doer likes for beſt.
*Neuer was man ſo euill, did or thought,
 But would pretend ſome good cauſe, though ſtarke naught.*
 Good words doe often couer ill pretence.
 One day doth wreake the ill that many wrought.
 Miſchiefe oft falls vpon the meaners head.
*An euill deed done by authoritie,
 Is mightie ſinne and ſubornation.*
 The good compar'd with bad, is ſooner ſeene.
 Who will not ſtoope to good, muſt yeeld to ill.
 Miſchiefe doth euer ouer-match the bad.
*The wicked cannot ſleepe or take their reſt
 Till they be pleaſed with ſome ill done deed.*
 Miſchiefe is light, and mounteth ouer head.
 Old miſchiefes oft doe ſet new ills abroad.
 Ill preſident, the tyde that waſtes to vice.
*A minute ſpent in good, ſeemes long-loath'd day:
 But nights of ill like moments ſlip away.*
 The more ill threats vs, we ſuſpect the leſſe.
 To harme, there alwaies needs but little helpe.

Euill

Euill enfueieth of each wrong intent.

With vniust men to stand debating lawes,

Is to giue power to hurt a rightfull cause.

Constrained ill must needs be suffered.

We see the good, but yet we chuse the ill.

Oft that is vile, shewes like a vertuous deed.

Nothing the world with greater harme doth fill,

Than want of feeling one anothers ill.

Mens faults doe seldome to them-selues appeare.

Men smooother partially their owne misdeeds.

Faults still against them-selues giue euidence.

When better choices are not to be had,

We needs must take the seeming best of bad.

The euill doth alwaies argue the offence.

One bad done deed, may worke to many ill.

Euill seeming good, is most pernicious.

Those euils whereto a man by loue is driuen,

So much the rather ought to be forgiuen.

Things badly got, can haue but bad successe.

Custome confirms, and makes ill in perfection.

Nothing is euill, that is necessarie.

Too small a sacrifice for mischiefes done

Is one mans breath, that thousands did defeat.

Mischiefe is no meet way to seeke redresse.

Mischiefe is oft thought good by speeding ill.

A bad beginning makes a worser end.

Ill some-times is the cause of good successe,

And wicked meanings turne to happinesse.

One mischiefes Sunne, thawes not anothers Ice.

The sight of euill sets out goodnesse best.

Euill designs haue euill accidents.

All such as are the ministers of ill,

The gallowes eates, or fatall sword doth kill.

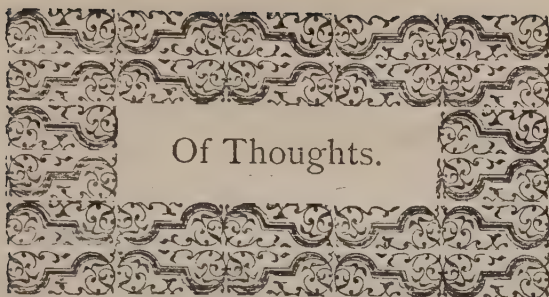
Similies on the same subiect.

AS Fowlers by their craft beguile the birds,
 So wicked deeds corrupt plaine meaning minds.
 As serpents food is onely on the earth,
 So wicked mens delights is ill done deeds.
 As sheep-cloath'd Wolues do alwaies greateſt ſpoile,
 So painted deeds doe moſt of all deceiue.
 As *Circes* witch-craft chaunged men to beaſts,
 So wicked deeds makes ſeeming men bruit beaſts.
 As braunches proſper not cut from the tree,
 So all is vaine that ſwerues from honeſt courſe.
 As little ſparkes of fire procure great harme,
 So leaſt ill deeds doe hardly find amends.

Examples likewise on the ſame.

PERICLES ſaid, th'Athenians loued him,
 Becauſe they neuer could detect his deeds.
Demetrius loſt all his followers,
 Becauſe he had no care of doing ill.
Pyrrhus deſired to be ſmit with death,
 When he did ought that ill beſeem'd a King.
Seuerus cauſ'd his man be ſmoakt to death,
 Becauſe his deeds ſhould not diſhonour him.
 Men to doe ill, or iniurie each other,
 Is no meane eye-fore, *Tullie* doth affirme.
 No man (ſaith *Socrates*) ſhould deale vniuſtly
 In any matter, be it ne're ſo ſmall.

Of



*Thoughts are the flowring blossoms of the mind,
And words, the daily fruits of our desires.*

C Lofe thoughts stands free from sword or violence.
No kings commaund could euer hinder thought.
What thought can thinke, another thought can mend.
A secreet shame in euery thought will fmother.

*Where feares doe Candie-thoughts with Icie-cold,
Heat stirres the tongue to daungers manifold.*

Thoughts are but dreames, till their effects be tried.
Vnstained thoughts doe seldome dreame of ill.
A fault vnknowne, is as a thought vnacted.
Preuention speaketh all, but what he thinkes.

*That which the thought would by the tongue digest,
The eare conuayes it backe into the breast.*

The thoughts of men are fed with expectations.
All wishing thoughts sprout forth by quicke desire.
Citties doe bastardize the braueft thoughts.
It's very hard, imprisoned thoughts to bale.

*Pure thoughts doe alwayes sleepe secure and still,
While lust and murder wakes to staine and kill.*

Thoughts

Thoughts oft times force a lingring life to pine.
 Hope strengthened, addes much matter to each thought.
 All womens tongues and thoughts feldome agreee.
 How poore foeuer, thought is rich enough.

If springing thoughts be any iot diminisht,

They wither in their prime, and prooue nought worth.
 The heart hath but one string, yet many thoughts.
 All earthly thoughts are subiect to annoy.
 Vnreuerend thoughts gainst kings, are treacherie.
 Vnmeasur'd thoughts, by fortune are cut short.

Nothing doth sooner dry vp beauties blood,

Than fillein thoughts, though it be ne're so fresh.

Oft princes thoughts are tyed to beauties wings.
 All wicked thoughts haue still a wicked end.
 Sweet is the thought, where hope perfwadeth hap.
 Sweet are the thoughts that neuer found amisse.

Nothing doth sooner shorten life of man,

Than vaine deluding hopes, and idle thoughts.

Deare is the thought whereby difcretion liues.
 Thoughts prosper not, where feare doth perish them.
 No witnesse needeth for a guiltie thought.
 The meanest man, will yet in thought aspire.

Our narrow-eyed thoughts oft times looke more direct,

Than our loose wisdomes, borne with wild neglect.

All leaden thoughts, than earth no higher flies.
 Full many signes bewrayes our secret thoughts.
 Thoughts often-times doe shroud vs in the earth.
 To muse and meditate, is learnings life.

By common cariage of the outward parts,

The secret thoughts are seene of many hearts.

Carrie thy thoughts in silence sealed vp.
 Sweet are the thoughts of pleasures we haue tried.
 Thoughts are not seene, yet lookes bewray the mind.

Similies

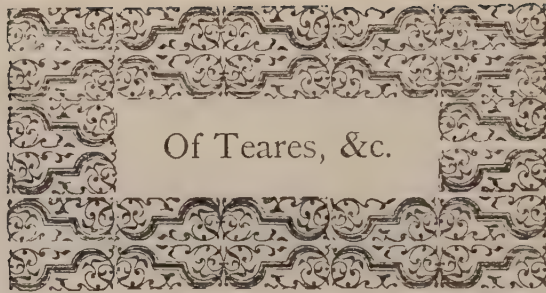
Similies on the same subiect.

AS white and blacke are contrarie in fight,
 So words and thoughts are very different.
 As fire and water neuer can agree,
 Euen so mens words and thoughts doe disagree.
 As courtiers cloakes are shifted very oft,
 So are our thoughts neuer at certaine stay.
 As light is welcome to perplexed minds,
 So merrie thoughts doe banish sadnesse best.
 As euery tree hath his peculiar fruit,
 So euery man hath his owne priuat thought.
 As merrie hosts care not for frowning guests,
 So pleasant minds can brooke no pensiué thoughts.

Examples likewise on the same.

CAesar did neuer feare a merrie looke,
 But doubted sad men to haue wicked thoughts.
 The *Spartanes* carried commendation,
 Because they scorn'd to beare iniurious thoughts.
Pulvillus being told, his sonne was dead,
 Made answere: Therefore he would take no thought.
 When *Scipio* read the bookes of *Xenophon*,
 He said: They counsaill'd him from-taking thought.
 Thoughts doe afflict the mind, saith *Cicero*,
 And makes it subiect to no certaintie.
 Saith *Aristotle*, They need Physicke most,
 That doe deuoure their health by fretfull thoughts.

Of



Of Teares, &c.

*Teares are best friends to solitarie minds:
And mourning is a foe to company.*

WEeping auails not, where laments are feorn'd.
Our teares oft times draw teares from others eies.
Great losses, greatly are to be bemoan'd.
*Teares tye the tongue of an accusers grudge,
And softs the rigour of the stearnest iudge.*

No griefe like that, to mourne and be despis'd.

A troubled foule in teares her comfort seekes.

Well mourning garments fit a mourning mind.

Teares are dumbe Oratours, and wanting speech,

Perfwade some-time more than the tongue can doe.

Teares are the most effectuall rhetoricke.

Teares are the treasure of a griefe-gald heart.

Griefe tyes the tongue, and forrow stoppeth teares.

Teares must not be as torments, but as markes

To shew the loue we beare vnto our friend.

Teares will appease, where trespassse hath incenst.

Repentant teares doth quench Gods kindled ire.

Teares shed in time, doth winne a blisse-full houre.

Our

*Our teares must be as drops of vitall blood,
Not feigned, but deriued from the heart.*
The heart may weepe, although the eyes be drie.
Partners in loue, are partners in laments.
Eyes are first causers of the hearts lamenting.
*Musicke can hardly solace humane eares,
When strings are broke, and eyes are drown'd in teares.*
Soft teares make batterie in the hardest heart.
Teares deem'd but silent, are as loud as thunder.
Teares are swift postes to certifie our griefes.
*They seldome doe respect poore beggers teares,
That may haue musique to delight their eares.*
Teares are as nourishment to godly foules.
Weeping is ioy to well-affected minds.
Our eyes must not be drowned, nor yet dry.
*To weepe for losse, or worldly dignitie
And not for sinne, is meere hypocrisie.*
Teares kindle loue, and quallifie displeasure.
The deepest cares, breake neuer into teares.
Teares ill becomes the Iudge that first condemnes.
*To weepe alone, is thought an yrkesome fore:
Yet companie disturbeth some much more.*
Venus smiles seldome in a house of teares.
It's better wake and weepe, than sleepe and ioy.
Teares ease the mind, though else doe small auaille.
*Drops pierce the flint, not by their force or strength,
But by oft falling weares it out at length.*
Teares shed for vertues sake, are blessed teares.
Teares worke no ruth, but where the heart is tender.
Teares are the riches of a fighting soule.
*Griefe-broken hearts doe liue with teares in eyes,
And dye with mirth, appearing in their lookes.*
Griefe till all ends, hath neuer perfect ending.
Sighes vsually proceed from griefe and smart.

Teares

Teares doe but blind the eyes, as clouds the aire.
The rich man doth reuenge him-felfe by armes,
But poore men haue no other helpe than teares.
 Whose griefes are great, haue need of quicke cure.
 Teares cannot change what God hath fore-decreed.
 Teares do want eies which should giue tears to weep.
Teares are no remedies for sad distresse:
Neither can present plaints ease passed harmes.
 Hearts true contrition, is foules blisse beginner.
 Teares are the badges of true penitence.

Similies on the same subiect.

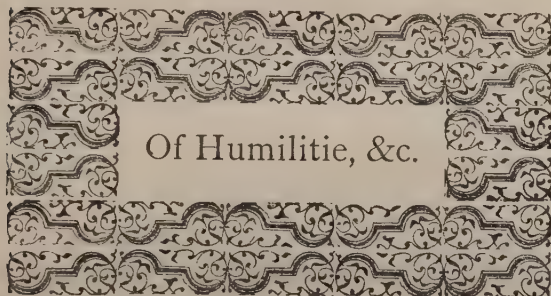
AS some men weepe that are not rightly sad,
 So many smile that are not rightly glad.
 As trees by nature bringeth forth their fruit,
 So sorrow doth by custome shed sad teares.
 As thunder alwayes is not quencht with raine,
 So griefe not euer is appeasd with teares.
 As too much boldnesse is in women bad,
 So fits it not in men to be too sad.
 As showres of raine doe cause the earths encrease,
 So streames of teares doe giue the foule true peace.
 As weeping Oline trees most fruitfull are,
 So mourning minds doe soone kill despaire.

Examples likewise on the same.

BRaue *Coriolanus* being banisht Rome,
 Tought with his fault, went forth, and dide in teares.
 The Romane matrons for old *Brutus* death,
 For one whole yere did nothing else but mourne.
 The wife of *Lepidus*, her misbehaviour,
 In teares and anguish did abridge his daies.
Crassus was neuer seene in all his life
 But once to smile; but many times to mourne.

Seneca

Seneca faith, That mightie men by power
Reuenge themselues; the weaker, by thei teares.
The broken heart (*saith Tullie*) hath moift eyes,
When often-times it faignes forth merrie lookes.



*Humilitie, is lowlinesse of mind,
The onely way, the seat of blisse to find.*

Humilitie lookes lowly on the ground.
Humilitie, her friends with kindnesse feeds.
The lowly dales enuie not highest hills.

*Humilitie, to heauen, the steppe, the staire,
Is by deuotion, heartie grieffe, and prayer.*

The lowly mind doth highest gifts adorne.
Meeknesse of heart is glorie to man-kind.
Humilitie admires his paine with ioy.

*The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.*

The Cedar yeeldeth to the Axes edge.
Better sit still, than rise, and after fall.
The shrub is safe, when the tall Cedar shakes.

192 *Of Humilitie, and Lowlineſſe.*

*He that high growth on Cedars did beſtow,
Gave likewise lowly Muſhrumes leave to grow.*
Humble and meeke, becomes both young and old.
Gray hath leſſe grieve, than coſtly ſilken futes.
*Humilitie walkes lowly on the earth,
Aſſur'd of certaine dignitie in heaven.*
The loweſt ſhrubs doe feele the feweſt ſtormes.
The minds ſubmiſſion pulls downe loſtie lookes.
*When as the Eagle meanes his higheſt flight,
He makes his mounting in the loweſt dale.*
Great floods doe often riſe from humble ſtreames.
Content below, ne're climbs to ſeeke aloft.
*The cottage ſeated in the lowly dale,
Is more ſecure than higheſt ſoueraigntie.*
Humilitie, the ſoules chiefe beautie is.
Humilitie doth anger ſoone aſſwage.
*A lowly life that feares no ſuddaine loſſe,
Is ſtill content, how-euer things goes croſſe.*
An humble minde fauours of pietie.
True humblenes doth all mens vertues praiſe.
*A mind that feares no fall, nor craues no crowne,
Is in the righteſt way to true renowne.*
Religions chiefe precept, is humblenes.
Happie that man, who is in honour humble.
*Where humble thoughts doe to the heavens aſpire,
There is no place for any proud deſire.*
The minds beſt armour, is humilitie.
Lowlineſſe is the perfect path to honour.
*Humilitie hath brought thoſe things to paſſe,
Which reaſon, nor no vertue elſe could doe.*
Pride wageth warre againſt humilitie.
By lowlineſſe, is true diſcretion wonne.
Proud minds can hardly learne humilitie.
Humilitie augments beneuolence,

Supporteth

Supporteth truth, and keepes a kingdome safe.

Humilitie reuiues dead charitie.

The face doth soone expresse an humble mind.

Truth soone appeares to humble minded men.

The noble Lyon neuer slayes the least,

But alwayes preyes vpon the proudest beast.

Humilitie rules all the minds affects.

No way to heauen, but by humilitie.

Humilitie winnes immortalitie.

Humilitie with perfect grace stands fast,

When all things else are vanished and past.

Breake not a bending reed, spare the submisfe.

Earth vessels, with the brazen may not striue,

Similies on the same subiect.

AS lowlinesse of heart brings downe heauens grace,
So humble words can proudest tearmes deface.

As salt doth season euery kind of meat,

So lowlinesse doth shew all vertues best.

As vallies fertillnesse the hills exceeds,

So humble lowlinesse shewes fairest deeds.

As wine in lowest vaults is best preferu'd,

So grace in humble minds is best discern'd.

As proud presumption seekes his owne decay,

So lowlinesse to blisse directs the way.

As ignorance most scorneth to be taught,

So humbleness desireth still to learne.

Examples likewise on the same.

PHilip for humblenes of mind was praisd,
Beyond all princes of the Macedons.

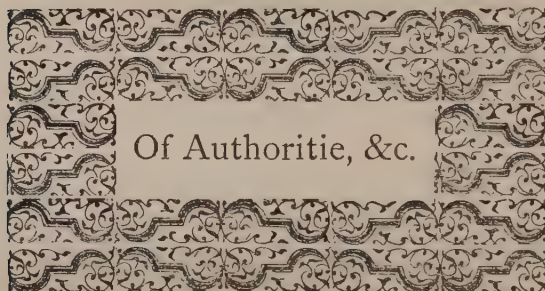
Antigonus with great humilitie,

Bare off the slaunders of his enemies.

O

Scipio

Scipio, in all his fortunes neuer fweru'd,
 From patient fufferance, and humilitie.
Pericles most of all defam'd him-felfe,
 By making fcorne of true humilitie.
Tullie affirms, all vertues what-foe-re,
 Are soonest learned by humilitie.
Plato calls lowlineffe, the foules defence,
 And onely shield againſt extremities.



*Authoritie, proud pompe, and worldly power,
 Makes monarchs but as marks, whē fate doth lower.*

Authoritie makes many men feuer.
 Death giues no thanks, but checks authority.
*It is in vaine, and fondly we reſiſt,
 Againſt proud might, that can doe what it liſt,*
 A lawfull title counter-checks proud might.
 The greateſt oft may need a weaker helpe.
*Little auails a lawleſſe uſurpation,
 Which gaines a ſcepter, but not rules a nation.*

Might

Might wanting meafure, proueth furquedrie.
Nothing fo fell as wrong, being arm'd with right.
Might is reputed absolute alone,
When of two powers there's true coniunction.
Some learne to rule, while others learne to liue.
They that stand high, haue many blafts to shake them.
Vaine is the vaunt, and victorie vniust,
That more to might, than rightfull cause doth trust.
When great leaues fall, then winter is at hand.
Needs muft we doe, what might will force vs doe.
The ouer-fpredding pompe of greateft might,
Will darken weakneffe, and debase his fight.
What mightie men mildoe, they cannot mend.
Deepe are the blowes made with a mightie Axe.
More than enough he finds, that finds his might,
Hath force to make all that he will haue, right.
The more, the mightier, if they gree in one.
Arme not vnskilfulnes with mightie power.
He, who his owne cause makes, doth still deuife,
To make too much, to haue it more than fure.
Great is the daunger of vnmaftred might.
Too many great, one kingdome cannot hold.
Where power hath decreed to find offence,
The cause is better still, than the defence.
Might makes a title, where he hath no right.
Men count that wrong, is compaffed by might.
He onely treads the fure and perfect path
To greatneffe, who loue and opinion hath.
Vncertaine power, cannot it felfe retaine.
Cuf tome hath power to kill with weakeft might.
Who falls but low, may quickly rife againe:
Who falls from height, is mercileffely flaine.
Loue is not alwaies dignities companion.
The tall eft trees are shaken moft with winds,

*When one selfe-power is common made to two,
 Their duties they nor suffer, nor will doe.*
 Preferment is the first step to disquiet.
 In equall play-fellowes, no perill lyes.
*The man that giues a weapon to his stronger,
 Is like himselfe to carrie rule no longer.*
 Ech little spot, appeares most in the face.
 Great might is like a fortified tower.
*No man can manage great affaires of state,
 And yet content a wayward multitude.*
 Where many lead, they lead to many blowes.
 Let Gods with Gods, and men with men contend.
*What ere he be, with his superiour playes,
 Stands in the mouth of daunger many wayes.*
 He hardly will entreat, that may commaund.
 All dignitie on tickle stayes doth stand.
*With mightie men 'tis better ceasing strife,
 Than an vnequall quarrell to maintaine.*
 There is no hell, like to declining pompe.
 He sits not safest, that is mounted high.
*In high degree small faults are quickly spyde,
 But low estate a many errors hyde.*
 No high estate can yeeld a quiet life.
 The power of vertue euer-more preuailes.
*What though our sinnes goe braue and better clad?
 They are in ragges as base and all as bad.*
 Might breakes the law the sacred Senat makes.
 The more our greatnesse, makes our faults the more.

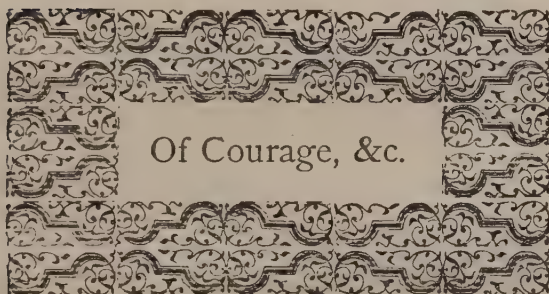
Similies on the same subiect.

AS in fine cloth the brightest staines we see,
 So faults are most discern'd in high degree.
 As hastie climbers oft catch suddaine falls,
 So might mis-vfde, doth kindle nought but braules.

As he that stands on high, stands still in feare,
So they that manage states, doe want no care.
As Rafors are not fit for childrens hands,
So fooles no way befeeme authoritie.
As prefidents are aptest meanes for youth,
So rulers goodnesse giues example best.
As the great Elme supports the spreading vine,
So might ought still support humilitie.

Examples hereof are generally through the booke:

as in Kings, Princes, Kingdomes, Magiftrates, &c. and
therefore no need of other collections.



*Courage, is foe to faint-heart cowardise:
And man-hood, teacheth valour to be wise.*

Courage emboldneth wit, wit courage armes.
Without experience, valour wants his armes.
*Daunger and feare, like cowards turnes aside,
When man-hood is by resolution tryde.*

Skill valour guides, and valour armeth skill.
 Who hopes a conquest, leaues no means vnfought.
The inward thoughts, that haughtie courage beares,
Griues more at words, than deaths pale-faced feares.
 Courage, with cowardise will not be matcht.
 The valiant man, doth most in warre delight.
Seldome shall any living creature see,
That courtesie and manhood disagree.
 The coward seekes to liue at home in ease.
 Valour is neuer knowne till it be tryed.
They that attempt high daungers euident,
Vpon no reason, are not valiant.
 Actions doe kill imaginations fway.
 Vnequall warres, t'vnequall shame is fold.
The man that dares, not caring how he dares,
Sells vertues name, to purchase foolish skarres.
 Rebellious natures must be roughly vs'd.
 Repining courage yeelds no foe a foot.
Cowards doe onely wish and call for death,
While valiant hearts in silence banish breath.
 Vaine words cannot bewitch a valiant mind.
 Measure not manhood by the outward shewe.
The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,
That may vnworthie of it selfe be thought.
 Chaffer no words, high courage to prouoke.
 Courage may lend a cloake to cowardise.
Nothing the praise of manhood more doth marre
Than foule reuenge, and base contentious iarre.
 Action, is fierie valours soueraigne good.
 True valour lodgeth in the lowliest hearts.
High courage with true wisdom alwayes backt.
Winnes perfect fame, and shunneth each mishap.
 Weakenesse is false, and faith in cowards rare.
 Glorie doth follow, courage goes before.

The

*The man that couples courage with desire,
Runnes freely through his daunger, and preuailes.*
True valour aimes at honour euermore.
A cowards heart keepes words and deeds afunder.
*A ieuell in a ten-times bard-vp chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyall brest.*
Courage and industrie can neuer want.
In conquering will, true courage most is shewen.
In vaine hee seeketh others to suppress,
Who hath not learn'd first to subdue him-selfe.
All strength is fraile, and full of sicklenesse.
No fortunes frowne can daunt true valors heart.
*Beggars (but feigning brauerie) are the proudest:
And cowards (bragging boldnesse) wrangle loudest.*
A valiant mind disdaines to hide his head.
It's cowardise, vnworthie wrongs to beare.
*Where wronged valour reignes, it's hard to find
Such pittie, as may honours pride controll.*
True valour, feeles nor grieve nor miserie.
Resolute courage, makes loue fortunate.
*Cowards in peace doe dread the weapons fight,
But vrg'd by need, will venture then the pikes.*
Courage to die, exceeds a captiu'd life.
Courage despiseth dread, and conquers death.

Similies on the same subiect.

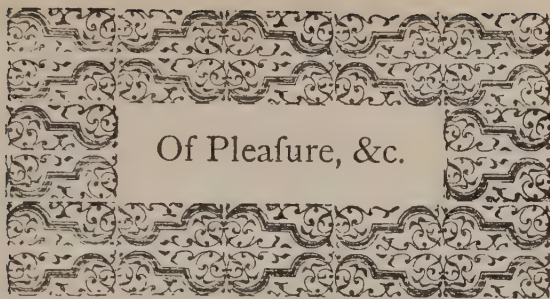
AS courage addeth wings to braue desire,
So bloodie shewes doth quench incensed ire.
As it is valour to be conquerour,
So wisdome maketh vse of victorie.
As courage keepes the mind from base assaults,
So cowardise infects it with all faults.
As courage is esteem'd a wife mans coat,
So cowardise is follies cognifance.

As Faulconers doe in Faulcons most delight,
So mightie men reioyceth in their might.

Examples likewise on the same.

THE Romane *Sergius*, loofing his right hand,
Slew with his left hand, foure in fingle fight.
Scæuola entred king *Porfennaes* Tent,
Either to kill him, or be flaine by him.
Agis diffwaded from the fight, replied:
No man wonne shame, that with true courage dyde.
Stout *Alcibiades* cheerd vp his followers,
By his couragious leading them to field.
Courage, faith *Seneca*, is of fuch power,
As it can conquer any miserie.
Plato faith, Courage eleuates the mind,
To all things that are laudable and iuft.

Of



Of Pleasure, &c.

*Pleasure and sweet Delights, doe much beguile:
Expecting ioy, grieve happens oft meane-while.*

Pleasures are poore, and our delights foone dye.
Where pleasure is displac'd, care keepes his marte.
Where care killes pleasure, life not long endures.
*Who tries, shall find, that pleasures long restrain'd,
Be farre more pleasant when they once are gain'd.*

Where strife is stirr'd, there pleasure hath no part.
Worlds pleasure lasts not long, but grieve abides.
Farewell delight, when grauel'd is all grace.

*Newer haue vniust pleasures been compleat
In ioyes entire, but feare still keeps the doore.*

The sweetest pleasure hath the shortest date.
Long wish'd things, a sweet delight doe beare,
Pleasure and penance still are mortall foes.

*Enforced solace, like a vapour flies,
And hath no power repining hearts to mooue.*

Solace and sorrow haue their certaine times.
While pleasure withers, paine more ripe doth grow.
When pleasures ebbe, then griefes begin to flow,

To

To vaine delights, a man may easily goe:
But safely to returne may much be fear'd.
 Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eares.
 The strong, through pleasure falls; the weak, by smart.
 Pleasures doe neuer feed, but on excesse.
He that in pleasures vaine doth time bestow,
Treads but the path to his owne ouerthrow.
 In things without vs, no delight is sure.
 Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceiu'd.
 Pleasure is short, and glory lasts not long.
The sweets we wish for, turne to loathed sowers,
Euen in the moment, that we call them ours.
 That pleaseth most, is farthest from the eye.
 Low is the stalke, whereon best pleasures grow.
 Pleasure asleepe, then sorrow will awake.
Maids are not wonne by brutish force or might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight.
 Pleasure maintain'd by care, is quickly lost.
 After long sicknesse, health brings most delight.
 Vncertaine pleasures, bring a certaine paine.
Maydes doe take more delight, when they prepare
And thinke of wines state, than when wines they are.
 Shortest delights, doe bring a long repent.
 Pleasures them-selues, are but imaginations.
 Things soone obtain'd, doe least of all delight.
This world is but the pleasure of an houre,
And yet the sorrow of a thousand dayes.
 Oft pleasures past, doe way to woe prepare.
 In worldly mirth, lurketh much miserie.
 All sweet delights, are drown'd in dulle minds.
Pleasures (like posting guests) make but small stay,
Where griefes bide long, and leaue a score to pay.
 It's true delight, to know the cause of griefe.
 Mirth foundeth harsh to melancholly men.

Mirth

Mirth makes the longest iournies to seeme short.

*What more apparant signe can be of madnesse,
Than haue anothers pleasure cause thy sadnesse?*

Who buyes a minutes mirth, may waile a weeke.

Mirth seearcheth out the bottome of annoy.

Vnlawfull pleasures, haste destruction.

*Potions (if pleasant) though infectious,
Are sooner ta'ne, than hole some pills for health.*

Sorrow, fore-going pleasure, graceth it.

Gladnesse with grieffe, continually is mixt.

Banke-rupts in pleasure, can but pay with woe.

We are right docible to imitate

Deprauid pleasures, though degenerate.

Short pleasures many times haue large repents.

Pleasures are still inductions to our griefes.

Oft hath a tragicke entrance, pleasant end.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS no estate can stable stand for aye,
So every pleasure hath his ending day.

As small brookes swell and are enrag'd with raine,

So fight of pleasure trebleth every paine.

As weeds expeld, the corne doth better thriue,

So care being kild, pleasure bides long aliue.

As greatest griefes doe make the least not seene,

So huge delights cause meane ones vanish cleane.

As greatest light, is in the largest skie,

So that delights, is furthest from the eye.

As sad minds brooke no merrie companie,

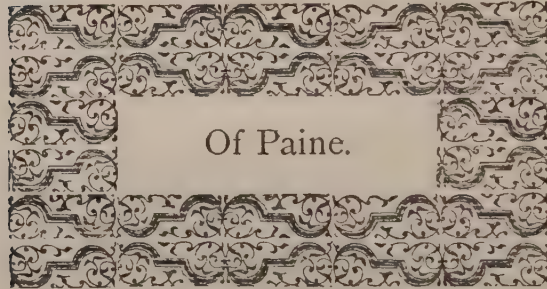
So sorrow is to pleasure enemy.

Examples likewise on the same.

Sardanapalus was so giuen to pleasure,
That of a man, he made him-selfe a beast.

Xerxes

Xerxes bestow'd gifts on none but such,
 As daily could inuent new kinds of pleafures.
 In King *Latinus* Court, the Troyans
 In choise of all delights did spend their time.
Demetrius being to all vaine pleafures giuen,
 Was by the Macedonians quite expulst.
Cineas told *Fabritius*, that vaine pleasure,
 Did like a moath consume the life of man.
Demosthenes in his Orations,
 Alwayes forbad voluptuous vaine delights.



*Paine, as companion doth on Pleasure wait:
 And Daunger is the hand-maid to Delight.*

Short paine may be endur'd, that brings long ease.
 He neuer findeth helpe, that hides his paine.
*Farre harder is it, to learne continence
 In ioyfull pleasures, than in grievous paine.*
 They leffer paines can beare, that hide the great.
 Paine profit reapes, if feeds be wisely fowne.

Where

Where words be scarce, th'are feldome spent in vaine,
 For they speake truth, that breath their words with paine.
 Soone-dying mirth, begets long-liuing paine.
 Who bears the wound, perforce must feele the paine.
 The man that needs will seeke for vnkowne gaine,
 Oft liues by losse, and leaues with mickle paine.
 The greater paine, the greater miserie.
 Paine payes the in-come of each precious thing.
 It easeth some, though none it euer cur'd,
 To thinke that others haue their paines endur'd.
 It's paine to keepe the things we would expresse.
 All labours haue their end, but paine hath none.
 No paine or sicknesse doth so swiftly breed,
 As euill humours grow, the griefe to feed.
 To get, and keepe not; is not losse, but paine.
 Paine breedeth honour, vertue getteth fame.
 Better in prison euer to remaine,
 Than being forth, to suffer greater paine.
 With ease a sparke, with paine is quencht a flame.
 Pleasure doth follow paine, and blisse annoy.
 It's paine and griefe, to beare and suffer wrong:
 But shame and sinne to him that causeth it.
 An inward fore strikes the Phisition blind.
 Salues feldome helpe ouer-long festred fores.
 How mightie is the soueraigne power of loue,
 Which paine, thirst, hunger, no nor death can mooue?
 Sad musicke to fad passions, addes more paine.
 One paine is lessened by anothers anguish.
 Let him for euer liue in woe and griefe,
 That feeleth paine, and will not haue reliefe.
 Paine is the entrance to eternall ioy.
 How fraile is that which men atchieue with paine?
 They that must either serue, or pine in want,
 Ought scorne no paines, that may relieue their scant.

The

The cause, and not the paine, the martyr makes.
Remembrance of ioyes past, breeds greater paine.

*He that with ease may paine and harme eschew,
Is vaine, if he his proper death pursue.*

Patience doth put all toyle-some paine to flight.
He best doth beare his paine, that hides it most.

*Few linke for loue, but all for greedie gaine,
Though in the end, it turnes them most to paine.*

An vnknowne paine, is greatest miserie.

He cannot iudge of pleasure, ne're felt paine.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS daunger waiteth at the heeles of pride,
So euery pleasure hath a following paine.

As where mishaps doe flow, there loue doth ebbe,
So where friends faile, the heart feeles no like paine.

As sicke men with least anguish are disturb'd,
So to vexed troubled minds, augments their paine.

As Sun-shine daies of fortune getteth friends,
So paine or perill loofeth them as foone.

As miserie a med'cine hardly finds,
So inward paines, are not with pratings cur'd.

As he beares sorrow best that hides it most,

So who knowes patience, stands prepar'd for paine.

Examples likewise on the same.

PHILOSTRATES endured all his paines,
To th'admiration of his enemies.

MARIUS the Romane said, he felt no paine

In all his hurts, if but one friend were by.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS could abide no paine,

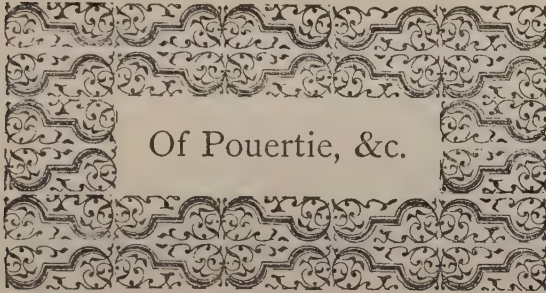
No, not so much as feele his head to ake.

The Spartanes for their pleasures, made strict lawes,

Shewing, what paine to each one did belong.

Cicero

Cicero said, No paine could touch the mind,
That was but rampierd-in with sufferance.
And *Aristotle* held the same opinion,
Firme resolution could subdue all paine.



*Pouertie is a vertue of it selfe,
Content with want and needie miserie.*

Pouertie is not wifdomes hinderance.
Contented pouertie is greatest wealth.
Need, is esteem'd a perfect Schoole-mistresse.
Need answers not to every mans request.

*Poore miserie is troden on by many,
And being low, neuer reliev'd by any.*

Wise men, must giue place to necessitie.

Ignorance is the greatest pouertie.

Stout vowes are oft repeal'd in extreame need.

Sweet are poore crummes, where pained thoughts doe starue.

*Need hurteth none so much as sillie soules,
Who cannot patiently endure her yoke.*

Plentie

Plentie breeds perill, want procures difdaine.
 Miserie craues rather mercie, than reproofe.
 There is no vertue like neecessitie.
 Thanks ought be deem'd th'Exchequer of the poore.

*We should our felues not miserable deeme,
 Sith none are so but in their owne esteeme.*

To needie men, delay is euen as death.
 Most wretched he, that is, yet cannot tell.
 Miserie oft makes sport to mocke it felfe.
 The wretched conquered, may nought refuse.

*Who in distresse from resolution flies,
 Is rightly said, to yeeld to miseries.*

That needs must be perform'd, which need constraines.
 Poore wretches haue remorfe in poore abuses.
 The graunts are small to them that stand in need.
 Men flye from foes, but not from miserie.

*Sharpe are the wounds, but sweet the medcines be,
 That wretched soules from wearie bondage free.*

Want pines away, and comfortlesse doth dye.
 Delay leads impotent and fnaile-pac'd need.
 He is not poore, hath little, but that much desires.
 Contented pouertie, is happineffe.

*A little stroke will serue to make him die,
 That is halfe slaine before with miserie.*

Diligence most enableeth poorest men.
 The loue of poore men, great mens harmes debates.
 Loue neuer keepes where wretchednes abides.
 Poore men should suffer for no great mens finnes.

*No truer friends haue poore men than their leares,
 Wherein men (each way wretched) may be rich.*

It is too much for one good man to want.
 Giue them that want, not such as haue no need.
 To liue and lacke, doth breed a daily grieue.
 Sharpe is the food neecessitie impofeth.

Want

*Want smiles secure when princely thoughts doe feele
That feare and daunger treads vpon their heele.*

Speed in necessitie is chieftest spurre.
Distresse cuts deeper than sterne fortunes frownes.
Necessitie endures what else would not.
Miserie finds no multitude of friends.

*It is an honour to aduersitie,
With sleights to undermine prosperitie.*

Where need compells, Orations are in vaine.
Occasion makes them stirre, that else would not.
The iust mans miserie is no meane merit.
Though thou art poore, yet seeke, and thou shalt find.

*Prosperitie is lou'd of very many,
But men in want are hardly holpe by any.*

By others wants we know our owne good haps.
Miserie doth the brauest mind abate.
Need makes men seeke for that they somtime scornd.
Want, is the enemy to good desires.

*Pouertie oft with heauie clogge of care
Pulls many downe, when they ascending are.*

Poore men are little shrubs, rich men tall trees.
Need sometimes doth instruct vnlawfull things.
A poore and honest life hath no compare.

Similies on the same subject.

AS Kings haue honour to beare out their deeds,
The poore haue honestie to guide their liues.
As riches seemeth cumberfome to fooles,
So pouertie is pleasing to the wife.
As riches is the mother of delight,
So pouertie doth nource calamitie.
As want, to many is intollerable,
So in good men, it is most comfortable.

P

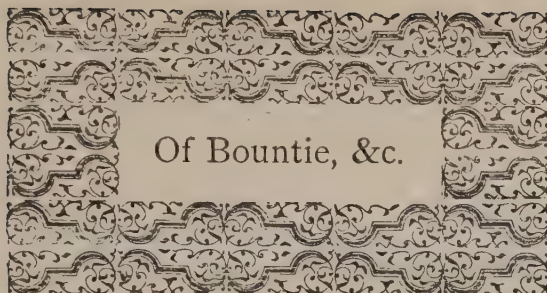
As

As the wild Affe is still the Lyons prey,
 So doe the rich feed on the poore ech day.
 As euery Artizane best knowes his trade,
 So euery poore man best doth feele his want.

Examples likewise on the same.

P*ublicola* cast downe from high degree,
 Sham'd not, but ioyed in his pouertie.
Aristides, from humble pouertie,
 Was raised to degree of dignitie.
Fabritius in his meanest pouertie,
Pyrrhus made choise of, as companion.
Vulturnus banished by *Anthony*,
 Neuer repined at his miserie.
 Pouertie, is helpe to Philosophie,
 Learn'd of it felse; so said *Diogenes*.
Lactantius said: *Take away insolence,*
And there's no difference twixt the rich and poore.

Of



Of Bountie, &c.

*Bountie hath open hands, a zealous hart:
And liberally bestowes without respect.*

Like clouds that haue no raine, are liberall words.
The whole effect of bountie, is in loue.

*The liberall heart, God cherisheth and loues,
And from him still, all cause of want remooues.*

The more the fruit, more precious is the tree.

The more the fish, more valued is the streame.

*That bountie is the best, and most approou'd,
Which without perill of renowne is past.*

The goodliest night is, when most starres are seene.

*Bounties best honour is to helpe the poore,
And happines to liue in good mens minds,*

We count that ground the best, which yeelds most grain.

*Bountie, remitting fraile and mortall things,
Doth for reward, receiue immortall fame.*

The whole effect of bountie, is in loue.

*They that in bountie doe begin to want,
In weake estate shall find their friends and foes.*

True bountie is not fastened to respect.

212 *Of Bountie and Liberalitie.*

*A spend-thrift sworne to prodigallitie,
Excuseth it with liberalitie.*

A liberall minded man, bafe enuie hates.

*He that still draweth forth without fupply,
The fountaine of his ftore will foone be drie.*

He neuer giues in vaine, that giues in zeale.

*Gifts to the poore, let them be done with fpeed,
For long delay, more wretched makes their need.*

Bountie and thankfulneffe are concords bonds.

*One gift in time beftowed, as good minds doe,
Falls out in pooffe to helpe much more than two.*

A liberall heart procures beneuolence.

Honours chiefe grace is liberalitie.

Similies on the fame fubieft.

AS pride makes enemies of perfect friends,
So liberalitie makes friends of foes.

As hollow fpouts retaineth nought but aire,

So hollow hearts all bountie euer hate.

As Bees doe flocke vnto a honey dewe,

So multitudes flyes to a liberall mind.

As fhadowes hinders ripening of the fruits,

So couetoufnes ftill holdeth bountie backe.

As Henbane caufeth death by fleepines,

So bountie is deftroy'd by niggardnes.

As manhood is difcern'd by cowardife,

So bountie is beheld by wretchedneffe.

Examples likewise on the fame.

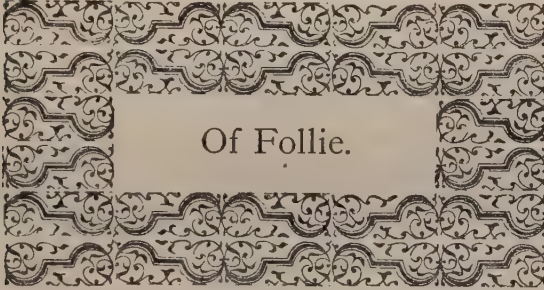
BY liberall bountie, *Alexander* wonne
More fame, than all his conquets elfe befide.

Cæſar, by bountie to his followers,

Was call'd the liberall'ft prince in all thoſe times.

Archelaus

Archelaus gaue not to vnworthie men,
 For that he held not liberalitie.
Titus, remembring one day nothing giuen,
 Said: O my friends, how haue we lost this day?
Plato said, Niggards neuer can be good,
 For all attendeth on the bountifull.
Phocylides will'd no man sleepe at night,
 Till that day he could count some well-done deed.



*Follie is both rewarded and respected,
 When wit is often scorned and reiected.*

WHat folly can pretend, wifdome preuents.
*A greater signe of follie is not knowne,
 Than trusting others force, distrust our owne.*
 Repentance, youthfull follie quite expells.
*Who hazards his estate, to remedie
 A curelesse mischiefe, may be tearm'd a foole.*
 Wishe are vaine, where will is follies guide.
*Fooles may not play with swords, nor maids with loue,
 Least follie crye, and wantonnes repent.*

Fooles many times, to dignities arise.

*A foole such pastime with his pleasure maketh,
As in the end his ruine he awaketh.*

Fooles wanting knowledge, doe contemne the wife.

*He is a foole that doth prepare a ginne,
To be him-selfe the first man ta'ne therein.*

Vnlettered fooles, at learning doe repine.

*Who with a rasour thinkes to cut the Flint,
But vnder-takes a foolish fruit lesse taske.*

Follies oft leaue a memorie of shame.

*Learning doth liue in penurie and bare,
When fooles grow rich, and feed on daintiest fare.*

Wisdome doth frowne when follie is in place.

*Fooles are set vp in offices full gay,
When wiser men come downe, and sit below.*

It's better be a foole, than prooue a Foxe.

*Follie is iudg'd in silence to be wise,
For too much babbling, wisdom doth despise.*

Follie flings forth, if counsell touch him neere.

*For childrens hands, a rasour is vnfit,
And fooles vnmeet in wisdomes seat to sit.*

What greater scourge than follie, is to wit?

*Foolish that science is, held ne're so deare,
Which fore-shewes perils farre, not daungers neere.*

Silence is still best answere to a foole.

*Promote a foole, his follie strait appeares,
And prooues a shame to them which caus'd him climbe.*

All's prouender to Asses, but the aire.

*Mount vp a foole, his wit is quickly heard:
Then keepe such downe, let wise men be preferr'd.*

Instructions giuen to fooles, encreaseth follie.

*A leaden sword clad in a golden sheath,
Is like a foole of natures finest mould.*

Follies are sooner thought on, than redrest.

For

*For man, it is great follie to delight
In fading smoake, and loose the heavenly light.*
Follie, to faue a part, and loofe the whole.
*A very foole I doe him firmly hold,
That loues his fetters, though they be of gold.*
A Lyons skinne hides not the Affes eares.
*So much doth follie thrust men into blame,
That euen to leaue off shame, they count a shame.*
Follie, though ouer-guilt, at length appeares.
Prosperitie oft maketh fooles starke mad.

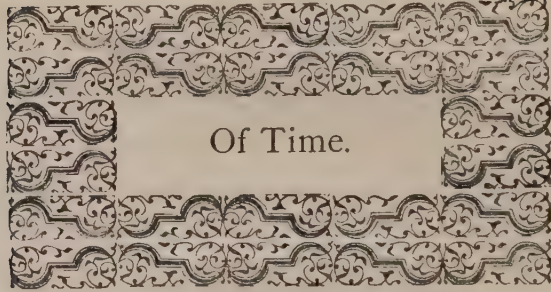
Similies on the same subiect.

AS foolish questions merit silence best,
So kind demaunds require as kind replies.
As no mishap can mooue a carelesse mind,
So no instructions can reforme a foole.
As wise men not esteem'd by outward shewes,
So any femblaunce fatisfieth fooles.
As snow in Summer no man doth commend,
So none deemes honour requisite for fooles.
As spots disfigure any beauteous face,
So follie is the blemish of the mind.
As smoake at highest, soonest vanisheth,
So follie praised, quickliest perisheth.

Examples likewise on the same.

BY follie *Nicias* was ta'ne aliue,
Dismayed onely with the Moones ecllipse.
Æmilius tearmed *Perses* but a foole,
To be dismay'd because of vanquishing.
Cleander, who would needs betray his lord,
Lost all his hopes, and prou'd him-felse a foole.
Torquatus foolishly shunn'd dignitie,
Because himfelse was pained with fore eyes.

Be neither simple, nor yet ouer subtill,
 Such counsell gaue the wife and learned *Bias*.
 Follie, faith *Cicero*, pollutes the foule,
 But wifdome is a glorious ornament.



*Time calls account of what before is past,
 For time will haue a reckning made at last.*

Time wanting bounds, still lacketh certaintie.
 Time hath a salue for all extremities.
 There's none but haue in time perfwaded been.
 Flowers haue time, before they fall to feed.

*VVe can helpe time, to furrow vs with age,
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage.*

Times office is to end the hate of foes.
 Times glorie is to calme contending kings.
 Time is a tutour both to good and bad.
 Short time feemes long, in forrowes sharpe sustaining.

*Time is the herald, that doth best of all
 Emblazon all affections of the mind.*

They

They that watch well, see time how slow it creeps.

Dalliance of time doth long lookt ioyes preuent.

Time offers still each houre to doe amiffe.

In time all things decay, and draw to end.

Time is the sweet Phisition, that allowes

Some remedie for all our past mishap.

Times minutes losse, no treasure can restore.

We may much shorten time by negligence.

Time heales, when Art and reason both doe faile.

No time so long as that which breedeth grieve.

Nothing than time there is more precious,

And nothing lesse than time accounted of.

Nothing so firme, but time dissolueth it.

Faire baits of time doth all the world deuoure.

By time and wifdome, passions are suppress.

In time, small wedges cleaue the hardest Oakes.

He that will not endure the stormie time,

VVhere will he liue vntill the lustie prime?

In time the flint is pierc'd with softest showers.

Time is the anker both of truth and right.

In great extreames, aduantage hath no time.

Times losse, is greatest prodigalitie.

Time ripens all, and hastes the haruest on,

To sow new seeds ere all the old are gone.

Showres come out of time, when corne is ripe.

Time is discoverer of all mishaps.

Time hath set downe the compasse of his course.

When time is lost, repentance is but vaine.

VVhile we haue iewels, we doe not esteeme them:

But being lost, would with our liues redeeme them.

Times chaunge, and we in them, doe alter still.

By times delay, new hope of helpe still liues.

Time is the father of vncertaintie.

Time measureth our daily actions.

Times

*Times motions equalleth the reeling Sunnes,
Or as the Sea reciprocally runnes.*

That longest kept, must yet at length be spent.
Both life and loue, in time must haue an end.
Our daily labours harbour deepe distrust.

Time, on the weariest wretch, bestoweth rest.

The losse of time, all other losse exceeds:

And commonly, too late repentance breeds.

Time is best gouernour of all our counsailes.

Time to the greatest forrowes limits end.

Neglected time is follies chiefeft signe.

Time is our liues discreetest counsellor.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS when the ship is split, no anker helps,
So time once spent, can neuer be repeal'd.

As ioynts cut off, the plaister comes too late,

So time being past, repentance booteth not.

As no retrait auailles, when fight is fought:

So no deuise recouereth passed time.

As time well vsde, a mans best treasure is,

So badly wasted, is most miserie.

As nothing is of greater price than time,

So nothing shoud with greater care be kept.

As winter nips the freshest flowers that be,

So time makes furrowes in the fairest face.

Examples likewise on the same.

SEuerus made such deare account of time,

As nothing grien'd him more than losse of time.

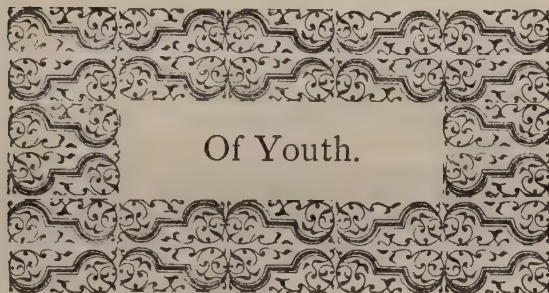
Pyrrhus had priuat obseruations,

Whereby to know how time did steale away.

Philip of Macedon would chide him-selſe,

For the least vaine employment of his time.

Great *Alexander* learn'd of *Diogenes*,
 How in his warre affaires to spend his time.
Byas maintain'd; Fooles might in time be wise,
 And ignorance attaine to learnings reach.
 Our happines of time (in *Solons* mind)
 Consisteth in the shorter while it lasts.



*Youth is that state our minds doth most affect,
 Our speediest spoile, without most wise respect.*

Y^Oung grafts of future goodnesse, tooone appeares.
*When youth haue wealth before they can well vse it,
 It is no wonder though they doe abuse it.*
 Custome, small faults of youth permits to scape.
*The meane is best, young fruits the stomacke gripe,
 And elder cloy, when they are ouer-ripe.*
 Suspect is still a page that waits on youth.
*The Summers glorie figures youths vanitie,
 The winters wracke, ages declining steps,*

Youth

Youth hardly can obey an old decree.

Looke what impression we in youth retaine,

In age, our reason hardly will refraine.

Loue is youths plague, wits scourge, and ages hell.

Looke where vnbruised youth, with vnstufte braines

Doth couch his limbes, there golden sleepe remaines.

The spring hath flowres, but autumnne witherd leaues.

It's often scene, that loue in young men lyes

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

Nothing can temper well a young mans rage,

But thraldome, wedlocke, or the staffe of age.

Youth is too hot, and void of care or dread.

Youth learnes to chaunge the course that he hath run,

When he perceines and knowes what age hath done.

Youth minds no daunger in his hastines.

Young slips new set, are quickly pluckt away,

But elder roots cleaue faster to the clay.

Youth, into needlesse quarrels soone is led.

How-euer youngsters seeme to boast and braue,

Their worth and wit, they from their elders haue.

Lewd obiects, forward natures soone retaine.

Youths common fault, is to admit and chuse

Those errours which their lawlesse parents vse.

Youth by encreasing, doth as fast decrease.

What things by vaine examples youth conceiues,

The same for lawfull daily he receiues.

Youth well instructed, makes age well dispos'd.

The faults and follies men in youth commit,

Are causes of repentance in old age.

Examples are best prefidents for youth.

The prime of youth is like the pine tree flowers,

Seemely in sight, vsfauorie in their sente.

Like to a shipwracke is the death of youth.

*He that in youth, by reason guides his life,
In age shall find the foot-steps from decay.*
Youth vseth pastimes but as naturall rest.
*The better that a child is borne by birth,
The more respect should wait vpon his youth.*
So tutour youth, that ages finnes may die.
*Good doctrines characters being stamp't in youth,
No age or fortune once can weare them out.*
Vanitie is the maske for youths fond march.
*Where vice in youth doth beare the chiefeſt ſway,
Their vertue is neglected moſt in age.*
Leſſe paine to learne in youth, than dote in age.
*Tyrannie is no ſchoole-maſter for youth,
Rather uſe kindneſſe than compulſion.*
Wild youth, by gentleneſſe will ſooneſt yeeld.
*When beautie and ſweet youth are baniſhed,
They neuer after can be call'd againe.*
Young willowes eaſily bend, greene wit ſoon caught.
Youth grac'd with vertue, then moſt perfect is.

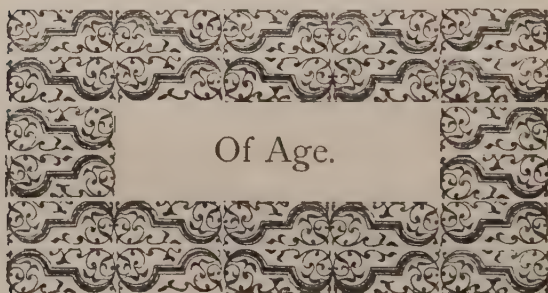
Similies on the ſame ſubieſt.

AS ſinne is ſooneſt entertain'd in youth,
So is it hardly ſhaken off in age.
As gentle mould is apt for any print,
So youth receiues what-e're impreſſion.
As vntill'd fields bring nothing forth but weeds,
So vntaught youth yeelds all but vanitie.
As freſheſt flowres the canker ſooneſt eats,
So youthfull heads are quickly caught by vice.
As vnripe apples fall not but by force,
So vnconſtrain'd, youth hardly yeelds to die.
As youngeſt nettles are not free from ſtings,
So wiſeſt youth hath imperfections.

Examples

Examples likewise on the same.

Comodus not well tutor'd in his youth,
 Did afterward prooue a most wicked Prince.
Neroes vnbridled youth, made him to fall
 To greater leudnesse than was euer heard.
Cato would to his sonnes be schoole master,
 Because he would not haue their youth infected.
Scemides and her sonne were cast in Tyber,
 For bringing vp the gulfe of shame to Rome.
 Youth well instructed, saith *Euripides*,
 Doth after make his age more honourable.
Pythagoras bad, tutor so young youth,
 The sinnes of age be not impolde on thee.



*Age is the gift of Heauen, expence of yeares:
 Exchange of haps, and graue experience schoole.*

Age is a Cinicke, not a flatterer.
 Age, or infirmitie, soone blasteth beautie.
 Age is alike in Kings and other men.

Gray

Gray haire in youth, kindles no greene desires.

The power of Kings may well with-stand proud foes,

But cannot keepe backe age, with time that growes.

In womens honour, age is worst diseafe.

Let springing youth reiourne old ages woes.

For age to die, is right ; for youth, it's wrong.

Blame we not youth, if wantonly he wooes,

Since doting old, and booke-wife cannot choose.

Follie in youth, is sinne ; in age, it's madnesse.

Age, though conceal'd, doth warme with thoughts desire.

Cold age dotes most, when heat of youth is gone.

Age still is prone to credit what it likes.

Mens chiefeſt aime, is but to nource vp life,

With honour, wealth, and eaſe in waining age.

Reſpect and Reaſon, wait on wrinkled age.

Youthfull delights, lode crooked age with griefe.

Age is as credulous as ſuſpitiouſ.

What can auaille vnpleaſurable age,

That feeds on luſt, or baſe vnable rage?

Age is a glorious crowne, adorn'd with grace.

Death is the due to nature, ages almes.

Gray haire are fruits for death, not flowers for life.

Trees may haue roots, although they beare no leaues.

Loue (as a vertue) is in age allowed,

Except vnequall choiſe doe diſallow.

Age well may ioyne with youth in law, not loue.

When old Bees dye, the young poſſeſſe the hiue.

Age is chill cold, and full of doubts and feares.

Pleaſant conceits are bloſſoms for young yeares,

But melancholly thoughts, fruits of gray haire.

Age with fore-ſight, a many harmes preuents.

Age takes aduiſe, ere he preſume too farre.

Age is ordaind to counſell, youth to fight.

Age lends fore-ſight, young courage muſt enact.

Age

*Age is allowed to gaze at beauties tree,
But youth must climbe and gather vp the fruit.*
Old age, helps by good counsell and fore-sight.
Old age can neuer pay youthes debt set downe.
Discretion waxeth young, when age drawes neere.

*Care keeps his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleepe can neuer lie.*
Age breedeth no defect in innocence.

Innocence is an excellence in age.
Old age being come, life cannot long endure.
Each age of man hath end, but old age none.

*Age can report, and youth doth daily prooue,
There is no comfort like the sweets of loue.*

Sicknesse and age are our conduëts to death.
It helps not age to wish him young againe.
It's grieuous to be old with feares, not yeares.

*It's time to flye from brawles of iudgement seat
And publique noise, when age once gets the start.*

Gray haire is wifdomes badge, and ages pride.
The benefit of age, is libertie.
Respect old age, it commeth not alone.

Old men, are young mens meetest prefidents.

*Advised age right warily doth keepe,
VVhat headstrong youth would loose, and loosing weepe.*

Youth runneth well, when age the bridle holds.
Old age hath all things, and yet all things wants.

*Our parents age, worse than our grand-fires be,
VVe worst beget, our children worse than we.*

White haire, are grauities embassadours.
Aged and wise, deferues great reuerence.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS Cedars in their age the straighter growes,
So men in age should haue the grauer shoves.

As

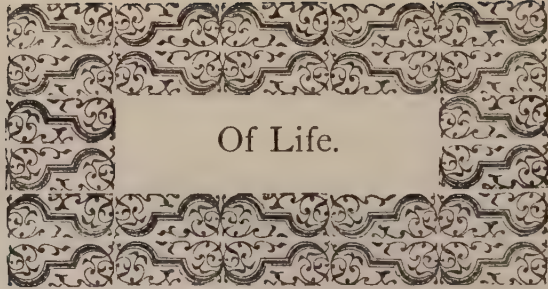
As bonds being feald, are past recalling backe,
 So age once come, by no meanes can be shund.
 As flood-gates helpe not, when the towne is drown'd,
 So cunning helpes not, when gray haire are feene.
 As coine confum'd, expence is rued too late.
 So snow-white heads in vaine with youth againe.
 As physicke boots not for a bodie dead,
 So counsell helpes not ages wayward head.
 As fairest Sunnie dayes must haue their nights,
 So goodliest youth old age at length affrights.

Examples likewise on the same.

C*litomachus* of Carthage, in good yeares
 Went to be scholler to *Carneades*.
Marcus Aurelius told to *Lucius*,
 He went to learne what yet he did not know.
Terentius Varro, and *Marcus Portius Cato*,
 Went to learne Greeke when they were verie old.
Alphonfus, king of Arragon, at fiftie yeares,
 Translated *Liue* into the Spanish tongue.
 When men (saith *Tullie*) looke on their white haire,
 They must doe nothing mis-becomes those yeares.
 Old men, whose soules are fed with heavenly light,
 Grieve not their age, but ioy it, so saith *Sophocles*.

Q

Of



*Life, is a frost of cold felicitie,
And death, a thaw of all our miserie.*

Life is a wandering course to doubtfull rest.
Life is but losse, where death is counted gaine.
*When vertues dayes doe end, they are not done,
But liue two liues, where others haue but one.*

The death of sinne, is life vnto the foule.

Mans life still endeth, with the end of life.

In vanitie of life, and wandring wayes,

The wicked run and weare out all their dayes.

Better not be, than being, foone to die.

Life is most loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.

Death is most loudly, sweet, and amiable,

But captiu'd life, for foulnesse admirable.

The longer life, the greater is our guilt.

Life muſt with life, and blood with blood be paid.

Hate not thy life, but loath captiuitie,

Where rests no hope to purchase victorie.

He that giues life, best knowes the date thereof.

Mans life may less'ned, not enlarged be.

Who

*Who will not bide the burden of distresse,
 Must not here liue, for life is wretchednesse.*
 True loue despiseth shame, when life is fear'd.
 Life warres with loue, and loue contends with life.
*Too long they liue, that liue till they be naught,
 Life sauld by sinne, base purchase, dearly bought.*
 More are mens ends markt, than their liues before.
 As death is foe to life, so hate to loue.
*Euen then when we of obscure life doe boast,
 It often prooues, that then we are knowne most.*
 Men must haue grieffe, so long as life remaines.
 Life is not that which should be much desir'd.
*We often see, who on a king relies,
 Finds death aliue, while liuing yet he dyes.*
 So some men liue, they care not how they liue.
 Life suffers wrong, when death would end her woes.
*Ill, compassing fit opportunitie,
 Or killes his life, or else lifes qualitie.*
 That dead things can giue life, we feldome find.
 Contrition doth reformed life begin.
*To liue or dye, which of the twaine is better,
 When life is sham'd, and death reproches debter?*
 First doe we bud, then blow; next feed, last fall.
 We aske deaths aid, to end lifes wretchednesse.
*God guides mans life, and when he list to haue it,
 Wit, wealth, nor any thing beside can saue it.*
 Our life is death, if we doe liue in sinne.
 A dying life, all kind of deaths exceeds.
*Contented meane estate, true life doth giue,
 Resting secure, not rising up to griene.*
 This life affoord no sweet without some sowre.
 To liue and loue not, is no life at all.
*Fond blinded greatnesse, with his busie toyle,
 Seeking for happie life, doth life despoyle.*

Life neuer is too short, where death is witht.

There is no force so great, as life enforc'd.

What kind of life (alas) liue those men in,

That cannot liue without, nor with their kinne?

Life is ill spar'd, that's spar'd to spill more blood.

To liue in death, is but a dying life.

Long vse of life, is as a lingering foe,

And gentle death the onely end of woe.

Sweet is the life that is maintain'd by loue.

Redeeme thy life, although with all thou hast.

The good doe liue, as if they liued not:

And die, as if their death were but a dreame.

That life is death, where men doe liue alone.

A good life doth beget as good a death.

No wise man likes in such a life to dwell,

Whose wayes are strait to heauen, but wide to hell.

Mans life may not be destitute of office.

A good life, is next way to winne good fame.

The life corrupt with vnexpected shame

And timelesse death, is buried with defame.

They liue but ill, who alwayes thinke to liue.

To men in miserie, life seemes too long.

Long life hath commonly long cares annex.

The breath that maintaines life doth finish life.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS falls the tree, so prostrate still it lyes:

So speedeth life, in liuing, as it dyes.

As men by life in bondage soone are brought,

Euen so by death is freedome sooneft wrought.

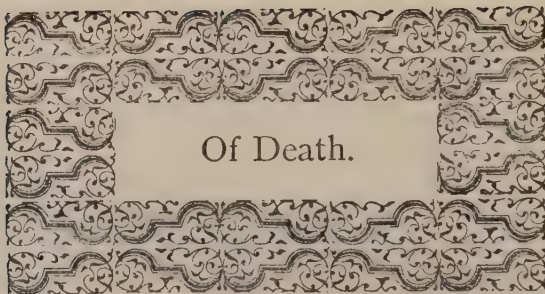
As fire burnes fiercely, being still supplied,

So life postes swiftly when it least is spyed.

As sharpe frosts easily nip forward springs,
So life to end it, hath too many things.
As Easterne winds doth towardly blossoms blast,
So inward cares makes life to finish fast.
As life is onely by the gift of grace.
So death by nature taketh time and place.

There is hardly any one Chapter in this Booke, but it deliuereth plentie of examples for this argument of life; the whole summe (indeed) but containing the course of our actions, euen from our entrance into life, vnto the verie houre of our death: therefore there shall need no speciall collection vpon this head.

Of



*Death is the keye, which vnlocks miserie,
And lets the foule to blessed libertie.*

DEATH is the end of woe and wretchednesse.
When deaths houre comes, let none aske reason why.
He ought to die, that not deferues to liue.
*Who dyes the death with honour in the field,
Both his lifes woes and sorrowes briefly ends.*

With sharpe affliction, death first grounds his cause.
The fairest blossome, deaths sterne winter nips.
Death hath no dart to slay deferred fame.

*The tragicque Scene where death her play begins,
Are acts of night, and deeds of ougly darke.*

To wretched men, death is the welcom't friend,
Death neuer comes when need doth most require.
Life is but losse, and death felicitie.

*Who dyes, the vtmost anguish doth abide:
But he that liues, is left to waile his losse.*

Sad life, is much more worfe than gladfome death.
Our life is day, but death is ougly night.
Faure death it is, to shun more shame, to die.

Death

*Death to sharpe sorrow, quickly ease doth send,
For death, doth grieve and sorrow sooneſt end.*
Death to the wretched, is both grace and gaine.
In death, aduise for daunger comes too late.
It's worſe than death, to linger on reliefe.
*Death is the gulfe of all, and then I ſay,
Thou art as good as Cæſar in the clay.*
A ſicke man beſt ſets downe the pangs of death.
Deaths name is much more mightie than his deeds.
To die, is all as common, as to liue.
*It is not death, that which the world calls dying,
But that is death, which is all ioyes denying.*
The ſhade purſues the bodie, ſo death vs.
Death is the driery Dad, and duſt the Dame.
Death is miſfortunes monarchizing foe.
*Thy fatall end, why doeſt thou ſo begin,
Locking death out, yet keep'ſt deſtruction in.*
None moane his death, whoſe life hath all annoy'd.
We haue one life, and ſo our death is one.
Death lends vs ſight, while he doth ſpare vs breath.
*It's treble death, a freezing death to feele,
For him on whome the Sunne hath euer ſhone.*
Long liues the man, that dies in luſtie yeares.
Death is the loweſt ſtep a man can fall.
Death is not ſhunn'd of them that dutie yeeld.
*Death which ends care, yet careleſſe of our death,
Doth ſteale our ioyes, but ſtealeth not our breath.*
Parting breeds mourning, abſence cruell death.
To good and bad, death is an equall doome.
Though death be poore, it ends a world of woe.
*Death is to ſome a fierce vnbidden gueſt,
But thoſe that craue his aid, he helpeth leaſt.*
There's nothing we can call our owne, but death.
Death's the deuourer of all worlds delight.

It's sweet to dye, when we are forc'd to liue.

When heapes of treasure is the meed propos'd,

Though death be adiunct, there's no death supposed.

Neere death he stands, that stands too neere a crowne.

It's double death, to drowne in ken of shoare.

Death is too good for base dishonest life.

There's nothing else remains for vs beside,

But teares and coffins onely to provide.

All things are subiect to deaths tyrannie.

What thing foeuer liues, is sure to die.

All-killing death, by Christ is kill'd him-selfe.

Oh Sicknesse, thou art many times belyde,

When death hath many wayes to come beside.

The sharpest sting of death, hurts not but helps.

Carrion corruption is the food of death.

The day of death, excels our day of birth.

Oft times their gaine whome greatnesse fauoureth,

When chiefe preferr'd, stand as preferr'd to death.

Raife vp no liuing blame against the dead.

A present death exceeds a lingring life.

Life leads to care, death to the scale of heauen.

The dying man, whose eyes are sunke and dimme,

Thinke every passing bell rings out for him.

To die in life, is but a liuing death.

Good death, not loftie life, is most renowme.

In countries cause to die, is noble death.

Death doth no time, no age, no reason measure.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS the hearb Rew is bitter in our taste,
So deaths remembrance fearefull is to many.
As sleepe deprives the memorie of paines,
So sleepe of death ends all our wretchednes.

As

As all small currents runne into the sea,
 So all mens toiles are swallowed vp in death.
 As borrowed money must be paid againe,
 So what life owes, must be by death difcharg'd.
 As we are merrie at our childrens birth,
 So should we not grieue vainly at their death.
 As darknesse doth obscure the fairest day,
 So death laies hold vpon the forward't life.

Examples likewise on the same.

H *Ector* said to his wife *Andromache*,
 Grieue not my death, all men are borne to die.
Gorgias, askt in sicknesse how he far'd?
 Said, Sleepe now yeelds me to his brother death.
Pindarus sleeping on a young lads breast,
 Neuer awaked, but in that fort dyed.
Vespasian stood vp at the point of death,
 And said, An Emperour should standing dye.
Plato thankt Nature, that she let him liue,
 In such a time, as taught him well to die.
Thales will'd euery man amend his life,
 Else he could haue no honour in his death.

The



The Conclusion.



His worke, which cost no meane paines and labour, to reduce into this forme and method; is thus at the length happily concluded, & commended to the kind acceptation of all gentle and well-disposed minds. If some carping Sycophant (readier alway to cauill and find fault, than correct and amend) shall mislike of the course obserued in this booke, and imagine the heads not aptly or properly placed, (according as in his nice opinion perhaps hee would haue them :) let me thus plainely answere him, That they were neuer meant for the pleasing of his vaine appetite, and therefore hee hath more loue to
 looke

looke off, than be prying into matters aboue his capacitie. Onely to the iudiciall and affable iudgements of this age, both the paines and pleasure of this labour is published: not doubting, but they will measure it by the iust desert, and censure thereof as their owne kind natures haue euer beene accustomed.

In this first Impression, are omitted the Sentences of *Chaucer, Gower, Lidgate*, and other auncient Poets, because it was not knowne how their forme would agree with these of ten syllables onely, and that sometimes they exceed the compasse herein obserued, hauing none but lineall and couplet sentences, aboue and beyond which course, the Gentleman who was the cause of this collection (taking therein no meane paines him-felse, besides his friends labour) could not be perswaded, but determinately aimed at this obseruation. Neuerthelesse, if this may enioy but the fauour hee hopes it will, and the good intent thereof be no way misconstrued: at the next impression it shall be largely supplied, with things that at this present

fent could not be obtained, both in respect
of some vrgent occasion, beeing the hinder-
rance thereof: as also because there wanted
apt meanes to furnish further purpose then
intended. All which, shall then be answered
effectually, and any thing els may be
thought auailable to this worke,
and the good liking of
the wife.

F I N I S .



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feuerall things handled in this
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